WEEK ENDING JULY 21, 1928

5c

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

Big Chief – Heap Money

HOLDING ~ YORK ~ PALMER ~ WODEHOUSE ~ GREEN

When You Want *Real* Peppermint Flavor—

Lasting and delicious—

Just look for WRIGLEY'S Double Mint on your dealer's counter.

See how *good* this new and better Peppermint flavor tastes.

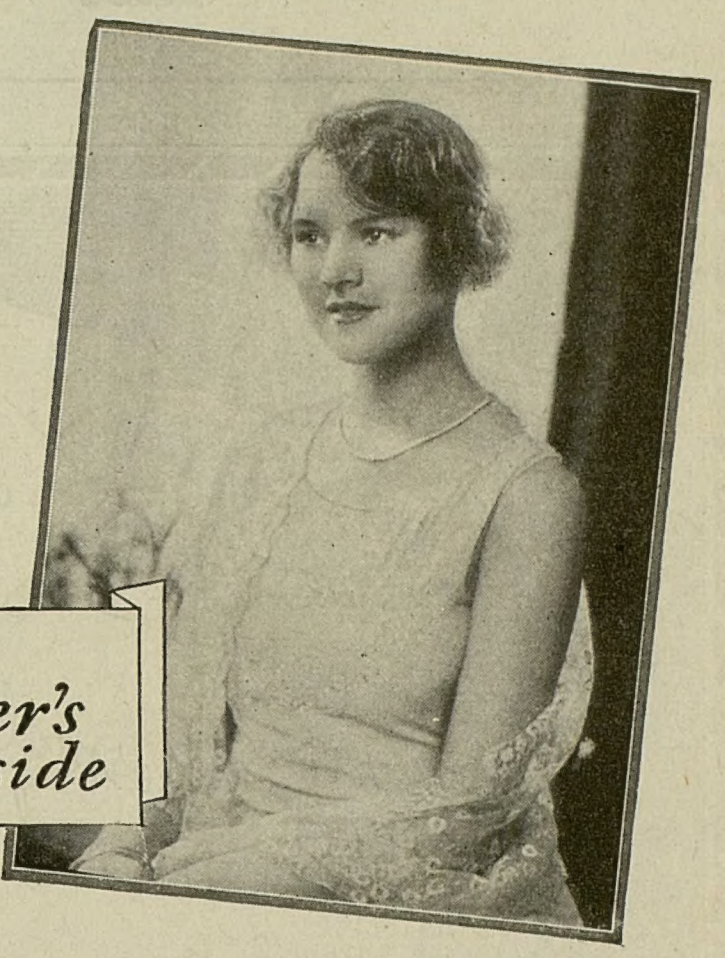
Wrigley's benefits teeth, throat, stomach and nerves.

After every meal

I-52

Two sides to the question of feminine hygiene

The mother's side



The daughter's side

IN MOST FAMILIES this delicate subject is misunderstood by *both* the mother and the daughter, but misunderstood in two different ways. The daughter's views are likely to be vague about the whole matter. The mother on the other hand believes she knows the facts, but unfortunately she usually does *not* know the scientific facts as they are known today.

And it is the daughter who suffers! It is the daughter who is the victim of old-fashioned ideas about the most intimate concern of a woman's life!

No young woman need run these risks today

Women of refinement have long known of the advantages of feminine hygiene. Physicians and nurses have recommended it as a healthful measure. But there has always been the *danger* associated with it. There has always been the horrible thought of *poisons* such as bichloride of mercury and carbolic acid preparations.

And this fear was natural enough. For the old poisonous antiseptics were the only ones that could actually kill germs. *Until the discovery of Zonite*, the great antiseptic which has abolished all such risks on the part of young women today.

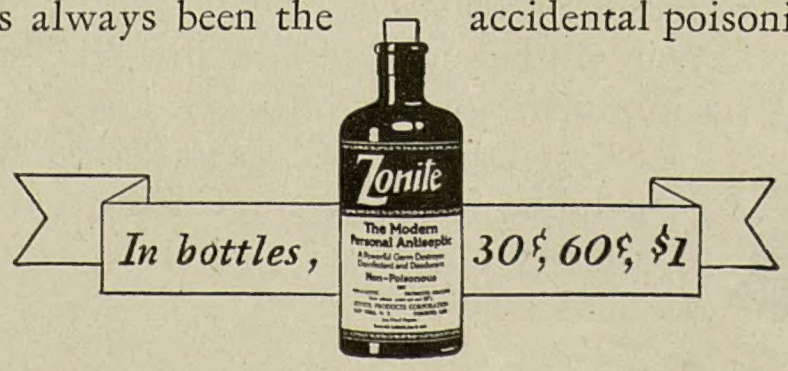
Compare Zonite with the old poisonous antiseptics

Zonite is that remarkable form of antiseptic discovered during the World War and now put on sale in bottled form in every drug store in the United States and Canada, no matter how small your town may be.

Zonite will not injure nor harden the most delicate membranes. It will not leave areas of scar-tissue. It cannot cause accidental poisoning. And yet Zonite is *far more powerful* than any dilution of *carbolic acid* that can be safely used on the body.

This free booklet gives all the facts frankly

There is not space here to go into this subject more deeply, but we have developed a compact booklet which contains full information on this important subject. It is a booklet for one woman to give to another—for a mother to hand to her daughter. It is really a duty to read it, for it brings this whole matter down to plain terms in a refined, modern, scientific way. Send for a booklet by today's mail. Zonite Products Corporation, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y.



In bottles, 30¢, 60¢, $1

ZONITE PRODUCTS CORPORATION
250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.
Please send me free copy of the Zonite booklet or booklets checked below:

☐ The Newer Knowledge of Feminine Hygiene
☐ Use of Antiseptics in the Home 30-A

(*Please print name*)

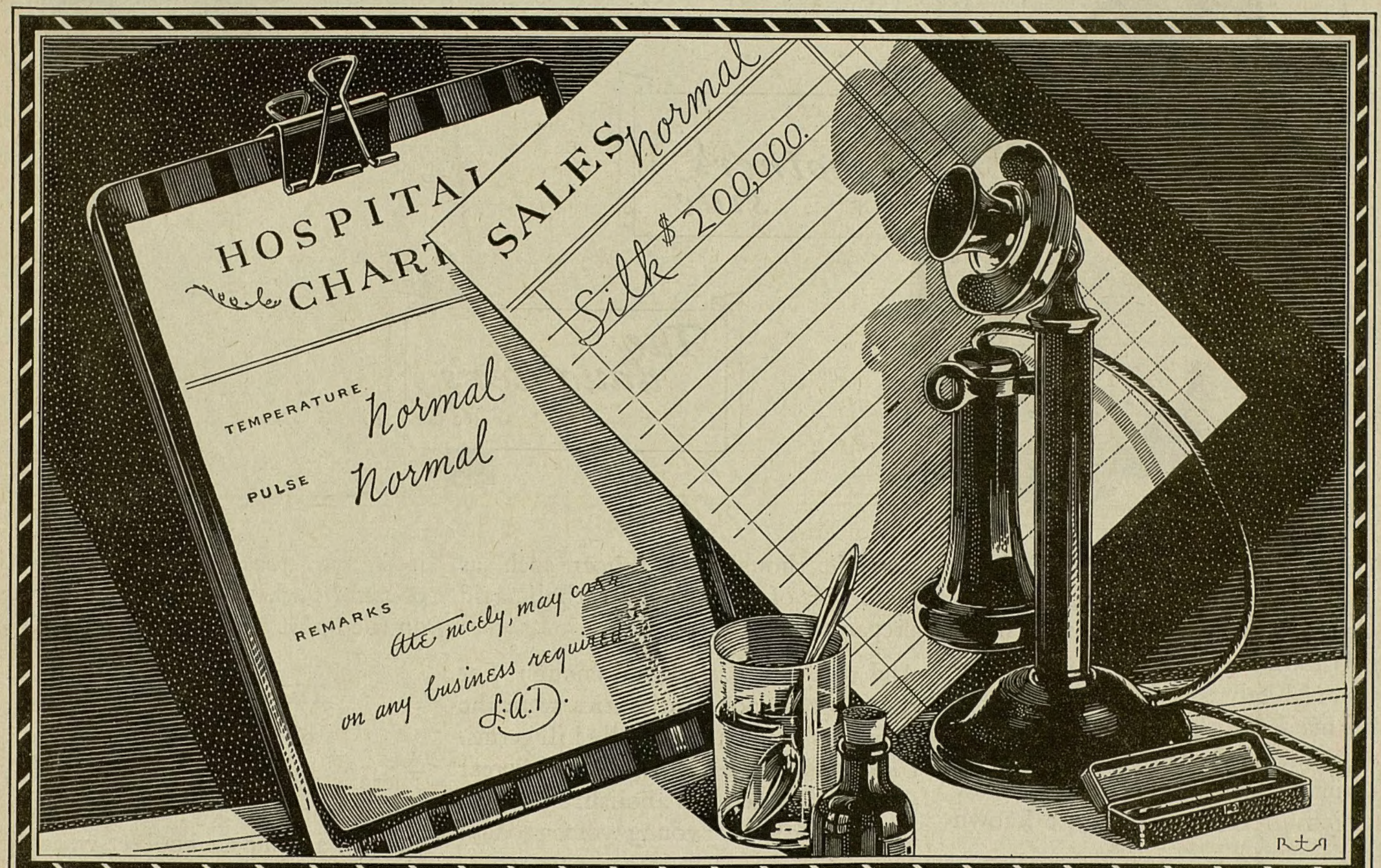
Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

(In Canada: 165 Dufferin Street, Toronto)

Laid up in the Hospital he sold $200,000 worth of Silk



An Advertisement for Bell Long Distance Telephone Service

A NEW YORK raw silk salesman had to go to the hospital for 10 days. His illness was minor, but the loss of time was serious. He secured a room with a telephone. Throughout his convalescence, he kept informed of the course of the market. Sent and received his cables by telephone. Kept in constant touch with office and customers. Sold more than $200,000 worth of silk.

A Milwaukee dry goods salesman was forced to cancel his regular trip because of a broken leg. From his sick-room, he covered in 5 days by telephone the same territory that took 5 to 6 weeks of traveling. And he gathered in 90% of his usual business.

Held up by road conditions, a tire salesman had to abandon a certain trip in southern Nebraska. He went to the telephone office and covered his territory by Long Distance. Sold, $1280 worth of tires; charges, $6.20.

In emergencies and in the regular day's work, hundreds of concerns are using Long Distance to get things done and to increase profits.

You will be surprised how little the calls now cost. New station to station day rates are: Los Angeles to New York, $8.75. Dallas to Chicago, $3.25. Baltimore to Philadelphia, 70c. . . . . Calling by number takes less time. . . . . *Number, please?*

AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO. AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES — BELL SYSTEM

JULY 21, 1928

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

VOL. 5 No. 29

Editorial, Executive, and Advertising Offices: 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. Telephone: Ashland 4160.
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Please address all communications to 247 Park Avenue, New York City

"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

POLITICS, PROHIBITION, AND THE CHURCHES

In the political campaign that is now upon us it seems probable that—whether openly or below the surface—the question of prohibition will be a good deal discussed.

Certain of the churches are inclined to associate prohibition with the Christian religion. Apparently deeming it their Christian duty, they lend their influence and efforts, as churches, to furthering the cause of prohibition.

We do not see why this should be done.

We do not see why churches, as organizations, should take a stand for or against prohibition any more than they should take a stand for or against the tariff—or, let us say, the Fourteenth and Fifteenth amendments.

Individuals in the churches, including the pastors thereof, naturally have a perfect right to their own views as to the economic and moral values of prohibition. No one can quarrel with an honest personal opinion.

But we think it contrary to what used to be our American traditions of free thought and popular government for churches as such—as organized bodies—to declare themselves for or against prohibition.

And indeed, in the authority which is the heart of Christian faith there seems to be little reason why they should. For this is told of the Founder of Christianity in the King James version of the Gospel according to John, the second chapter, and the first to eleventh verses:

AND the third day there was a marriage in Cana of Galilee; and the mother of Jesus was there:
2 And both Jesus was called, and his disciples, to the marriage.
3 And when they wanted wine, the mother of Jesus saith unto him, They have no wine.
4 Jesus saith unto her, Woman, what have I to do with thee? mine hour is not yet come.
5 His mother saith unto the servants, Whatsoever he saith unto you, do *it*
6 And there were set there six waterpots of stone, after the manner of the purifying of the Jews, containing two or three firkins apiece.
7 Jesus saith unto them, Fill the waterpots with water. And they filled them up to the brim.
8 And he saith unto them, Draw out now, and bear unto the governor of the feast. And they bare *it*.
9 When the ruler of the feast had tasted the water that was made wine, and knew not whence it was: (but the servants which drew the water knew;) the governor of the feast called the bridegroom,
10 And saith unto him, Every man at the beginning doth set forth good wine; and when men have well drunk, then that which is worse: *but* thou hast kept the good wine until now.
11 This beginning of miracles did Jesus in Cana of Galilee, and manifested forth his glory; and his disciples believed on him.

Here is a simple, direct narrative, whose meaning surely is unmistakable. Scholars do not question the accuracy of the word "wine" as a translation from the ancient scripts of the Gospel, nor is there any reasonable doubt that wine in Cana of Galilee was substantially what wine is today.

In the face of this, how anyone can rate prohibition as an integral part of Christian belief we cannot, for the life of us, see.

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July 21, 1928 LIBERTY Vol. 5, No. 29
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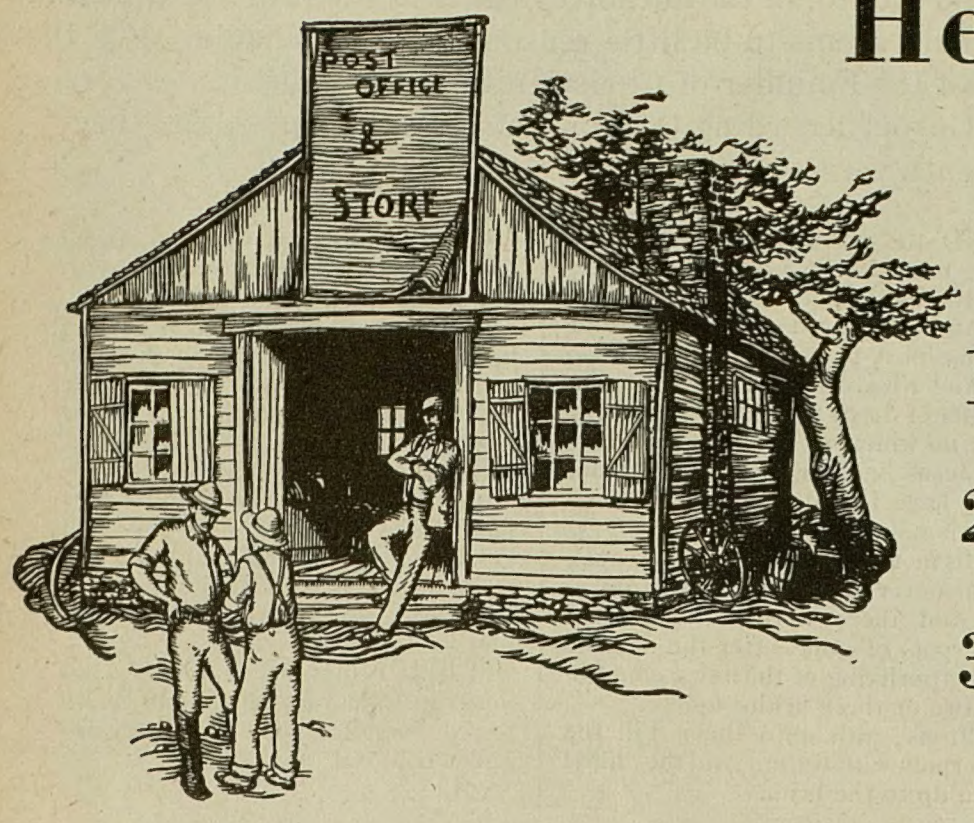
Do you want the Head, Feet and Feathers of the Chicken?



1 **Is your product sold in every city, village, hamlet, crossroads and general store in America?**

2 **Is the prospect of a national market so appalling that you give up in despair?**

3 **If you had to give up all but one advertising medium, what would you keep—and why?**

AMERICA has only 322 cities of 25,000 and over . . . only 249 counties containing these cities. National distribution isn't so tough a problem if you don't hanker after the R. F. D. and cotton stocking trade. Napoleon never tasted defeat until he got the urge for the great open spaces.

Every national advertiser should make LIBERTY his base medium—the first to buy; the last to relinquish.

A strong statement for a four year old! But here's the proof.

LIBERTY'S readers live in America's leading markets. More than 77 per cent of LIBERTY circulation is concentrated in the 249 counties containing all 322 cities of 25,000 and more.

1,500,000 Sales Every Week

No other general magazine has so great city concentration. LIBERTY controls its circulation—99 per cent of it is a separate cash transaction every week—1,500,000 sales. With LIBERTY oversold in the cities, there aren't any copies left for the tank towns.

If you can afford it, reach the people who live in the country and buy in the city. But first reach the people who *live* in the city and who buy in the city. It is so comfortably more economical. And you spike your dealers.

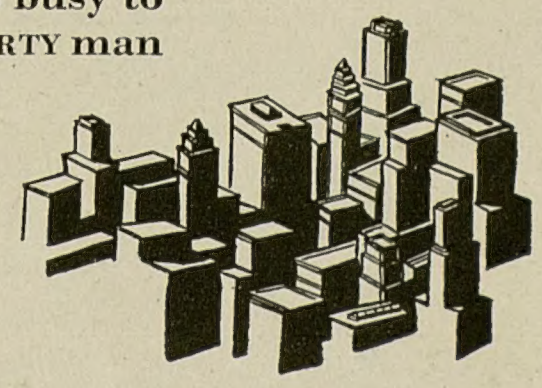
There are greater circulations than LIBERTY'S. And you pay for them. You may want only the meat of the chicken, but you have to buy the head, feet and feathers.

Every Copy Works

LIBERTY'S circulation is concentrated where three-fourths of the money is spent. With half the expense you can do as good a job in the trading centers. With the same expense you can double the work. It is in these 249 counties that your distribution should be greatest—where your sales expense is lowest—where the bulk of your profits is made.

That is why we say LIBERTY is the natural base of an advertiser's operations. It is the magazine that does the most concentrated job in the most important markets. Every copy works, for 99 per cent of the circulation is newsdealer. It meets the wife, too—whole family appeal. And there are no buried ads to shave off effectiveness.

Don't be too busy to listen to a LIBERTY man when he calls.



Liberty
A Weekly for Everybody

Over 1,500,000 Average Net Paid Circulation Guaranteed

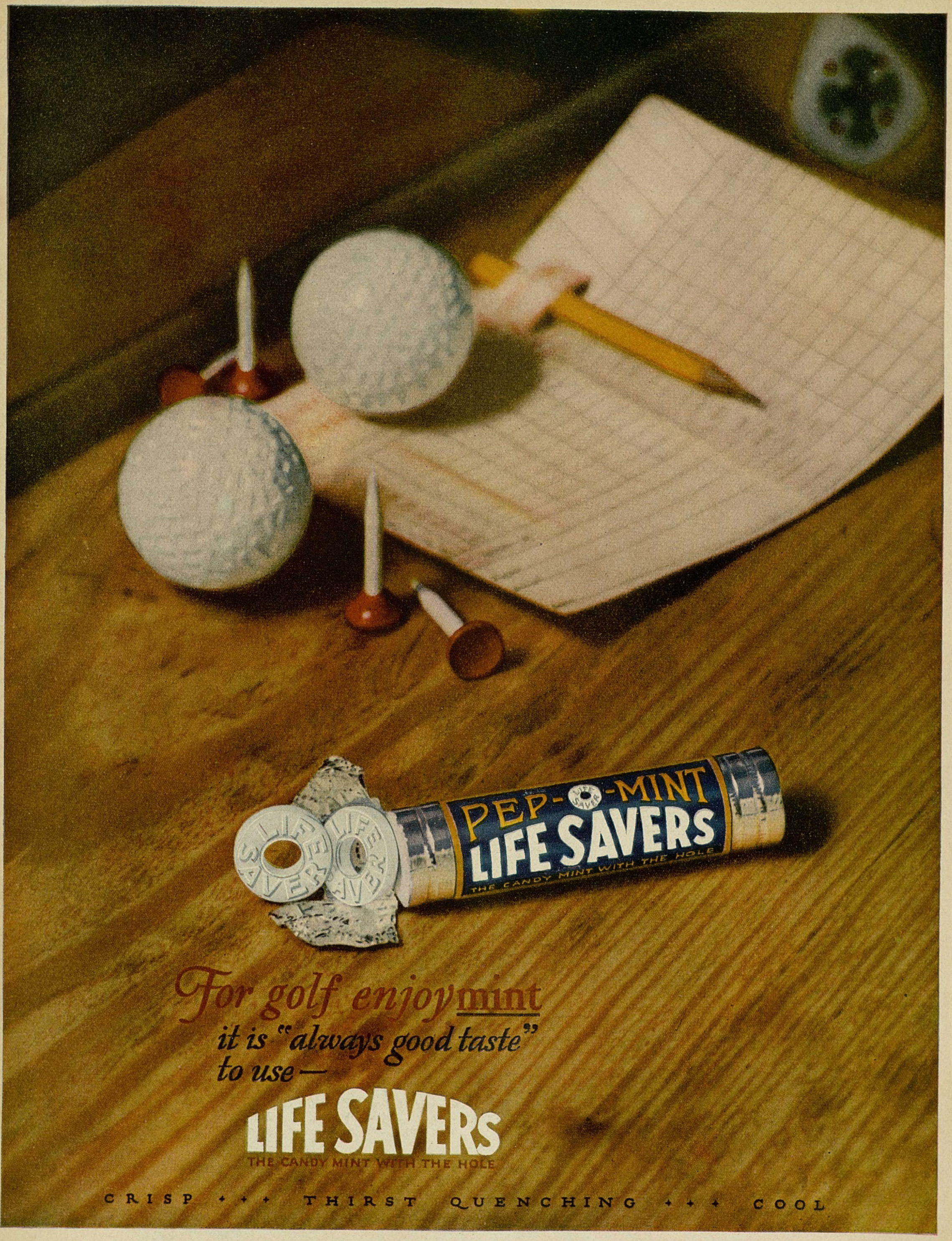
H A V E A C A M E L

It's fair sailing—once you've chosen Camels

They're smooth and mellow-mild and their taste as refreshing as a salt sea breeze.

CAMELS

© 1928, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.


PEP-O-MINT
LIFE SAVERS
THE CANDY MINT WITH THE HOLE
For golf enjoy mint
it is "always good taste"
to use—
LIFE SAVERS
THE CANDY MINT WITH THE HOLE
CRISP + + + THIRST QUENCHING + + + COOL

Too Late

The Story of a Lonely Man's Mistake

By

ELISABETH SANXAY HOLDING

Pictures by KENNETH CAMP.

(Reading time: 23 minutes 25 seconds.)

THE east wind blew that morning. The March sky, swept clear of clouds, was bright and blue. The bare trees, like stiff old soldiers, creaked and struggled against the rough onslaught.

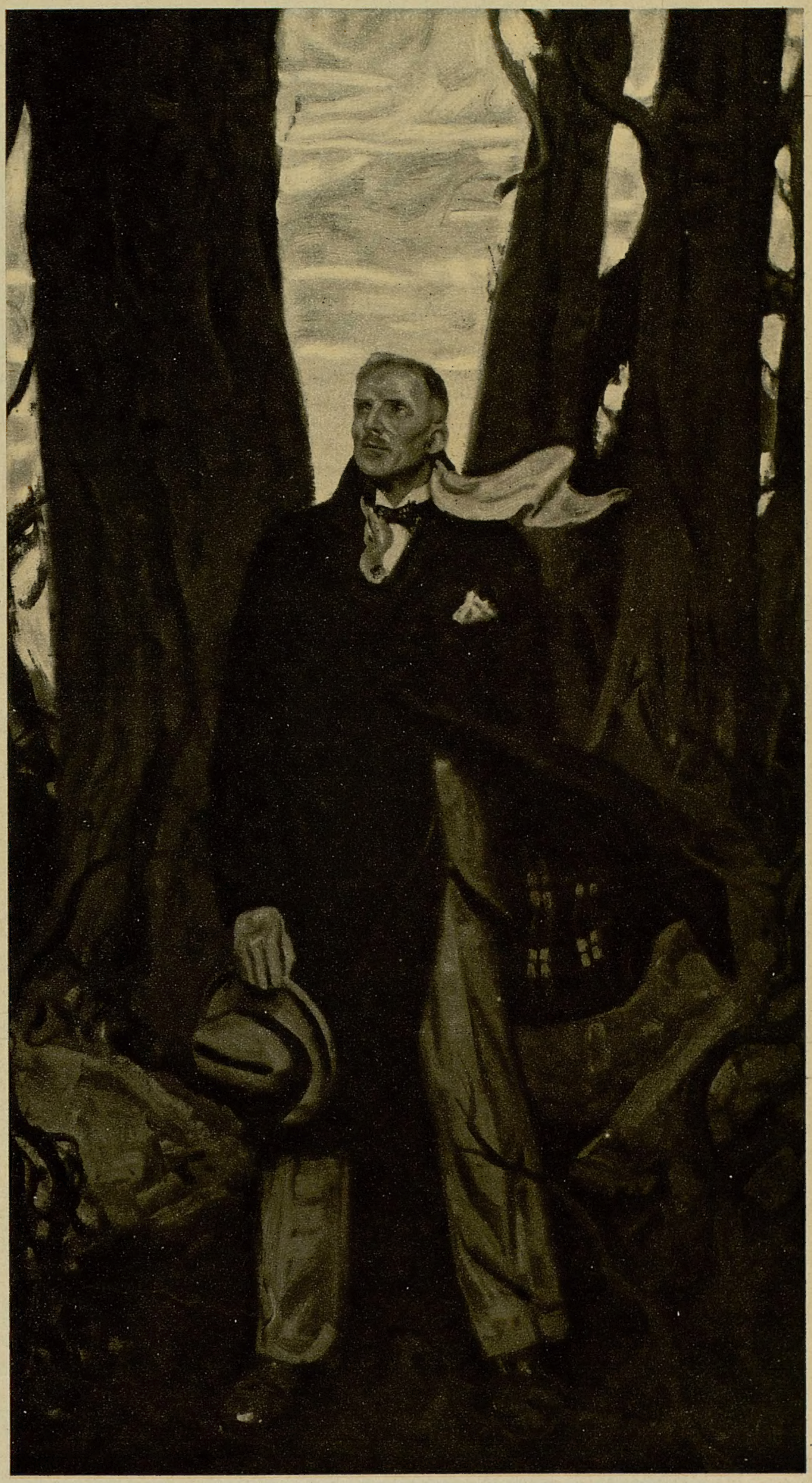
It was not the habit of Edwin Laurence to pay attention to the weather. It was not his habit to indulge in moods. He sat at the head of his table with the same half cynically polite air that the world was accustomed to see in him, with no sign whatever of the profound secret irritation that stirred him.

The wind had kept him awake for a long time last night. His window shade had come unrolled and flapped like a snared bird. Twice he had got up to refasten it. The third time he had taken down the roller, and had stood at the open window, arrested by what he saw out there.

The moon was riding in the wild sea of clouds—wild herself, shedding an unearthly glamour over the troubled world where everything moved. With a roar, the wind rushed past and was gone; rushed back again, flinging clouds in the face of the moon and tearing them away.

He had felt cold and had got back into bed again, but not to sleep. A dreadful loneliness had come over him. He had sat up in the dark, and stared at the open doorway into his wife's room, longing for her to wake up—as she so often did when it rained or the wind blew hard. In dressing gown and slippers, she would flit from room to room to see if everyone was properly covered and the windows not too much open. Why couldn't she do that tonight? Just the sound of her low voice would have helped him so: "Asleep, Ed?" He would not have answered; he would have pretended that he was asleep: but he would have been comforted.

The nights had not used to be so still. When the children were little there had been something expectant and alive about the nights. So often when he had waked in those times he had heard the creak of the old rocking-chair and the faint, drowsy sound of Dolly's voice singing. Or Martha, the nurse, stealing downstairs for milk or hot water. And if anything went wrong, he was always summoned, and came, with cool, masculine wisdom, to set things right.



Looking up, he could see the naked branches of the trees moving against the wild sky. Underfoot was the old black mold of a hundred summers, with its strange, primeval smell. He was alone now.

He always had been a masterful man, very sure of himself, and justified in that confidence. Lying awake, he had thought of all that he had done for his family; quite alone, too. They didn't even know how

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[TOO LATE
Continued from page nine]

hard it had gone with him at times. They simply took what he gave.

He had wanted it so. He had confided in no one; had asked for no sympathy; had been satisfied simply to give, and to keep all his troubles and doubts to himself. He was proud to stand alone. Yet, in the windy night, this queer, dreadful loneliness had assailed him, so that he had willed Dolly to wake up. And when she had not waked, he had resented it.

In the morning, when he went downstairs, he still resented it. He still felt that chill sense of loneliness. The breakfast room was warm and cheerful: a wood fire burned in the grate; the sun shone on the silver and glass of the table; the parlor maid moved deftly about; his wife made amiable remarks from time to time. Here he was, a well-to-do man of fifty, strong and vigorous, with a business that caused him no anxiety, the future amply provided for, sitting safe and comfortable in the midst of his family—and resentfully, cynically lonely.

"It'll pass," he reflected.

He glanced at his wife, and she caught his eye and smiled, a smile that angered him because, for all its cheerfulness, it was anxious. It seemed to him a strange and deplorable thing that she had changed so much. She was still a pretty woman at forty-five, with the same slender, soft-colored prettiness that had won him long ago, but with something wraithlike about her now. He remembered what an absurd little thing she used to be, so obstinate; arguing so vehemently. . . . She never argued now; she only smiled.

ON one side of the table sat his son, young Edwin. A handsome young fellow, with an innocent face and an artless manner that caused his father secret amusement. He understood young Edwin very well—a reckless, devil-may-care boy, who needed a strong hand and a tight curb. He had had a great deal of trouble with Edwin, but he kept him running straight. On the other side of the table sat Myra, with that same look of disarming innocence on her piquant little face. Only it didn't disarm her father. He was more than a match for Myra, and she knew it. He was indulgent to her, ready to give her almost anything she wanted, but he could not be cajoled or flattered or tricked.

He understood all of them. He supported all of them, fed and clothed them, gave them their various comforts and luxuries, protected them—and ruled them. Like Atlas, he carried all this world upon his shoulders, and, like Atlas, he was utterly lonely.

"There's the car, Ed," said his wife.

"Thank you, Dolly."

He finished his coffee and rose, and the others rose too. His son and daughter respectfully, to sit down again when he had gone. His wife to go into the hall with him. The parlor maid came to the doorway, to wait and see if he might want anything from upstairs. The chauffeur was standing by the door of the car. Laurence was like a sultan with all these people who depended upon him and must please him. As he went out, the rough wind flew at him, and it gave him a feeling of relief.

"Open one of the windows, will you, Powers?" he said to the chauffeur. He liked to feel that rough wind blowing in his face. He let his cigar go out, and, leaning back in a corner of the upholstered seat, watched the bleak landscape with absent eyes.

"I'd like to walk . . ." he thought.

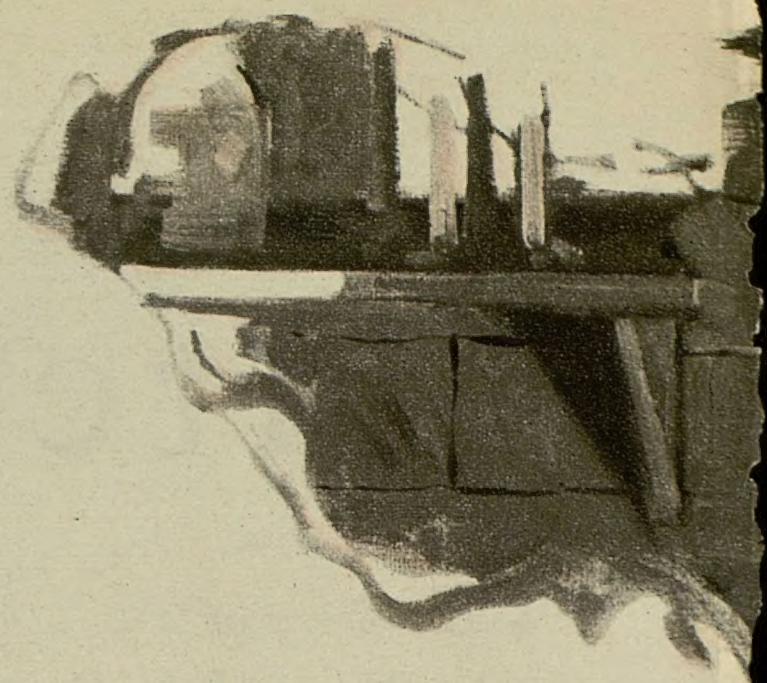
Very fit he was, for his years, and careful to take plenty of exercise. He played golf and tennis. He swam. He went to a gymnasium all winter. But somehow he never walked. It was almost impossible, in his life. And that was what he wanted—to stride off into the bare woods in the teeth of this great wind; to walk and walk, all alone. The longing grew upon him. He thought he had never wanted anything so much. It was impossible, of course. He had to make his train. . . . What would Powers think if he told him to stop the car and let him out? What would happen at the office if he didn't come when he had said he would come? What would happen to his little world if he let go, even for a moment?

He thought of their day. Dolly would consult with the cook and set the household machinery running. Then she might write some letters, and have lunch, and then perhaps go out to play bridge, or into the city for shopping. Edwin would come in by the next train, to the college where he was studying law. He would go, and he would study, and he would get home in time for dinner—because he had to. Left to himself, he would have been sowing a fine crop of wild oats.

And Myra? Myra would sulk. He knew that very well. She did not sulk in his presence, because he wouldn't have it. He had told her briefly that she could not go to the south of France with the Langdons, and she had learned to accept his decisions. But, alone with her mother, she would rebel and probably cry.

He sighed, weary of his burden, yet indomitably proud. The car drew up at the station and he got out.

"Five two, Powers," he said, and set off down the platform. A distinguished looking man he was, big and gaunt, with a hawk nose, and cold gray eyes, and a mouth like a steel trap. A masterful man, and master not only of so many destinies, but of his own spirit. He would *not* have moods. He would *not* long to be walking in the woods all alone. It was impossible, and he would forget it.



He read the newspaper on the train, a well known habit of his that kept any acquaintances from troubling him. Arrived in the Pennsylvania Station, he took a taxi to his office downtown, and as he went through the noise and haste of the traffic his familiar preoccupation came over him. He envisaged the day before him, the men he would see, the board meeting, the intricate affairs he would handle. He went through the outer office with a civil good morning for everyone there, and into his private room. The morning's mail was ready for him on his desk—a little pile of letters for his personal attention, a basketful that his secretary would manage; and on the big desk calendar was a list of his appointments. He set to work at once.

His day had begun.

"Mr. Massinger," his secretary announced.

It was 10 o'clock, and on the desk calendar was written, "10 A. M. Mr. Massinger."

"Show him in," said Laurence.

Everything went with perfect order. When he made an appointment with a man for a certain hour, that man came promptly. What he ordered to be done was done at once, by somebody. At 1 o'clock he went out to lunch with an old friend; at half-past 2 he was back in the office, and, according to the calendar, he had three-quarters of an hour to himself. But Miss Lowndes appeared in the doorway.

"Can you see Mr. Laurence?" she asked in her hushed, serious voice.

"Laurence?"

"Your brother, Mr. Laurence."

"Show him in!" he said briefly.

HE didn't want to see Sam—not today. But he would have given Sam precedence over anyone, at any time, as a matter of common decency.

"Well, Sam?" he said, rising.

"Well, Eddie?"

(Nobody else alive called him "Eddie"!)

"Come in, Sam. Sit down," he began cordially, and stopped short. "What's the matter, Sam? Hurt yourself?"

For, as Sam came into the room, he noticed that he was limping. And now on Sam's face he could see some undefinable thing—some shadow left by a conquered pain.

"Yes," said Sam equably. "Yes. I've done it this time, Eddie." He lowered himself carefully into a chair, with one leg stretched stiffly before him. He was a big man, as tall as his brother and broader of shoulder and chest, and though there was a strong family likeness between them—the same hawk nose and steady gray eyes—the difference between them was far more striking. It lay chiefly in this one thing—that Ed Laurence was quietly, coolly purposeful, and Sam Laurence was careless.

"What's happened, Sam?"

Sam stared for a moment at his outstretched leg. "Carrying one of those dam' deck cargoes," he said. "Steel casings. One of 'em broke loose—and I was in the way."

"Is it much of an injury, Sam?"

"It puts me on the shelf, Eddie."

"Nonsense, Sam! A man of your age—how old are you? Forty-eight—in the prime of life—"

"Oh, I know," said Sam. "I'm not dead yet. Only—"

They were both silent for a few moments. Over thirty years ago their ways had parted. Ed Laurence had gone to Harvard, and Sam Laurence had run away to sea. And here was Ed Laurence, a wealthy man, an important man, with a thriving business and a wife and children and a home. And here was Sam with nothing at all. There was a battered look about Sam; his face was burned brown, there were fine wrinkles about his eyes. He had lived hard for thirty years, and what had he got out of it?

As if he were answering that question, Sam went on: "Well, I've got about four hundred dollars saved—"

"Four hundred dollars!" his brother repeated. Four hundred dollars after thirty years!

"To tell you the truth," said Sam, with a grin, "I'm surprised it's as much as that. Money always burns a hole in my pocket, Eddie."

"So I've observed, Sam."

"I'm here!" he shouted. "I haven't disappeared! I'm here!" And no one heard him!

"But I've got that. And the company's giving me a pension. A dam' small pension—"

"See here, Sam. I believe you are entitled to compensation. I'll put the thing into the hands of a first class lawyer—"

"Too late," said Sam cheerfully. "I don't want anything to do with lawyers. And I've signed something—a release—something of the sort—"

"Good Lord, Sam! Why—"

"What do I care, anyhow?" said Sam. "I can make enough to feed myself."

He brought a pipe out of his pocket and filled it and lit it, and the private office, with its mahogany desk and Chinese rug and all its dignified luxury, was permeated with the rank smell of that tobacco.

"And I've got a job, Eddie. I went down yesterday to old Johanson, and I've signed on at the shipyard—sort of a storekeeper."

"See here, Sam! I don't like that! Why didn't you come to me? I can find you something here—"

"My God!" said the other frankly. "*Here?* I'd as soon go to prison, Eddie, as be shut up here. No—I'll tell you what I've come for. Will you rent me the salt marsh cottage?"

"I will not, Sam. It's yours."

"Hanged if it is, Eddie! I signed it over to you."

"I didn't want you to—"

"But I did. No, Eddie. I'll sign a lease—or I'll find another place."

"Now, see here, Sam!" Their eyes met in a long glance. "Sam, you are a fool!"

"*And* proud of it!" said Sam, with a big laugh.

The reek of that pipe lingered in the private office all afternoon, and it disturbed Edwin Laurence. He had little visions of his brother, as chief officer of a fruit steamer, smoking that pipe in strange corners of the world. He saw blue water where the tawny gulfweed floated, coral beaches, and palms against a moonlit sky.

"Things I read about when I was a boy," he thought. "But . . . I need a little holiday. Later on, if Mason shapes well, and I can leave him in charge, I'll get away."

For a few moments he thought with a sort of hungry eagerness of getting away. And then a great weight of discouragement settled upon him. Mason couldn't carry on the business without him. Dolly couldn't manage without him. Young Edwin would go to the devil. Myra would make a little fool of herself without him. He couldn't go. He couldn't shift his immense burden.

"But, by heaven, I can take a walk!" he cried to himself. "I—I want to get away—by myself—for an hour or so. I can take a walk . . ." He rang the bell. . . . "Miss Lowndes, telephone to my house and tell them I'll be detained on business. Tell them not to meet any train. I'll take a taxi."

"Yes, Mr. Laurence. Shall I say you won't be home for dinner?"

He was silent a moment, frowning. He could see very well, in the bright and interested face of Miss Lowndes, that she didn't believe him. She knew there was no business at the office to keep him. She probably thought—Lord knows what she thought. Something amusingly discreditable about him. He couldn't have that. It was necessary for the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[TOO LATE
Continued from page eleven]

morale of the office that Miss Lowndes should not think that.

"I can't say," he answered gravely. "Perhaps you'd better speak to Mrs. Laurence herself. Tell her that I've run across an old friend of mine—man I haven't seen for—thirty years, and that he's in a bad way. I'll have to see him settled in the hospital, and there may be things to look after. I don't know when I'll be home. She needn't wait dinner."

He required all his rigid self-control to make this speech in his usual manner, for his irritability of the morning had come back tenfold. "It's none of your business!" he thought as he looked at Miss Lowndes. "It's nobody's business but my own. And I have to lie this way—simply because I want to take a walk! It's outrageous." But suppose he had told the truth?—"Just telephone to Mrs. Laurence and tell her I want to take a walk in the woods on my way home."

Suppose he had said that? And Mrs. Laurence would tell Powers, the chauffeur. . . . Powers would certainly not believe him. Miss Lowndes would not believe him. Even Dolly would be at least disquieted. No. Atlas dares not stretch his weary limbs, dares not draw a full breath, because of the world he bears upon his shoulders.

He wound up the day's business, put on his overcoat and hat, and went out.

The rough wind still blew, so fresh and strong, and his longing was a craving now. To get into the woods, alone . . . The very difficulties in the way increased his eagerness. He could not take his usual train, for someone would recognize him.

"What's Laurence doing?"

So he took another train, a branch line, and got off at an unfamiliar little station. Nobody knew him here. He got into a taxi and drove off in the direction of the little wood he had passed that morning and that had been in his mind ever since.

It was nearly 5 o'clock now. The sun was going down, fiery red in a wild sky streaked with pale yellow and violet. But no matter if it did grow dark. He wanted to walk alone under the bare trees with the wind in his face—wanted that, longed for that, so greatly that he was almost afraid.

"It's—queer," he thought. "After so many years . . . But if I go this once—get the idea out of my head . . ."

In the road near the wood he paid the driver, without any explanations. Let him think what he liked.

Then, turning up the collar of his overcoat, he climbed up a little bank and stepped into the woods.

His grandfather, old Cyrus Laurence, had in his young days gone pioneering in the West. His father, Edwin Laurence, had in his young days gone round the Horn on a sailing ship. Was it their blood that stirred in him now, making him so hungry for a dark solitude and for the rush of wind? Or was that longing in every man? He didn't know.

He thought of Sam, that fool, who had nothing at all. Sam, who didn't care. . . .

Looking up, he could see the naked branches of the trees moving against the wild sky. Underfoot was the old black mold of a hundred summers, with its strange, primeval smell.

He was alone now. And no longer lonely. It was only when he had felt the burden upon his shoulders that he had been so utterly remote and isolated. Now, when he was reduced to nothing but a man, alone, with the blood running warm in his veins, he was most strangely solaced.

He sat down on a fallen log and lit a cigar, shielding the match with his hat.

An incredible sight, he would have been, if there had been anyone to see him, this distinguished, gray haired man in his well cut overcoat, his soft hat, his gleaming shoes.

"The relief of it . . ." he was thinking. "The relief . . . This is the best moment I've ever had . . ."

The sky was growing dark now, and it was too cold to sit still. He got up and went on.

"Is this the end?" he said to himself. "Is this—the way it is? Just this?"

HE lay wondering. Above him the trees were black against the night sky where the clouds flew by in ragged wisps. He lay among the rocks and gravel, at the foot of a little ravine. He had lost his way and gone on, not conscious of fatigue, gone on and on, in a sort of angry haste, looking for a road home. And he had slipped over the brink of the ravine and come crashing down.

It was all so extraordinarily simple. To get lost in the woods, to fall over a brink, and to die. Nothing could be easier than dying. Just close your eyes and let go.

Something was running into his eyes. Blood, he supposed, from a cut on his brow. He was too tired to wipe it away, so he closed his eyes and sank into a darkness soft as velvet.

"I've felt—a little like this," he thought, "at the finish of a boat race . . ."

The same laboring heart and painful breath; the same exquisite sense of an honorable end to effort. All finished now, and he could rest . . .

"Get up, and begin again! Get up!" It was like a voice in his ear, piercing his drowsiness. "Get up, man! Begin again—at once! No time even to wait until your heart stops beating so. Go on, *now*, gasping and stumbling. Get up, man! *They are waiting for you.*"

"No!" he cried. "I—can't! My turn—has come—to stop—"

"You? You can't stop. You have a world on your shoulders. Without you it will crash to destruction. Get up and go on!"

"I'm tired . . ."

"They are waiting for you."

Dolly and Myra and Edwin. Sixty people in his office. Five servants in his house, all waiting . . .

He tried to rise and he could not. He could not even open his eyes. "You see . . . I can't . . ." he said.

"They are waiting for you."

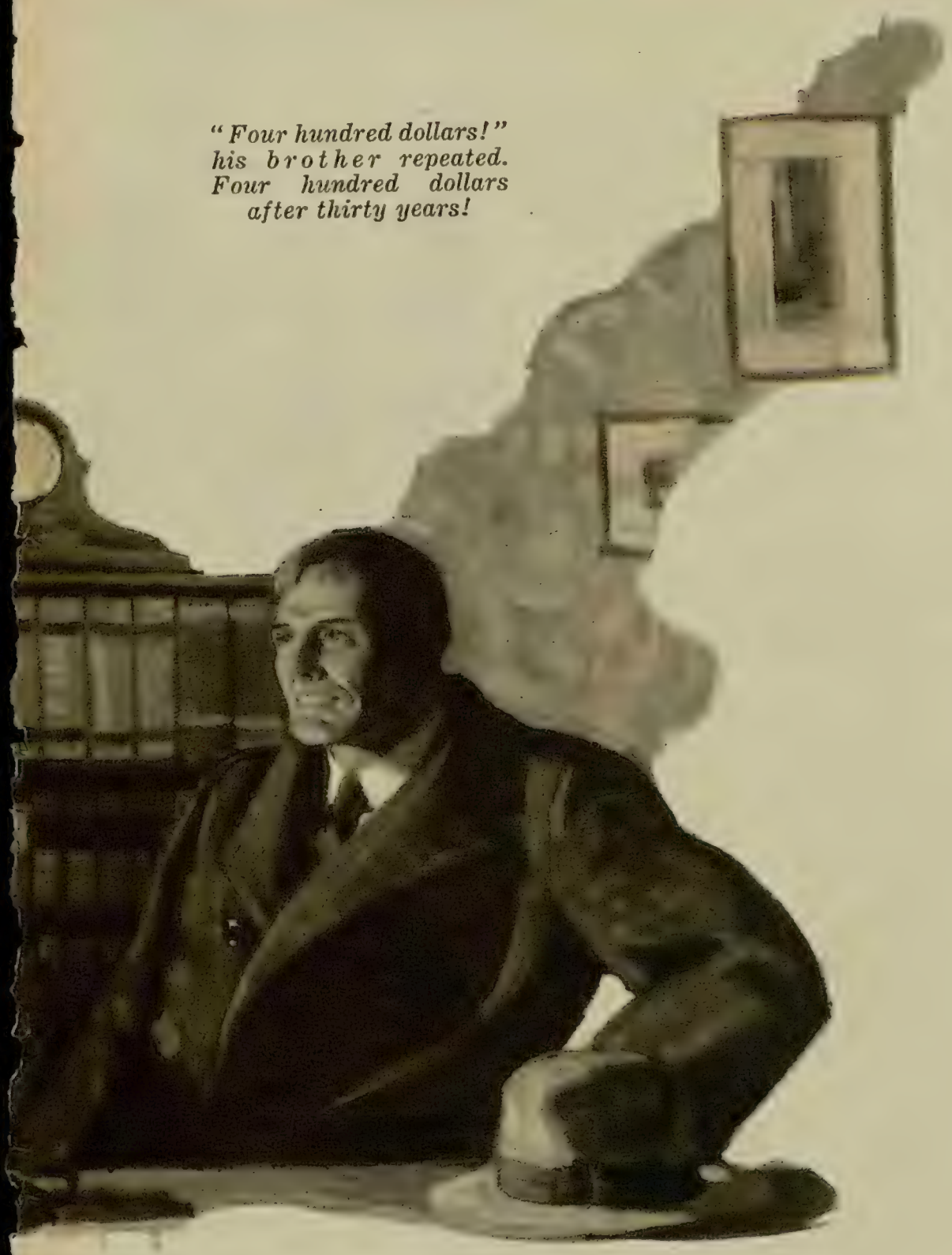
He struggled to his hands and knees. His world was waiting. He had to go on. He rose to his feet—and it seemed to him that he shot up, immensely tall, until his head was in the clouds, and he breathed in an air so thin, so rarefied, that his lungs were near to bursting. And down upon his shoulders settled the load of his world.

"No . . . I can't—can't bear it!" he cried.

AFTER all, he could carry that burden. With a long breath, he looked up at the sky, and it gave him great delight to see that the stars were out. The wind had dropped, too, and came in a soft sweep. He had tied a bandage over one eye, but it did not trouble him; he could see very well. He went along with wonderful buoyancy, so straight, so light, so quick. The burden was not heavy now. The only thing that worried him was a sense of urgent haste.

"I don't know how long I've been gone," he thought. "Dolly will be upset. I must hurry."

Except for a sense of haste, he felt quite easy and content, although he knew there was something a little odd about the journey. He was going along too easily, too swiftly, in the dark. And wasn't the path familiar? Wasn't this the old path, through another wood, the path that used to lead to the salt marshes?



"Four hundred dollars!" his brother repeated. Four hundred dollars after thirty years!

"I might as well go there," he thought. "Just for a moment. Just to take one look. I haven't seen the marshes—since I was a boy."

He remembered the path very well now. The leaves were out on the trees, but that did not surprise him. It was always spring in *this* wood; there were always violets here, and white birches covered with green. The path turned here, and again here, and now came to him the salt, rank smell of the marshes. He remembered it, all of it. Here was the long plank walk with the broken railing, where he and Sam used to run. He was glad that the sun was out now, up in the summer sky, and the flags in flower. Far ahead of him he could see the ocean.

He pulled some flags and bulrushes as he went, because he had always been fond of them. And he was not surprised to find in his hand some of the flowers that had grown in his mother's garden, very long ago. The scent of lemon verbena and geranium—he liked that. When he came to the beach he was barefooted. The sand was damp and firm, wonderful to feel. He began to run. The sea gulls were mewing like cats, and he was so happy to hear them again that he laughed aloud.

THERE was the cottage! It stood on his father's land, and for years old Benjamin had lived in it, rent free. He wished he might see old Benjamin again and speak to him, but he knew that was impossible. Ben had been dead these forty years.

"I know that!" he said to himself, with a sort of vehemence. "I know that—even if some things seem a little queer . . . Old Ben is dead, and . . ." He thought for a while. "It's Sam's cottage now. I remember perfectly. He came into my office this afternoon . . . I'll just drop in and see him."

But old Ben's nets were spread out before the cottage, and old Ben's dog lay there in the sun. "They are not really there," thought Edwin Laurence, with a strange chill at his heart. "I know they are not really there."

And what was that? The unforgettable smell of old Ben's pipe? "No, it isn't," thought Edwin Laurence. "Because it can't be. It's only Sam."

But he was afraid for a moment, and stood still. He did not know what he feared. He wanted to see old Ben, and yet . . .

He went up to the cottage and looked in at the window. Of course it wasn't Ben. Dolly was sitting there, in that old creaking rocking-chair, and she was sewing. He hadn't seen her sewing for a long time, and he liked it. Sam was there, too, smoking his pipe, and looking at her. Why did he look at her like that? If Sam had ever felt like that, why had he gone away to sea?

"I've known all the time," thought Edwin Laurence. "I didn't want to know, but I did. He loved Dolly. But she loved me."

Dolly had glanced up now, and, meeting Sam's steady eyes, glanced away again.

"A year today!" she said. "Oh, Sam! A year today since Ed disappeared!"

A great fury came over Edwin Laurence. He banged on the window, and no one heard him. "I'm here!" he shouted. "I haven't disappeared! I'm here!" And no one heard him!

"Well' . . ." said Sam. "The trouble was, Dolly, that he never took anyone into his confidence. That's why he's never been found—in a whole year."

"Dolly! I'm here—outside the window!" cried Edwin Laurence. But she didn't hear. She was crying, shedding tears for him.

He ran to the front door and tried to get in, but it was locked.

He hammered on it with his fists, kicked at it, shouted to them, and no one came, no one heard. "You needn't think I'm dead!" he cried. "I'm not! I'm here! Let me in!"

He ran back to the window again, and now he saw his son in there—dressed in the uniform Sam had worn, the blue serge and brass buttons of a ship's officer.

"Don't let him wear that!" cried Edwin Laurence. "It's nothing but a caprice, a boy's fool notion, to run away to sea. Take it off! He's going to college, I tell you! He's studying to be a lawyer. Don't listen to him! He's only a boy. He doesn't know what's good for him." Brown and hard young Edwin looked, and his eyes so blue. "Don't let him ruin his life!" cried Edwin Laurence.

But his voice was growing hoarse now; he was so tired.

AND here came Myra, with a tray. "I've made little cakes!" she said joyously. "Please say they're nice, anyhow!"

"Give me one!" begged Edwin Laurence. "Something that you made yourself, Myra. Myra, can't you hear me? You used to be so fond of me. Don't you remember? Think a little—how we used to walk out on the sand together—when you were so small? Myra! Give me one of your cakes."

She did not hear him. She threw herself down on the sofa with a sigh and a laugh. "Only four days more!" she said. "Then back to the grind!"

"You know you love your work, Myra," said her mother, indulgently reproachful. "And they think so much of you in the office—"

"Myra!" cried her father. "Don't! . . . With all your talent and your loveliness—in an office! . . . Myra! Aren't you going to be an artist? They told you at the art school that you were talented . . ."

"I know I love it," said Myra. "And isn't it queer? I always thought it would be the most awful thing to have to work. It was that six months abroad with the Langdons. I had to have that six months to find myself—"

"I told you you couldn't go!" said her father. "Myra—"

"They were an object lesson," Myra went on. "I feel so wonderfully good and noble now. And I like to feel that way."

Sam had risen, and was looking out of the window, straight into his brother's face out there.

"Eddie . . ." he said.

"Sam! Sam! Do you see me? Do you hear me?" But Sam turned away.

"Poor old Eddie," he said. "He wanted to do so much for all of you . . . and I do so little."

"Food and clothes and a roof over our heads, Sam," said Dolly. "That's all . . ." Her voice trailed away.

Food and clothes and a roof overhead . . . If that were all, if that were even enough, then Sam could do as well for them as Edwin. Even without Sam they could get that.

"There's more than that . . ." said Edwin Laurence.

"No."

He did not know who was speaking now, but the voice was very near to him.

"No man is asked to bear a world upon his shoulders. No man is big enough. There is Someone Else to do that. No man must dare to take the responsibility of another soul's destiny. Hold out your hand to help. But remember that if you pass without helping, another traveler will come after you to help. What you leave undone is your loss and your sorrow alone. Not the world's. Ask for help now yourself. You lost, lonely little man."

"No!" cried Edwin Laurence.

"You lost, lonely little man, shut out, forgotten, unneeded. Ask for help."

"Not unneeded . . :"

"Unneeded. They loved you, all these people, but you see them living without you. Living in their own way. They did not perish without you. You forgot that there was Someone Else. Ask for help now, before it is too late."

"Help . . ." he said faintly. "Help . . . Help . . ."

But it was too late.

THE END

The Diary of Sergeant York

A Famous Hero's Own Story of His Great Adventure

(Reading time: 23 minutes 46 seconds.)

SERGEANT ALVIN C. YORK was drafted into the army from the mountains of Tennessee. He has told how he was reassured by prayer that it was right for him to go to war, and has denied the widely circulated story that he was a conscientious objector. He tells in this installment of the engagement that brought him international fame.

PART TWO

WELL, we went out from Le Havre to a little inland camp. There we turned in our guns and got British guns. I had taken a liking to my gun by this time. I had taken it apart and cleaned it enough to learn every piece, and I could almost put it back together with my eyes shut.

The Greeks and Italians were improving. They had stayed continuously on the rifle range for a month or two and got so they could shoot well. They were fairly good pals, too. But I missed the Tennesseeans. I was the only mountaineer in the platoon.

I didn't like the British guns so well. I don't think they were as accurate as our American rifles. Ho ho.

My buddies were some boys from the East. There was Corporal Murray Savage—he got killed in the Argonne—and Harry Parsons from Brooklyn, New York. I think he was a vaudeville actor. And there were a lot of other Eastern boys who were in my platoon.

It sure was a mixed platoon, with the Greeks and Italians and New York Jews, and there were some Irish and one German. I sure did miss the mountain boys from Tennessee and Kentucky. But I got to like those other boys in my platoon. I was the largest in the platoon.

We got our first gas masks in Le Havre. Ho ho. I was still a private. The man in charge of my platoon was Lieutenant Stewart from Georgia. The company commander was Captain Danforth of Augusta, Georgia. Our platoon sergeants were Sergeant Early and Sergeant Harry Parsons.

Early was busted for being A. W. O. L. after we left Le Havre. After that he was acting corporal. He was a good soldier. Parsons was never busted. He was a good soldier, too. I was made a corporal just before we went into the St. Mihiel drive.

May 22nd.

EV, FRANCE.—Taken the train at Le Havre and come to a little place called Ev.

May 24th.

FLORAVILLE, FRANCE.—We eat our breakfast at Ev and then hiked to Floraville. And we stayed here a few days.

June 4th.

MONS BABERT, FRANCE.—Hiked here and stayed a few days.

June (no date).

FRESSENEVILLE, FRANCE.—Went on to Fresseneville.

June (no date).

TOUL, FRANCE.—Entrained for Toul and we got to Toul and got off the train.

June 26th.

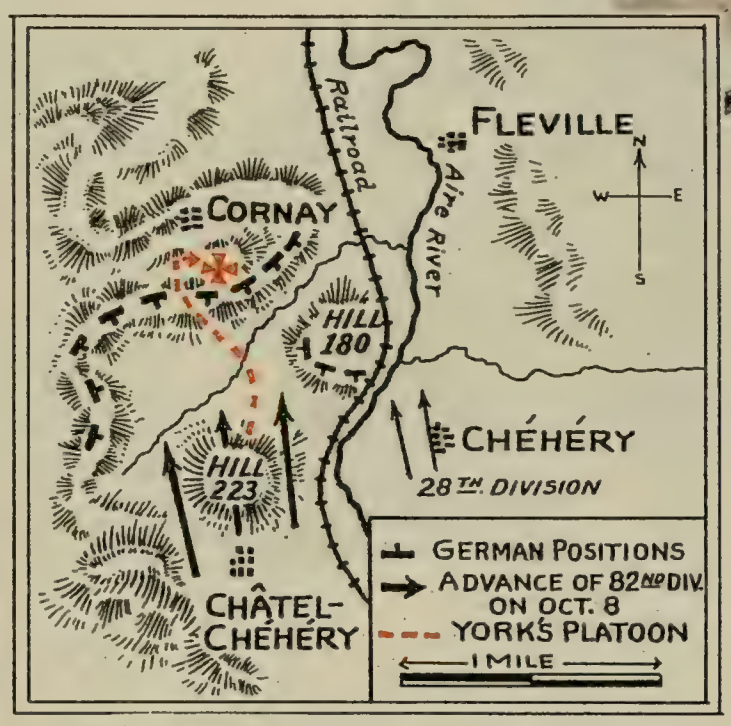
LUCEY, FRANCE.—Hiked to Lucey.

June 26th.

RAMBUCOURT, FRANCE.—We hiked a little ways and then took the train for a short ride, and then we got off the train and hiked to Rambucourt, and we stayed at Rambucourt until after dark, and then we went up and took over the front line trenches for the first time.

© Brown Brothers

Sergeant Alvin C. York wearing his Congressional Medal and the Croix de Guerre awarded him for capturing 132 prisoners.



This map shows how York's platoon penetrated the German lines. The X indicates where his famous exploit took place.

June 27th.

MONTSEC SECTOR, FRANCE.—And we relieved the 26th Div. boys at night in the Montsec Sector at

Rambucourt and we stayed there until the 4th of July.

IT was a quiet sector, where they put new troops to train them before sending them out into no man's land. The Greeks and Italians did fairly well. I was out in no man's land.

I did a right smart piece of patrolling, handling an automatic squad.

We had a lot of big stuff from the artillery coming over, and now and then a gas shell. The only firing we had then was from the snipers. We were new troops and we were nervous and jumpy at first. And when those pesky bullets came humming and buzzing around our ears, just like a lot of mad hornets or bumblebees when you rob their nests at home in Tennessee, we used to do a powerful lot of ducking.

But soon we realized it was no use. You never hear the one that gets you.

July 1st.

MONTSEC SECTOR, FRANCE.—A few words on Christian witness in war and why a Christian does worry. Yet there is no use worrying about anything except the worry of so many souls who have passed out into the Deep of an unknown world and have left no testimony as to the welfare of their souls. There is no use of worrying about shells, for you can't keep them from busting in your trench, nor you can't stop the rain or prevent a light from agoing up jest as you are halfway over the parapet.

So what is the use of worrying if you can't alter things?

Just ask God to help you and accept them and make the best of them by the help of God. Yet some men do worry, and by doing so they effec-

WALKING behind the captured German major in the lead, with his seven remaining men guarding the line, York brought in his prisoners.

Picture by
Captain John W. Thomason, Jr.

tually destroy their peace of mind without doing anyone any good. Yet it is often the religious man who worries. I have even heard those whose care was for the soldier's soul deplore the fact that he did not worry. I have heard it said that the soldier is so careless, he realizes his position so little.

Oh, yes; I felt before I left home—in fact, I told them when I left—I was coming back, and I felt I was going to get back safely, and I never did doubt it in the least, because I had my assurance that I would return home safely.

I carried a Testament with me. I have the Testament I carried with me during all my fighting at home now. I read it through five times during my stay in the army. I read it everywhere. I read it in dugouts, in fox holes, and on the front line. It was my rock to cling to. It and my diary. I didn't do any cursing, no, not even in the front line. I cut all of that out long ago, at the time I was saved.

THE trouble with the boys when we were in the quiet sector was, they would want to go out on top of the trenches and start something. They wanted to get into it and get it over. Those Greeks and Italians and the New York Jews! Ho ho. They didn't want to lie around and do nothing, and they would get on top and get the Germans out. They were always asking, where was the war? Ho ho.

They were always ready to go over the top in time of battle, almost too anxious to go over the top. The trouble with my platoon, it was too ambitious. It seemed like it got too far in front and had no protection on the sides sometimes.

Well, we would stay in a quiet sector a few days and pull out, and then we were sent to another and then into another, until we got into the real fighting sectors.

July 4th.

CORMEVILLE, FRANCE.—Then we come out to Cormeville and stayed there until July 17th.

July 17th.

RAMBUCOURT, FRANCE.—Went back in the lines again and stayed until July 25th.

August 2nd.

MANDRES, FRANCE.—We went in again in the sector of Mandres and stayed until August 8th.

August 16th.

PONT-À-MOUSSON, FRANCE.—Went to Pont-à-Mousson and stayed there in the front until August 24th.

August 24th.

LIVERDUN, FRANCE.—Come out to Liverdun and stayed there until Sept. 1st.

Sept. 1st.

PONT-À-MOUSSON, FRANCE.—Went back to Pont-à-Mousson.

Sept. 12th.

ST. MIHIEL, FRANCE.—And the big American drive started and we went over the top the night of the 12th. Then we took a little town by the name of Norroy and went on to the top of another hill beyond Norroy.

We were right in the thick of the St. Mihiel drive. My battalion was in it right. We went into the front line trenches, and were in there about a day and a night, waiting for the artillery to get in action. Then the artillery started a barrage the night of the 12th, about 1 A. M. We went over at daybreak.

We lost several men right off. We were advancing on the village of Norroy, and the Germans mussed up many of our officers and men; but we kept going and captured the town of Norroy. There was plenty of machine gun and artillery fire.

We lost a lot of our men because they were so anxious to get to the enemy that they kept pushing forward. We continued through Norroy on to the top of the hill beyond until we got in advance of our own flank. And the Germans were enfilading our right flank and shooting at us from the rear.

Those Greeks and Italians and New York Jews were sure turning out to be good soldiers. They sure kept on going.

But, ho ho, they burnt up a lot of ammunition. When we captured Norroy, we mopped up the houses and went through the town looking for prisoners. And a lot of our boys knocked the bungs out of some barrels of wine and drank some; and then they wanted to keep going right on to Berlin.

AND there was one big house there, all locked up. It looked like headquarters, but when we surrounded and stormed it we found it was a storehouse and it was full of Belgian hares. Ho ho. And when we started back in the night one of the boys took a milk goat that was captured and was leading it back to Pont-à-Mousson, when one of the officers called to him and asked him what he was doing with that goat. He answered, " Sir, I'm just going back to put a little cream in my coffee."

While we were dug in on the hillside beyond Norroy we saw a little vineyard. We were very hungry and I'm telling you those grapes just naturally made our mouths water. So we began to slip back after the grapes. But the Germans had an observation balloon up in the air, and they saw us in the vineyard and directed the German artillery to touch us off.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE DIARY OF SERGEANT YORK]
Continued from page fifteen

Several of our boys were mussed up, and we had orders not to go back there any more. Well, that night I decided to go back and get me some of those grapes. I just stalked back, and was keeping very quiet so I wouldn't be seen, when a shell landed near, and I jumped and ran —and I ran right into my own captain! He liked grapes too. Ho ho. And we both fled together.

The Germans threw a lot of gas shells into Norroy and we had to wear our gas masks for several hours. Many of the boys were gassed or killed. Well, seeing the boys all shot up, gassed, blown to pieces, and killed lying about us, there is no tongue or human being who can ever tell the feeling of a man during this time. But I never doubted in the thickest of the battle but what God would bring me through safe.

I had the assurance before I left home. And I never did doubt it. I had the assurance and I have always been taught that all of God's promises are true.

The St. Mihiel offensive opened on September 12th, and I think it was as complete a drive and as well arranged as ever could have been arranged by any general of any army. It was a great success.

The majority of the boys were 100 per cent for General Pershing. Of course, there were a few that didn't think so much of him, but as a whole the army was back of him.

OUR battalion in the drive at St. Mihiel kept pressing on so fast, and the battalions that relieved us, too, that we were all shot to pieces and had to be taken out after a few days for replacements.

We rested right back of Pont-à-Mousson in a little valley just over the hill. But I never heard of that goat any more. I don't know whether the boy got the cream for his coffee or not.

We came out of the front line on September 17th, after about a week of tough fighting.

September 17th.

ST. MIHIEL, FRANCE.—We come out to some woods and camped there and got us something to eat.

September 24th.

ST. MIHIEL, FRANCE.—We started for the Argonne Forest.

We went in some old French busses driven by Chinese drivers. Ho ho. Lots of the boys had never seen a Chinese before. And afterwards they were telling the story—I don't know how true it was—that one of the Chinese kept pestering one of our doughboys for a souvenir.

The doughboy took a Mills grenade out of his pocket—one of those pesky little things that you pull the lever and in five seconds it explodes. Well, he pulled the lever and then handed it to the Chinese and told him to put it to his ear and listen to it tick. Ho ho.

October 3d.

ZONA WOODS, FRANCE.—We camped overnight on a high hill in the woods.

October 4th.

ARGONNE FOREST, FRANCE.—We went on into the Argonne Forest, where we stayed overnight.

The battle of the Argonne started the night of the 28th of September. Well, we started on a hike, going on into the Argonne, and camped in the Zona Woods on October 3. The woods about here hadn't been shot up much. We hadn't yet reached the main battlegrounds. But we moved up on the 4th, and I'm telling you the woods were shot all to pieces and the ground was all torn up with shells.

October 5th.

ARGONNE FOREST, FRANCE.—We went out on the main road and lined up and started for the front, and the Germans was shelling the road, and the airplanes was humming over our heads, and we were stumbling over dead horses and dead men, and the shells were bursting all around us.

And then it was I could see the power of God helped men if they would only trust him.

Oh, it was there I could look up and say:

"O Jesus, the great rock of foundation
Whereon my feet were set with sovereign grace.
Through shells or death with all their agitation
Thou wilt protect me if I will only trust in Thy grace.
Bless Thy holy name!"

October 7th.

ARGONNE FOREST, FRANCE.—We lay in some little holes by the roadside all day. That night we went and stayed a little while and come back to our little holes and the shells busting all around us. I saw men just blown up by the big German shells. So the order came for us to take hills 223 and 240 the 8th.

"Sir, I'm just going to put a little cream in my coffee."

Picture by Captain John W. Thomason, Jr.

IT was raining a little bit all day, drizzly and very damp. Lots of big shells bursting all around us. We were not up close enough for the machine guns to reach us, but airplanes were buzzing overhead most all the time, just like a lot of hornets. Lots of men were killed by the artillery fire. And lots more wounded.

We saw quite a lot of our machine gun battalion across the road from us blown up by the big shells. The woods were all mussed up and looked as if a terrible cyclone had swept through them.

But God would never be cruel enough to create a cyclone as terrible as that Argonne battle. Only man would ever think of doing an awful thing like that. It looked like "the abomination of desolation" must look like. And all through the long night those big guns flashed and growled just like the lightning and the thunder when it storms in the mountains at home.

And, oh my, we had to pass the wounded. And some of them were on stretchers going back to the dressing stations, and some of them were lying around, moaning and twitching. And the dead were all along the road. And it was wet and cold. And it all made me think of the Bible and the story of the Anti-Christ and Armageddon.

And I'm telling you the little log cabin in Wolf Valley in old Tennessee seemed a long, long way off.

That night the orders came for us to take Hill 223. The zero hour was set for 6 o'clock, which was just before daylight. We were to go over the top, take the hill, and advance across the valley to the ridges on the other side, and take them and press on to the Decauville Railroad, which was our objective. It was a very important railroad for the Germans.

And the Lost Battalion was in there somewhere, needing help most awful bad!

October 8th.

ARGONNE FOREST, FRANCE.—So the morning of the 8th, just before daylight, we started for the hill of Châtel Chéhéry. So before we got there it got light, and the Germans sent over a heavy barrage and also gas, and we put on our gas masks and just pressed right on through those shells and got to the top of Hill 223 to where we was to start over the top at 6:10 A. M.

And they was to give us a barrage. So the time came, and no barrage, and we had to go without one. So we started over the top at 6:10 A. M., and the Germans was putting their machine guns to working all over the hill in front of us and on our left and right. So I was in support and I could see my pals getting picked off until it almost looked like there was none left.

THIS was our first offensive battle in the Argonne. My battalion was one of the attacking battalions. My platoon was the second. We were in support of the first. We advanced just a few yards behind them. We got through the shells and the gas all right, and occupied Hill 223, which was to be our jumping off place for the advance on the railroad. When the zero hour came, we went over the top and started our advance.

We had to charge across a valley several hundred yards wide and rush the machine gun emplacements on the ridges on the far side. And there were machine guns on the ridges on our flanks too.

It was a kind of triangular shaped valley. So you see we were getting it from the front and both flanks. Well, the first and second waves got about halfway across the valley, and then were held up by machine gun fire from the three sides. It was awful. Our losses were very heavy.

The advance was stopped and we were ordered to dig in. I don't believe our whole battalion, or even our whole division, could have taken those machine guns by a straightforward attack.

The Germans got us, and they got us right smart. They just stopped us dead in our tracks. It was hilly country with plenty of brush, and they had plenty of machine guns intrenched along those commanding ridges. And I'm telling you they were shooting straight. Our boys just went down like the long grass before the mowing machine at home. And, to make matters worse, something had happened to our artillery and we had no barrage.

So our attack just faded out. And there we were, lying down, about halfway across, and no barrage, and those German machine guns and big shells getting us hard.

I just knew that we couldn't go on again until those machine guns were mopped up. So we decided to try and get them by a surprise attack in the rear.

We figured there must have been over thirty of them, and they were hidden on the ridges about 300 yards in front and on the left of us.

October 8th (Continued).

So there was 17 of us boys went around on the left flank to see if we couldn't put those guns out of action. So when we went around and fell in behind those guns, we first saw two Germans with Red Cross bands on their arms. So we asked them to stop, and they did not. So one of

[CONTINUED ON PAGE NINETEEN]

So convenient in summer!

Campbell's delicious soups, already cooked, can be obtained everywhere

GOOD FOOD for your family—first, last and always. This is your rule, of course. You know how much depends on the quality of your meals—the precious health of those in your care—their daily enjoyment at the home table. And what a debt your family owes you for your constant efforts to place before them such delightful and beneficial meals!

You deserve every help in your important and exacting service to the home. Campbell's Soups are such an aid. For their exceptional goodness more than meets your high standards of quality and they are delightfully easy and convenient to serve. Adding an equal quantity of water, bringing to a boil, simmering a few minutes. Isn't it wonderful that Campbell's delicious soups require no more from you than this? Think how much you are saved! And now especially, when the weather is hot, you are grateful to Campbell's Soups for helping to keep you out of the kitchen.

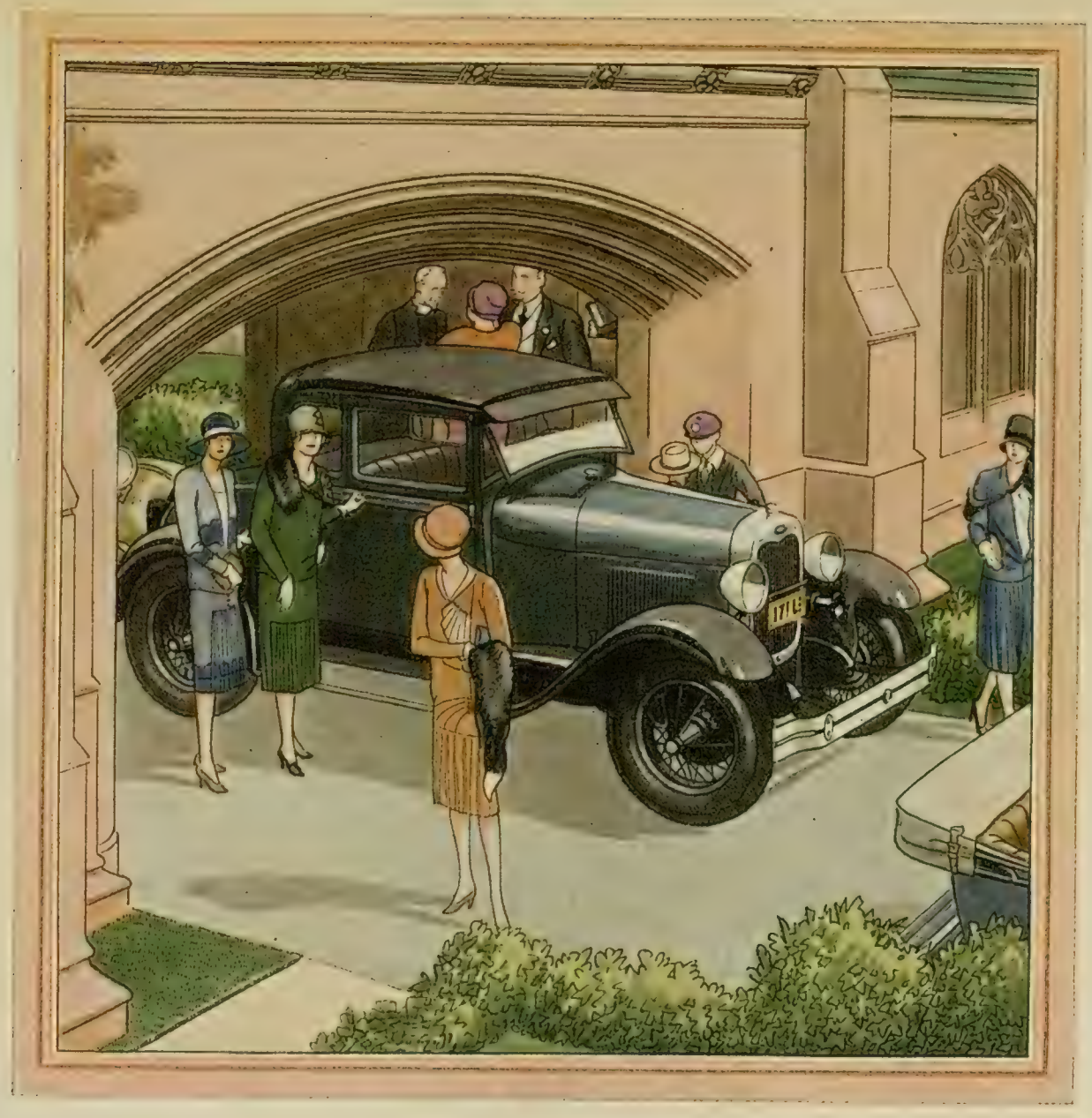
In summer it isn't always possible for you to obtain the quality of food you desire for your table, if you happen to be away from your usual sources of supply. But at the seashore, in the mountains or off in the country, you can purchase Campbell's Soups wherever food is sold.

With all the cold meats, salads and iced beverages of summer, your family needs the healthful invigoration of good, hot soup. It is a splendid tonic to the digestion. It is the ideal one-hot-dish of the summer meal.

Campbell's Vegetable Soup is a great summertime favorite. It is so hearty and substantial—"a meal in itself", people say. Fifteen choice vegetables—whole, diced or in puree. A luncheon or supper ready in a few minutes! Your grocer has, or will get for you, any of the 21 Campbell's Soups listed on the label. 12 cents a can.

My flowers seem to laugh with me
And wink their eyes in merry glee;
It's just the way I show delight
When Campbell's thrill my appetite!

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET



The new Ford Coupe is distinguished by the quiet simplicity of its lines. Richly appointed in every least little detail. A car that has been built to endure—to serve you faithfully and well for many months and years.

Get behind the wheel and know the joy of driving this great new car

THE joy of driving the new Ford comes not alone from its speed—its safety—its comfort—its reliability—the pride you take in its beauty of line and color—but also from the pleasure it puts into motoring.

Instantly you start away for your first ride you have a feeling that here is an unusually alert and capable car. That here is a car fully equal to every need and emergency. That here is a car with a new eagerness to go. A new aliveness. A new responsiveness in traffic, on hills, and on the open road.

As the days go by, you find yourself developing a real friendliness for the new Ford—a growing pride that is deeper and more personal than just an acknowledgment of faithful service.

You long to be behind the wheel—to drive for sheer joy of driving—to know again the sense of power, security and complete control that is yours when you ride in this great new car.

Watching the performance of the new Ford—studying its reliability—sharing in its comfort—you begin to see that it is not just a new automobile—not just a new model—but the advanced expression of a wholly new idea in modern, economical transportation.

For now, at a low price, you can get everything you want or need in a modern automobile . . . steel body . . . beautiful low lines . . . choice of colors . . . speed of 55 to 65 miles an hour . . . a four-cylinder engine which develops 40 horse-power at only 2200 revolutions a minute . . . quick acceleration . . . exceptional hill-climbing qualities . . . the economy of 20 to 30 miles per gallon of gasoline, depending on your speed . . . protected safety gasoline tank in cowl, with the advantage of direct gravity flow . . . mechanical, self-centering, internal expanding-shoe four-wheel brakes which are positive in action, yet may be applied with the slightest pressure of the foot . . . four Houdaille hydraulic shock absorbers and new transverse springs of exclusive Ford design for easy-riding comfort . . . typical Ford reliability, low cost of up-keep and long life . . . Triplex shatter-proof glass windshield.

The Ford Motor Company is able to sell such a really fine car at such a low price only because of new manufacturing methods and production economies that are as unusual as the car itself.

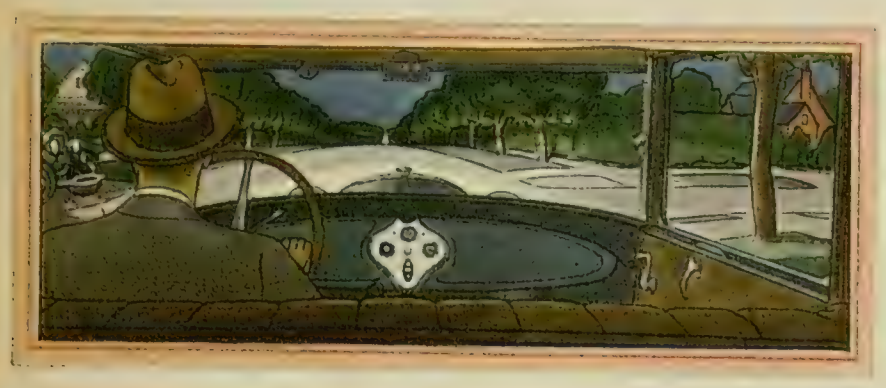
FORD MOTOR COMPANY
Detroit, Mich.

As Henry Ford himself has said—"The price of the new Ford is low in accordance with the established Ford policy. We hold that it is better to sell a large number of cars at a reasonably small margin of profit than a few cars at a large margin of profit.

"We make our own steel—we make our own glass—we mine our own coal. But we do not charge a profit on any of these items or from these operations. Our only profit is on the automobile we sell."

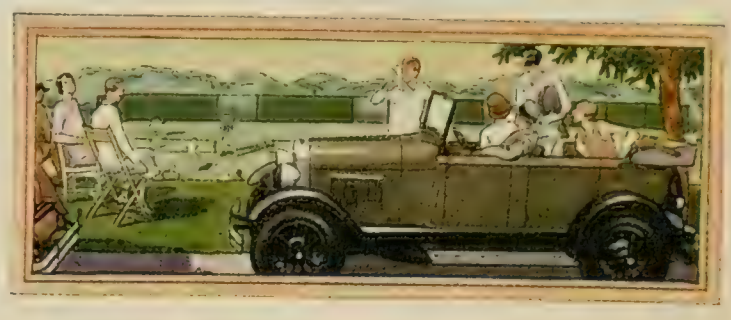
There are good and substantial reasons, therefore, for the quality that has been built into the new Ford and for its low price.

So we say to you—take a little while today to see and inspect the new Ford. Examine it carefully, part by part. Listen to its quiet, smooth-running engine. Know the thrill of driving it. By its performance you will realize there is nothing quite like it anywhere in design, quality and price.



Looking forward from the front seat of the new Ford, you are impressed by its rugged strength and sweeping lines. Windshield is of Triplex shatter-proof glass—an important safety feature.

The new Ford Phaeton is low and fleet, with a sweep of line that reflects the art of the master designer. Designed and built to seat five passengers in roomy comfort.



[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTEEN]

the boys shot at them and they run back to our right. So we all run after them—

Sergeant Harry Parsons gave the command to what was left of four squads—my squad, Corporal Savage's squad, Corporal Early's, and Corporal Cutting's—to go around through the brush and try and make the surprise attack.

According to orders, we advanced through our front line and on through the brush and up the hill on the left. We went very quietly and quickly. We had to. And we took care to keep well to our left.

Without any loss and in right smart time, we were across the valley and on the hill where the machine guns were emplaced. The brush and the hilly nature of the country hid us from the Germans.

WE were now nearly 300 yards in front of our own front line. When we figured we were on top of the hill and on their left flank, we had a little conference.

Some of the boys wanted to attack from the flank. But Early and I and some of the others thought it would be best to go right on over the hill and jump them from the rear. We decided on this rear attack.

We opened up in skirmishing order and, flitting from brush to brush, quickly crossed over the hill and down into the gully behind. Then we suddenly swung around behind them. The first Germans we saw were two men with Red Cross bands on their arms. They jumped out of the brush in front of us and bolted like two scared rabbits.

We called to them to surrender, and one of our boys fired and missed. And they kept on going. And we kept right after them. We wanted to capture them before they gave the alarm. We were now well behind the German trench and in the rear of the machine guns that were holding up our big advance.

We were deep in the brush and we couldn't see the Germans and they couldn't see us. But we could hear their machine guns shooting something awful. Savage's squad was leading, and mine, Early's, and Cutting's followed.

October 8th (Continued).

—and when we jumped across a little stream of water that was there, they was about 15 or 20 Germans jumped up and threw up their hands and said, "Kamerad!" So the one in charge of us boys told us not to shoot; they was going to give up anyway.

It was headquarters. There were orderlies, stretcher bearers and runners, and a major and two other officers. They were just having breakfast, and there was a mess of beefsteaks, jellies, jams, and loaf bread around. They were unarmed, all except the major.

We jumped them right smart and covered them, and told them to throw up their hands and to keep them up. And they did. I guess they thought the whole American army was in their rear. And we didn't stop to tell them anything different. No shots were fired, and there was no talking between us except when we told them to "put them up."

October 8th (Continued).

So by this time some of the Germans from on the hill was shooting at us. Well, I was giving them the best I had, and by this time the Germans had got their machine guns turned around and fired on us. So they killed 6 and wounded 3 of us. So that just left 8, and then we got into it right by this time. So we had a hard battle for a little while—

I don't know whether it was the German major, but one of them yelled out something in German that we couldn't understand. And then the machine guns on top swung around and opened fire on us. There were about thirty of them. They were commanding us from the hillside less than thirty yards away. They couldn't miss. And they didn't.

They killed all of Savage's squad; they got all of mine but two; they wounded Cutting and killed two of his squad; and Early's squad was well back in the brush on the extreme right and not yet under the direct fire of the machine guns, and so they escaped. All except Early. He went down with three bullets in his body. That left me in command. I was right out there in the open.

And those machine guns were spitting fire and cutting down the undergrowth all around me something awful. And the Germans were yelling orders. You never heard such a racket in all of your life. I didn't have time to dodge behind a tree or dive into the brush. I didn't even have time to kneel or lie down.

U. S. Official photo

Sergeant York standing on the scene of his exploit four months later.

I don't know what the other boys were doing. They claim they didn't fire a shot. They said afterwards they were on the right, guarding the prisoners. And the prisoners were lying down and the machine guns had to shoot over them to get me. As soon as the machine guns opened fire on me, I began to exchange shots with them.

There were over thirty of them in continuous action, and all I could do was touch the Germans off just as fast as I could. I was sharpshooting. I don't think I missed a shot. It was no time to miss.

In order to sight me or to swing their machine guns on me, the Germans had to show their heads above the trench, and every time I saw a head I just touched it off. All the time I kept yelling at them to come down. I didn't want to kill any more than I had to. But it was they or I. And I was giving them the best I had.

Suddenly a German officer and five men jumped out of the trench and charged me with fixed bayonets. I changed to the old automatic and just touched them off too. I touched off the sixth man first, then the fifth, then the fourth, then the third, and so on. I wanted them to keep coming.

I didn't want the rear ones to see me touching off the front ones. I was afraid they would drop down and pump a volley into me.

October 8th (Continued).

—and I got hold of the German major, and he told me if I wouldn't kill any more of them he would make them quit firing. So I told him all right, if he would do it now. So he blew a little whistle, and they quit shooting and come down and gave up.

I had killed over twenty before the German major said he would make them give up. I covered him with my automatic and told him if he didn't make them stop firing I would take off his head next. And he knew I meant it. He told me if I didn't kill him, and if I stopped shooting the others in the trench, he would make them surrender.

He blew a little whistle and they came down and began to gather around and throw down their guns and belts. All but one of them came off the hill with their hands up, and just before that one got to me he threw a little hand grenade which burst in the air in front of me.

I had to touch him off. The rest surrendered without any more trouble. There were nearly 100 of them.

October 8th (Continued).

So we had about 80 or 90 Germans there disarmed, and had another line of Germans to go through to get out. So I called for my men, and one of them answered from behind a big oak tree, and the others were on my right in the brush.

So I said, "Let's git these Germans out of here."

One of my men said, "It is impossible."

So I said, "No; let's git them out."

So when my man said that, this German major said, "How many have you got?" and I said, "I have got a-plenty," and pointed my pistol at him all the time. In this battle I was using a rifle and a .45 Colt automatic pistol.

So I lined the Germans up in a line of twos, and I got between the ones in front, and I had the German major before me. So I marched them straight into those other machine guns and I got them.

THE German major could speak English as well as I could. Before the war he used to work in Chicago. And I told him to keep his hands up and to line up his men in column of twos, and to do it in double time. And he did it.

And I lined up my men that were left on either side of the column, and I told one to guard the rear. I ordered the prisoners to pick up and carry our wounded.

I took the major and placed him at the head of the column, and I got behind him and used him as a screen. I poked the automatic in his back and told him to hike. And he hiked.

The major suggested we go down a gully, but I knew that was the wrong way. And I told him we were not going down any gully. We were going straight through the German front line trenches back to the American lines.

It was their second line that I had captured. We sure did get a long way behind the German trenches! And so I marched them straight at that old German front line trench. And some more machine guns swung around and began to spit at us. I told the major to blow his whistle or I would take off his head and theirs too. So he blew his whistle and they all surrendered—all except one. I made the major order him to surrender twice. But he wouldn't. And I had to touch him off. I hated to do it. But I couldn't afford to take any chances and so I had to let him have it.

There were considerably over 100 prisoners now. It was a problem to get them back safely to our own lines. There were so many of them, there was danger of our own artillery mistaking us for a German counterattack and opening upon us. I sure was relieved when we ran into the relief squads that had been sent forward through the brush to help us.

October 8th (Continued).

So when I got back to my major's p. c. I had 132 prisoners.

The confirmation of York's feat and the honors which followed are detailed in the next installment of his story.

Russian and UNTAMED

Baklanova Shows Hollywood Something New in Acting

A Movie Review by

FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

(Reading time: 4 minutes 9 seconds.)

HOLLYWOOD has a new personality. If you have not heard of her in the past, you will in the future. She is to be heralded as Baklanova, the Olga being shelved for publicity purposes. Baklanova runs away with two important current films, and she does it easily. Olga is a young woman of astonishing vitality.

Olga Baklanova, the new Hollywood star, who has just scored a double triumph in The Street of Sin and The Man Who Laughs.

Conrad Veidt and Mary Philbin in a scene from The Man Who Laughs.

It isn't easy to steal acting honors in an Emil Jannings film. Baklanova does it in The Street of Sin. And she cops the honors in Universal's expensive filming of Victor Hugo's The Man Who Laughs.

The Street of Sin is a Hollywood concoction. It is sordid, repellent, and unreal. It was Jannings' second American made film, but Famous Players held it up a long time for repairs. It is a story of London's Limehouse. This time tough *Basher Bill*, played by Emil, turns out to be the Broken Blossom himself.

Basher is a bully—a rough, tough stick-up man. He is living more or less happily with an admiring and strenuous blonde named *Annie*, when grimy Harmony Row is invaded by a little Salvation lassie. *Basher* falls for *Sister Elizabeth* in no nice Will Haysian way, but ere long he is moved to religion. Then he gives his life to save the babies in the Army nursery and passes out, invoking *Annie* to hit the trail.

It is hard to believe in *Basher* when he takes to bathing babies and dandling them on his knee. His whole reformation is a little phony, if you ask me. There are moments in the early part of The Street of Sin, as *Basher* tosses a bottle at the fleeing lady known as *Annie* and proceeds to breakfast on hard-boiled eggs, swallowed whole after their shells have been broken on his brow, when the film flashes up.

Still, The Street of Sin, with all its childish story, has interest above the ordinary. Any Jannings film possesses that. Mauritz Stiller's direction is workmanlike.

Having seen Baklanova in The Street of Sin, you will want to observe her in The Man Who Laughs. Here she is a rowdy duchess—and when I say rowdy I mean rowdy.

The Man Who Laughs is a sweeping story of seventeenth century England. Hugo used a gigantic canvas for his tale of human heroism broken, but not defeated, upon the wheel of chance. The difficulties of the scenarist must have been trying, even for a ruthless Hollywood studio craftsman. Things happen in the process of condensation, and most of Hugo's thrusts at society naturally go by the board.

The unhappy *Gwynplaine*, Hugo's principal protagonist, was probably the original clown with a breaking heart. As a lord's child he had been turned over to the Comprachicos by the vengeful *King James*. The Comprachicos were buyers and sellers of children. They practiced a ruthless mutilation, furnishing, by means of surgery, the mountebanks and jesters demanded by the rich and powerful of Europe. Deformity and laughter went hand in hand then.

Thanks to Paul Leni's direction and the admirable acting, the film seems something of a re-creation of the savage, hard, dirty, and romantic days of the seventeenth century. It reveals something of the poverty of the countryside and town, something of the soiled gaudiness of the court.

Gwynplaine, with his immutable laugh destined to excite perpetual ridicule and laughter, grows up to be a clown with a traveling showman. He is restored to his rights and a place in the House of Lords by good *Queen Anne*, who loves her little joke; but in the film version he gives up everything, including the brutal roars of the lords, for the blind waif, *Dea*, who cannot see his rigid, hideous grin.

Olga as the rowdyish Duchess Josiana.

Conrad Veidt, who was the unforgettable somnambulist of Dr. Caligari, and who is one of the few real screen idols on the Continent, gives a superb performance of *Gwynplaine*. Here is irony and pathos. You will like, too, Mary Philbin's gentle portrayal of the sightless *Dea*. This performance has its radiant moments.

The surprise of the sardonic and repellent million dollar movie, as I have said, is Baklanova's playing of the voluptuous *Duchess Josiana*, the decadent, wayward half sister of *Queen Anne*.

Baklanova was born in Moscow, Russia. Her father is described variously as a painter and a merchant. Take your choice. She was one of four out of 400 candidates to pass the entrance examinations for the Moscow Art Theater's school.

Baklanova studied for three years. When the Moscow Art Musical Studio was created to present dramatized opera, Danchenko, the director, gave Baklanova her first real opportunity.

In 1925, when the Musical Studio organization was brought to America by Morris Gest, Baklanova sang *Carmen* in Carmencita and the Soldier. The Russian company went home—but Baklanova remained, her untamed acting a welcome relief in cut and dried Hollywood.

Do you know that—

. A lot of contracts have not been renewed? . . . First National didn't renew with Harry Langdon or Johnny Hines? . . . The Warners did not re-sign Irene Rich?

In Years to Come..

How much of their fascinating childhood will remain on Memory's page?

Many a snapshot can be enlarged and framed. Look through your own collection and find your favorite print. Then have it enlarged and framed so that you may hang it up where you can enjoy it constantly.

If the father who snapped this picture had wanted to get a "close-up" of his little girl, he would have used the Kodak Portrait Attachment, an inexpensive extra lens which produces the most wonderful snapshots of head and shoulders.

YOU'RE busy now, to be sure. Watching over them. Mothering them. Seeing that they get the right food, enough sleep, plenty of fresh air and sunshine. Doing everything a mother could to make them the finest children in the world.

But don't make the mistake of thinking yourself too busy to take snapshots of them. You love them so much, they are so much your own flesh and blood, that you may think you'll always remember the wonderful days of their childhood.

Forget the cunning little way that Buddy's cheeks used to dimple? Never. Forget the expression on Betty Ann's face when she saw her mother come into the room? Impossible. Yet you *do* forget. No matter how you try, you can't keep on thinking of them as babies when they've grown into active boys and girls. Your life is so bound up with theirs that when they change you change too.

And the more they change the more you wish you *could* remember how they used to be. Look ahead a few years. Wouldn't it be wise to take snapshots of your youngsters as they are now, as they never will be again?

You think they're just the cutest kids alive, of course. And you love and admire them—oh, ever so much. That's the very reason why later on you would regret your failure to make a picture record of their fascinating childhood. You couldn't possibly take *too many* snapshots. The cry is always "Why didn't I take more?"

How easy it is! We don't need to remind you either of the great pleasure you get in seeing how the prints turn out. From seven-year youngsters to seventy-year oldsters, everyone enjoys the fun of taking snapshots.

The chances are that you already own a Kodak. If you don't, get one at once. They are on sale everywhere at prices to fit any pocketbook. You can buy the Brownie, a genuine Eastman camera, for as little as $2, and Kodaks from $5 up.

And every Eastman camera makes excellent snapshots. Particularly the Modern Kodaks. Many have lenses so fast that you don't have to wait for sunshine. Rain or shine, winter or summer, indoors or out, everyone can take good pictures with these marvelous new Kodaks.

Kodak Film in the familiar yellow box is dependably uniform. It has speed and wide latitude. Which simply means that it reduces the danger of under- and over-exposure. It gets the picture. Expert photo finishers are ready in every community to develop and print your films quickly and skilfully. So begin—or continue—taking the pictures that mean so much to you later on.

* * *

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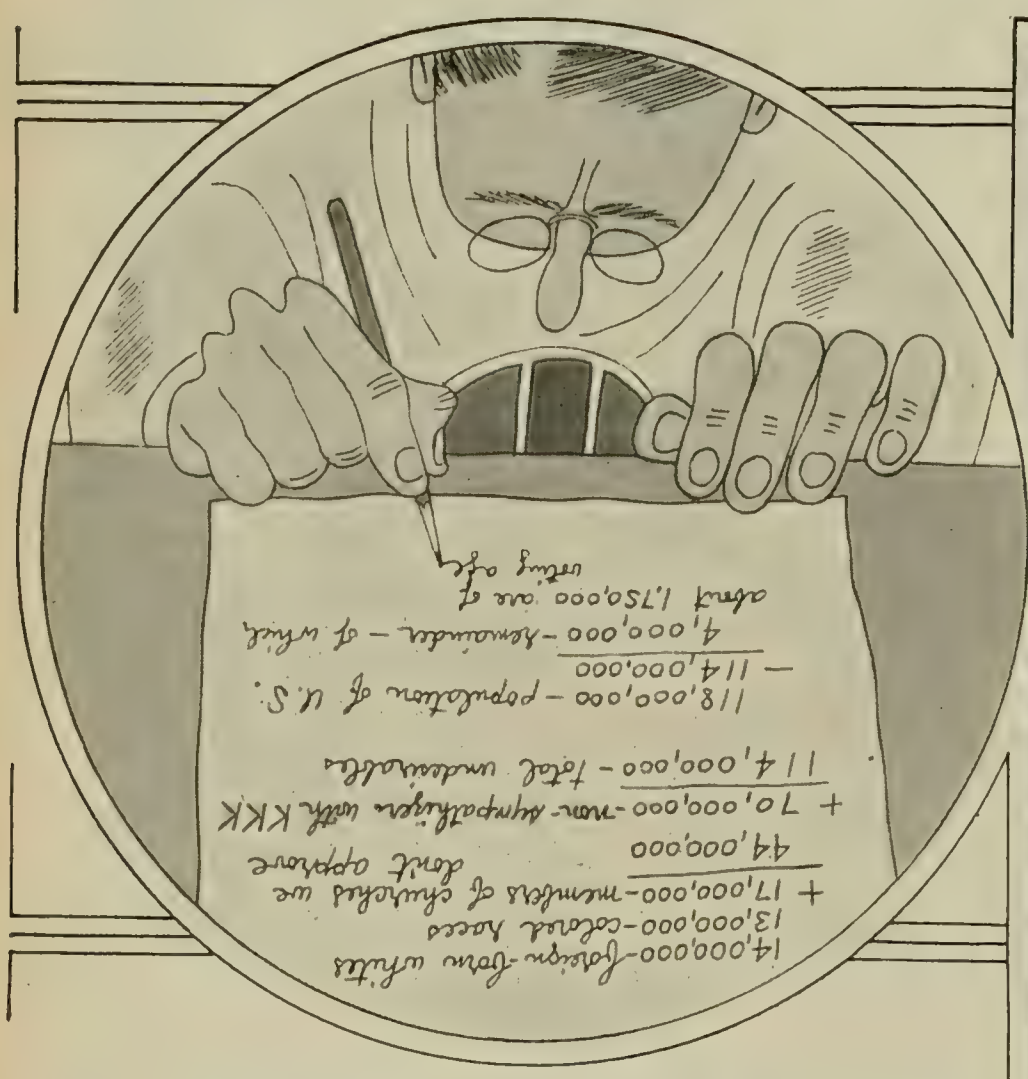
GRAPHIC SECTION

News of the World

By RALPH BARTON



WE WILL SOON KNOW. Clerks of the Ku Klux Klan at headquarters are busy calculating how many of us will be allowed to vote in November.

ODD NONE OF THEM THOUGHT OF IT BEFORE. Mme. Arabella Aptins, noted medium, who has advised leading business men on their investments for years, telephones her broker, under the control of her guardian spirit, Minnehaha, and makes a clean-up.

RECENT SNAPSHOT OF AN EX-NEW YORKER who has built his home in the wilds of Labrador in order to get away from the unendurable traffic noises on the island of Manhattan, U. S. A.

THE NOW-YOU-TELL-ONE CORNER. (Idea by R. J. Anderson, Fond du Lac, Wis. A penny is paid for each thought used in this corner.) The Bell-Topped Shoe, designed to catch coins and other objects that fall through holes in trousers pockets.

Wherever summer trails may lead

Swift, eager miles—smooth, soaring mastery of the hills—all the keen satisfaction of driving a car that fairly out-performs all its past records, is yours with the *new* and *better* Texaco Gasoline. For the *new* and *better* Texaco is a true product of modern science.

The action of the carburetor *alone* is sufficient to vaporize it completely. At all engine-speeds the *new* and *better* Texaco forms a dry gas. Free of every trace of wetness, a perfectly blended mixture of gasoline vapor and air, it flows freely and swiftly from carburetor to spark. Combustion is smoothly progressive and complete.

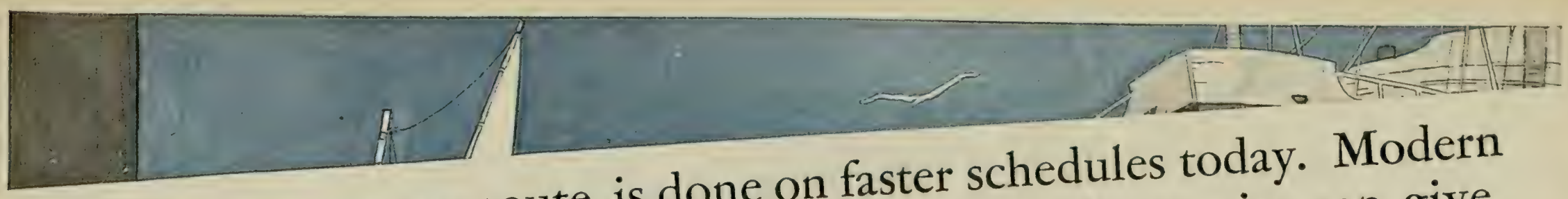
Wherever you go—this summer you can enjoy the advantage of the *new* and *better* Texaco Gasoline. It is sold at all pumps displaying the Texaco Red Star with the Green T.

The NEW and BETTER

TEXACO

GASOLINE

THE TEXAS COMPANY, TEXACO PETROLEUM PRODUCTS



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The Mark of Leading Tire Stores Everywhere

The GENERAL TIRE

—goes a long way to make friends

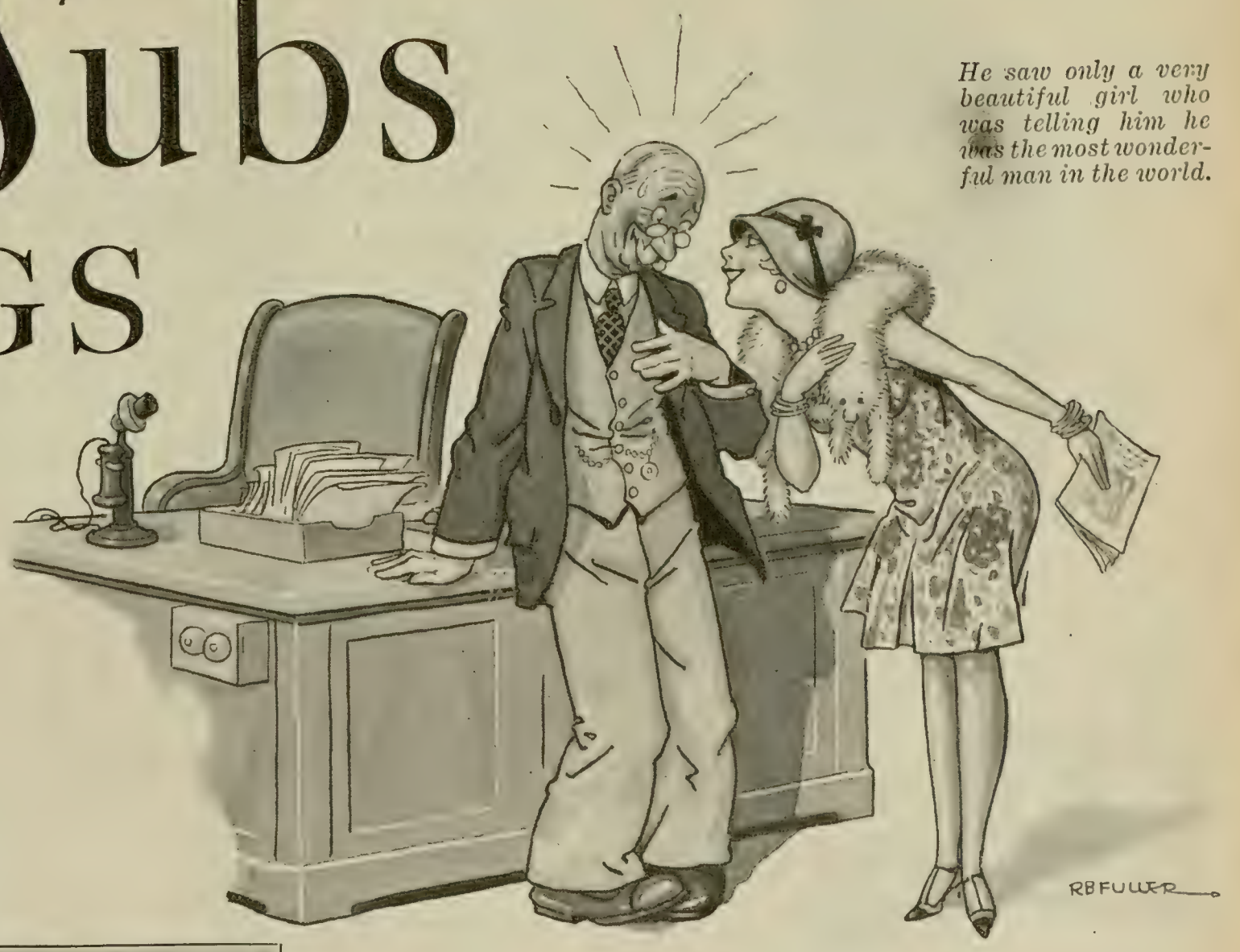
Selling Subs for MAGS

How a New American Siren Does Her Stuff

By

ALICIA PATTERSON

Pictures by
R. B. FULLER



He saw only a very beautiful girl who was telling him he was the most wonderful man in the world.

(Reading time: 20 minutes 2 seconds.)

[EDITOR'S NOTE: Miss Patterson has undertaken to find out the problems of obtaining employment for a young girl from a country town near Chicago, without experience or training. This is her report of her first experience, which was obtained by answering a "blind" ad in a newspaper. She will continue her experiment, and other stories of what she encounters will appear at intervals, as they are received.]

SALESLADIES—Two—not over 22 years; must be free to travel; good salary and transportation paid. Apply in person before noon. Room 80, 1104 South Wabash.

THIS was the ad that caught my eye. I was looking for a job and this seemed a likely one. I proceeded to follow it up. I changed my name to Agnes Holmberg, my age to twenty, and my clothes to those suitable for a young country girl coming into the wicked city of Chicago to make her way.

I have some friends living in the country, Charles and Agnes Holmberg, and they agreed to be my parents for purposes of reference. However, no inquiries were made of them.

Mildred Owens, who makes a good living selling magazine subscriptions to the astute business man.

On answering the ad, I found it to be the Periodical Sales Company, run by one Mr. Harry Wells, president. It was a clearing house for most of the important magazines, guaranteed by the National Surety Company of New York.

No other job hunters seemed to be visible, and I sat down to wait with some little hesitancy. Presently I was ushered into Mr. Raymond Schweitzer's room. Mr. Schweitzer was the manager. He was a youngish man, with a well tailored suit and a pair of gimlet eyes. He proceeded to use them too thoroughly for comfort. Starting with my antiquated black hat and ending with my still more antiquated shoes, he did not miss one detail of my costume.

The appraisal was to discover if I had any sex appeal hidden in my make-up—but that comes later. Not knowing the why or wherefore of his scrutiny, I began to fidget. My legs wrapped and unwrapped themselves around the chair, I tore my gloves to shreds, and, to top it all, I suddenly developed a cough. I was quite uncomfortable.

He finally started questioning me. He wanted particularly to know if I were married and if I would be free to travel. "You will have to be ready to leave at a moment's notice," he went on. "I may send you to California, Honolulu, or even abroad." I asked him why, but he told me that would all be explained the next day. I was to report in the office the following morning at 9 o'clock. My salary was to be fifteen dollars for the first two weeks.

I showed up bright and early the next day and found three other girls waiting. They told me they also had been hired by Mr. Schweitzer, but they all were vague as to what the work would be. They didn't seem to care as long as they landed some kind of job.

One of the girls had been on the loose since January, and said she had only three dollars between herself and starvation. "It wouldn't be hard to hook some fat butter and egg man and live off of him," she told me. "Personally, I've kept pretty straight up till now—and I want to keep on." I agreed sympathetically.

We whiled away the rest of the time by discussing the merits of various dance halls. The Argonaut won the vote of all three as being the "classiest" and most "ritzy" place in town. The etiquette of the Argonaut was very strict. The only chic thing to do was to arrive alone or with a girl friend, then to vamp as many unattached young men as possible and secure them for dances. The girls would compare notes at the end of the evening. The young lady who had procured the most dances would then be voted the belle of the ball. I naïvely asked what would happen if no one wanted you to trip the light fantastic. I was promptly squelched. The idea was incredible.

Raymond Schweitzer arrived in the office a few minutes later, accompanied by a very pretty blonde—she might have doubled for Jeanne Eagels in Rain, or been the star in Mme. Elinor Glyn's much talked of It. I have never seen the "come hither" more strongly emphasized.

While I was admiring this perfect specimen of God's handiwork, Schweitzer called me over and introduced Miss Mildred Owens. He told me my job for the day was to go around with her and watch her do her stuff. Her stuff was selling magazines to tired business men.

WE left the office and hied ourselves over to the nearest drug store, where she ordered a coca-cola. "Makes you work better," she confided. After my fair companion had done the drink justice, powdered her nose, and put some quite unnecessary rouge on her face, we boarded a street car for Archer Avenue, the Mecca of wholesale factories, about five miles southwest of the city.

We found a seat and she looked at me for the first time. Her appraisal was as searching as Schweitzer's and even more disconcerting. When one of your own sex starts giving you the once-over, you don't stand much of a chance. You might be able to fool a man; never a woman. I had a flash of insight into the feelings of Serpentina at Coney Island (the lady with the serpent's tail).

Mildred, in her round of inspection, spotted a Chicago *Tribune* I was clutching under my

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Behind her class

perhaps another victim of cachexia (run-down condition)

When lessons become too hard and children fall behind in their studies, consider first their physical condition. Many children, unknown to their parents, suffer from cachexia (run-down condition) and hence are not up to normal either physically or mentally.

Have your child eat Yeast Foam Tablets for a while. This yeast is absolutely pure. It is a food, not a drug or medicine. It doesn't ferment. And it has a delicious taste that everyone likes. Most folks chew these tablets like candy.

For better appetite, and digestion; for strength and energy, eat Yeast Foam Tablets. Five cents for the handy packet or 50c for the large bottle.

Eat Yeast Foam Tablets for cachexia (run-down condition). Loss of appetite. Indigestion. Constipation. Boils—Pimples.

At drug stores everywhere

NORTHWESTERN YEAST CO.
1750 No. Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.

[SELLING SUBS FOR MAGS Continued from page twenty-five]

arm. She looked aghast. "You can't carry that thing!" she exclaimed incredulously, as though not believing her own eyes.

"But why?" I managed to gasp miserably. (I had visions of the *Tribune* being flung from the car window before I had even a chance to see who had won the McLarnin-Mandell fight.)

"But, honey," she explained patiently, "that's just not done. You know, refined people just don't carry papers around on the street."

We compromised. I read the paper on the car and meekly threw it away on reaching our destination.

Mildred, pausing at the door, would say in a loud undertone, "Who can these people be? I have never been treated so outrageously."

WE got off and walked to the nearest factory. Mildred found out the name of the president of the company from one of the workmen outside. Walking upstairs she scrutinized all the office doors till she found the president's name, followed by a forbidding "No Admittance" sign.

Nothing daunted, she opened the door, with never a knock, and walked in. I followed in horrified silence, expecting to see her body forcibly ejected the next instant. I was mistaken.

"Why, Mr. Fredrickson," she began, before the surprised man could speak, "I wanted to meet you. Do you know that my girl friend and I have come all the way from New York just to see you? You've heard of us already, haven't you? No! Well, I'm surprised.

"Well, you see, we are young journalists who have just finished a six months' course at the Columbia School of Journalism. Now we are touring the country in a Ford car for material for stories—we've had one accepted already. Don't you think that's pretty good for beginners?

"You know, we like Chicago so much. There are such nice men here. And—do you know something?—you are the nicest of them all. Now I'll show you what I want you to do for me." And with that Mildred pulls out a booklet containing the names of all the prominent magazines (LIBERTY and the *National Geographic* excepted).

The poor man's face fell. I felt sorry for him. He looked so harmless. He knew the inevitable catch was coming, but he didn't see exactly how to avoid it.

"You see, we are financing our own trip," the dauntless Mildred continued, "and this is how we buy gas for our Ford. All you have to do is to sign your name here and you can have a two years' subscription on any one of these magazines. You want to make two little girls happy, don't you?"

"But, really, I have all the magazines I want now," Mr. Fredrickson protested.

"That's all right," Mildred countered. "We will just renew your subscription—we get the same credit that way."

After a few more painful attempts to rid himself of this lovely but obstinate girl, the beaten man signed on the dotted line. His last desperate struggles were reminiscent of a goldfish who has jumped too high in the air only to find himself gasping on the floor—outside his bowl.

This game kept up all day with few variations. Save for some wise guys who could not be cajoled by sex appeal, the men fell for the line—hook, sinker, and all. When the prospective buyer proved a bit difficult, Mildred would ask him if he played golf. If he said no, Mildred would be right there with, "But of course you are not old enough for that."

If, however, he said yes, thinking to steer her off magazines, he was lost. This was her cue. The battle light shining in her eyes, she would spring on her victim. "That is just too interesting! I do like men who play golf. And of course, then, you will want the *Golfer*. Bobby Jones guarantees it will reduce your score."

Or she might try still another tack: "Think how happy your wife will be if you bring her home a little present. You can then get in that poker game you were thinking about."

Mildred had an answer for everything. It was the grandest example of feminine soft-soaping I have ever seen. It wasn't a new line or a subtle one. It was blatantly obvious to everyone save to the one man she was hypnotizing by her charms. He didn't realize he was being made a fool of; he saw only a very beautiful girl who was telling him he was the most wonderful man in the world—and who needed help.

His forgotten chivalry came to the fore. Here was a lady in distress. He, John Jones, would help. He would show her that there was one gentleman left, and then he signed on the dotted line.

It was the same stuff that Cleopatra pulled on Antony so successfully. It was what caused the fall of Troy. But even those far famed ladies, Helen and Cleopatra, would have looked in their mirrors, and wondered anxiously if they hadn't been going back, had they seen this modern siren strutting her wares before the hardest proposition today, the American business magnate.

UNFORTUNATELY, I was not so adept at the game as my charming companion. I made one unforgivable mistake, as I afterward learned. It was while I was attempting to do a little selling on my own. My prospective client looked at me pityingly after I had reeled off my line of talk (I used the same words as Mildred, but not with the same effect).

"If you were selling cigarettes instead of magazines—I might consider buying," he finally said. In all innocence I offered him one of mine. He later decided he would not buy any magazines, after all.

Mildred turned on me when we had left. "Never let a man know you smoke," she severely reprimanded. "He will think you are not decent, and then he will never fall for the spiel."

I had no comeback. I was crushed.

I asked Mildred if she ever tried any women, but she shook her head with emphasis. "They hire boys to do that," she confided. "They use the old line about working

[CONT'D ON PAGE TWENTY-EIGHT]

Announcing

The New INTERNATIONAL SIX-SPEED SPECIAL

The *Only* Speed Truck of heavy-duty design with 6 speeds forward and 2 reverse

ALL over the country truck users have said for years, "Show me a small heavy-duty truck for compact, heavy loads, to look and go like a snappy speed truck, with frame and springs to stand all kinds of punishment, and with a gear reduction *so I can use the engine power down to the last ouncewhen I'm caught heavy loaded in hard going.*"

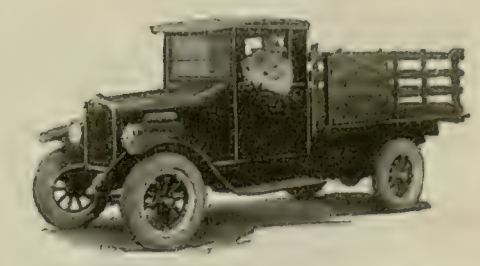
We didn't have such a truck—nobody else did. But International Harvester engineers began work on it two years ago. Now we are ready for that demand with the "*Six-Speed Special,*" a sturdy job built for *Speed* and built for *Power,* and *sold at a price to surprise you.* A new, original, and exclusive type of truck.

The feature of the "Six-Speed Special" is the 2-speed rear axle. Built into this small and sturdy International chassis is an extra low range ordinarily found only in the high-priced heavy-duty trucks. Every part of the new truck measures up to this new tremendous power range. The reliable 4-cylinder engine is a fuel saver, quick in pick-up, a perfected speed truck engine in every detail. The 6-inch-deep frame and the long rear springs, all the chassis members, in fact, are strictly heavy-duty throughout.

Sections to which the "Six-Speed Special" was released six months ago are taking this truck in dozens of solid trainloads, already requiring a production schedule far ahead of every other model. See this truck at any one of the 164 Company-owned branches, or at any International dealer. Write for a descriptive folder on the "Six-Speed Special."

This view of the new Six-Speed Special chassis shows the exclusive 2-speed rear axle and a close-up of the gears. The gears are shown in low range, the drive in this position being through the countershaft gears at the right. This provides three extra low speeds ranging *down to 3½ miles an hour, with ten times as much pulling power as in "high-high" speed.* For regular driving, a shift of the special lever at the driver's right changes to direct drive, *providing 35 miles an hour with the same easy engine speed.* This 2-speed rear axle converts extra speed into greater pulling power, or the greater power into extra speed, as conditions demand.

In addition to the Speed Trucks and the Special Delivery Truck to take care of anything from ¾ to 2-ton requirements, there are the International Heavy-Duty Trucks ranging from 2½ to 5-ton sizes, also Motor Coaches, and McCormick Deering Industrial Tractors. Sold and serviced by 164 Branches in the United States and Canada.



Bodies for any type of hauling where roads and loads call for both speed and power. Rated capacity, 1-ton.

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY
OF AMERICA (INCORPORATED)
606 So. Michigan Ave. Chicago, Illinois

INTERNATIONAL TRUCKS

[SELLING SUBS FOR MAGS
Continued from page twenty-six]

their way through college. Housewives all fall for that. They think of how brave and sweet it is for a boy to try and get an education. Then they think of their own kids, and the trick is turned. You know how it is."

I nodded wisely.

We stopped work about 5 P. M. and Mildred suggested "gypping" a ride up to the Diversey Arms Hotel, 644 Diversey Parkway, where I was to report on my day's success to Schweitzer. My day's success consisted of half selling one magazine, for Mildred had really put the deal across.

WE gypped a ride—that is, stopped a passing motorist and asked him for a lift. It was a Pierce Arrow, at that. Our host was a middle-aged man who I am sure had a loving wife and at least six children. He thought he was being devilish, and kept pulling remarks about "the sweet young things" he had for companions. Quite harmless, but deadly tiresome. We finally arrived at the hotel, to my relief, for six miles of fourth-rate wickedness was beginning to try my patience.

Mr. Schweitzer received me in his sitting room. He was surrounded by a trunk half full of clothes, a radio, a disagreeable Pekingese, and a wife in a bright red dress. He listened to my story without comment, and told me to be at the office the next day at the same time.

Wednesday was much the same. I arrived at the office to find my three friends of the previous day. The most enterprising of the lot, Annie, told me she had ditched the older girl who had taken her around early in the afternoon and had sold three magazines all on her own. The other two did not have much to say. They were suffering from a terrible hang-over. The charms of the Argonaut had proved too much.

While we were waiting I saw a very attractive light-haired young man go into Mr. Schweitzer's private office. We all wondered who he could be; probably a relation of Mr. Schweitzer, we finally decided. Annie tried desperately to attract his attention, but without much success. He seemed invincible.

Mildred breezed in half an hour later in a very taking bright blue dress and hat, and I felt like the moth to her butterfly. The inevitable coca-cola at the corner drug store came next, and I decided to do a little cross-questioning while she was imbibing.

He would have given us an order if his son hadn't started teasing unmercifully.

I began by asking what wages she was getting. She didn't like the question much; thought it was impertinent for a newcomer. I learned, however, after a few tactful compliments, that she was not getting any salary at all. She collected 50 per cent commission on every magazine she sold, thus clearing from sixty to seventy dollars a week for herself.

I then asked what traveling had to do with the job. She grudgingly told me. They sent the girls to every known part of the world, to carry on the work. Mildred was going to Honolulu in the summer. The firm paid the girls' fare, but not the hotel bills; that came out of their own pockets.

BY this time Mildred was becoming suspicious, and I decided to lay off for a while. She eyed me with the furtive, low-lidded look of a prohibition enforcement officer. "What do you want to know all that for, honey?" she demanded. I hastily explained that I was only an ignorant country girl and was trying to get wise to city ways. She cut me off with, "Don't be so nervy; you will learn soon enough for yourself."

We were feeling a little bitter toward each other at this point. Mildred evidently thought it was high time I should be disciplined and again pounced on my innocent paper.

"I told you yesterday not to carry a paper. How can you ever expect to learn anything if you don't listen?"

My wrath was up and I decided I would make a final stand for freedom. "Just why shouldn't I carry a newspaper?" I demanded.

"Don't you know, honey," she explained pityingly, "that no one carries them around unless they are hunting a job?"

I made the tart retort that some people read other sections of the paper besides the want ads, but no reply was forthcoming.

THAT morning we "did" the downtown buildings, but without much success. The Standard Oil Building and the Bell Building alike proved fruitless. Starting on the top floor, we worked down, trying every office on the way. The business men of the Loop were harder to see and also harder to convince. They were carefully guarded by myriads of secretaries and office boys who would not believe that Mildred wanted to see their boss on a "purely personal matter."

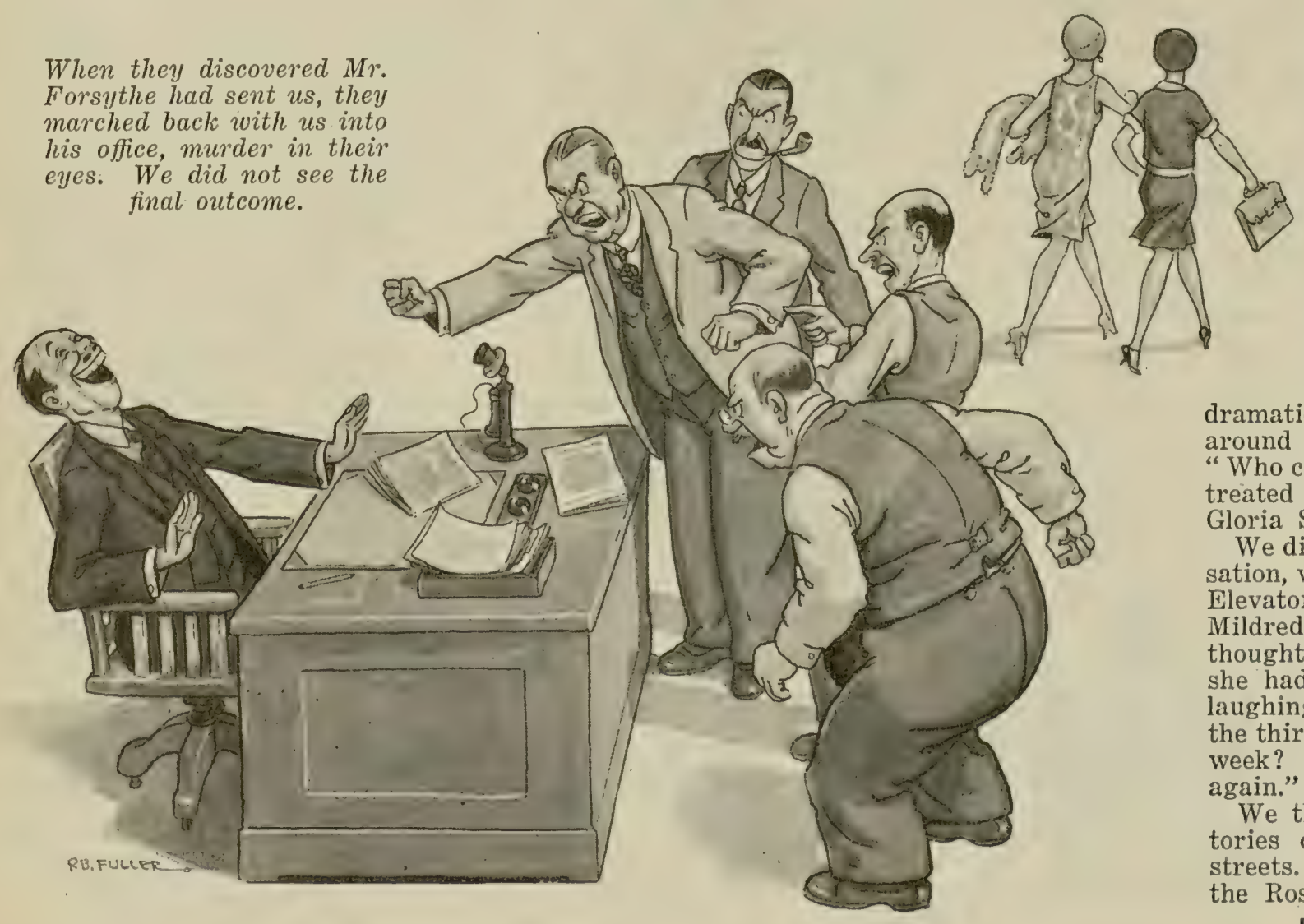
We would have long arguments with the office force, and if admittance to the sanctuary of the president's office proved impossible, Mildred would draw herself haughtily together and sweep out. Pausing dramatically at the door, she would turn around and say to me in a loud undertone, "Who can these people be? I have never been treated so outrageously in my whole life." Gloria Swanson couldn't have done it better.

We did gain an audience, after much conversation, with John Sparks, secretary of the Otis Elevator Company, Standard Oil Building. Mildred used all the tricks of the trade, and I thought she had him nailed. He waited till she had finished her yarn, and then started laughing. "Do you know," he said, "you are the third pair that has come into the office this week? I fell once for that bunk, but not again." Mildred was furious.

We then turned our steps toward the factories on West Huron, Superior, and Erie streets. Here we signed up the president of the Rosenow Art Advertising Company, 340

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-ONE]

When they discovered Mr. Forsythe had sent us, they marched back with us into his office, murder in their eyes. We did not see the final outcome.



A pure drink of natural flavors

Drink Coca-Cola
Delicious and Refreshing

8 million a day

You can't take your ease and really rest without refreshment. And it takes a refreshing drink to refresh. Coca-Cola means that icy, tingling, delicious taste and cool after-sense of refreshment. With a drink so good, even a pause for a little minute is long enough for a big rest.

The Best Served Drink in the World

A pure drink of natural flavors served ice-cold in its own bottle—the Coca-Cola bottle you can identify even in the dark. Every bottle sterilized, filled and sealed air-tight by automatic machines, without the touch of human hands—insuring purity.

The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga.

IT HAD TO BE GOOD TO GET WHERE IT IS

Old Briar

TOBACCO

"THE BEST PIPE SMOKE EVER MADE!"

"When I get home at night and light up my old briar with Old Briar Tobacco—I know that at last I've found all of the genuine pleasure and comfort of pipe smoking." —"I was surprised that you can put out such a fine tobacco at such a moderate price."—"It is the best tobacco I have ever smoked, and I have smoked more than thirty brands during my life." Messages such as these are reaching us, every day, from pipe smokers everywhere.

Only the highest quality tobaccos, entrusted to experts with years of scientific knowledge in the art of mellowing and blending, go into Old Briar Tobacco. And quantity production makes it possible at such a moderate price.

United States Tobacco Company
Richmond, Va., U.S.A.

A half-hour with a pipeful of Old Briar Tobacco costs less than one penny. Certainly you will spend that for genuine pipe pleasure.

25c Package—two pouches wrapped together. Also in 50c, $1 and $2 handsome boxes.

SPECIAL OFFER

Send the coupon below with 10c—coin or stamps—for postage, mailing expense and tax, and we will send you a generous package of Old Briar Tobacco.

Tear out and mail *with 10c—coin or stamps*—to United States Tobacco Company, Richmond, Va., U.S.A.

Print Name.....

Address.....

City.....

State.....

L.M.-7-21-28

OF ALL THE PLEASURES MAN ENJOYS PIPE SMOKING COSTS THE LEAST

[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-EIGHT]

West Huron; Edison L. Wheeler of the F. H. Wheeler Company, Incorporated; H. L. Short of the Ridgway Tea Company, Bauer Building; and John Kvale of the Surety Manufacturing Company, Bauer Building. The whole lot signed without even a murmur. They were not as hard-boiled as the Loop gentlemen and believed our yarn implicitly.

Our next catch proved to be none other than Clifford Forsythe, vice president of the A. W. Shaw Company, 660 Cass Street. He saw through Mildred's veneer, but his sense of humor came to the fore, and he allowed himself to be signed up for "life" (that was one of Mildred's favorites), on the condition that we would go around to all his friends in the office and pull the same line. We agreed. Some of his friends, unfortunately, were not so tractable. When they discovered Mr. Forsythe had sent us, they organized a group and marched back with us into his office, murder in their eyes. We did not see the final outcome.

NEXT on the list was Benjamin H. Goodman, president of the Nutrine Candy Company. We penetrated the blockade of office guards successfully and walked into his private room. He admired our brass, though he was rather taken aback; told us we were the first that had ever broken into the sanctity of his office unannounced. He gave us each an order (and a large box of candy), saying that any two young ladies who could break into a man's busiest day with "some fool story about magazines," and make him like it, would go far in the world.

My next attempt at selling showed me up for what I really was—one terrible saleslady! Mildred told me I should go into the office of William Wynekoop of the Richard Kraus Company, 429 West Superior Street, alone and see what I could do. I knocked on the door hesitantly and edged my way in. Mr. Wynekoop proved to be a pleasant young man with light hair and a nondescript mustache. I started the old spiel about journalists, when he stopped me short with, "Just a minute there, young lady, I know all about that—I used to sell magazines myself. I can see you're a newcomer. Get out of it while you can—it's a hard racket."

I broke down and confessed. He then tried to explain to me where I was wrong; in fact, he said there was nothing right in the way I tried to put my line across. My approach was bad, to begin with; also I didn't have enough self-confidence, and I was not convincing. "Learn to believe your own story," was his advice. He ended by breaking the news gently that I just lacked that "something" that made people buy what they didn't want; the "it" of salesmanship, he called it.

When I told Mildred of my failure, she said she had expected it. "You will simply have to learn to talk more like a lady," she tactfully remarked. "No gentleman will think you are refined if you use so much slang. For instance, you used the expression 'thrilled to death' to one gentleman. That sounds tough. And I noticed you swearing several times. Always act kind of sweet and pure. If you aren't, act that way anyhow. Don't ever let them know you aren't educated."

We gypped our ride to Schweitzer's hotel, where I found Annie. She seemed rather put out; said she and her girl friend had just been fired. I tried to cheer her up by telling her I, too, would soon be joining the ranks of the unemployed. I fully expected to receive my congé from Schweitzer after my several fiascos. To my surprise, he said nothing. I was to go to the office the next day as usual.

On the following morning Mildred was accompanied by another girl—Beth McDavid. Beth was a tall, handsome Southerner with a soft voice and a wise expression. Her dark beauty was a perfect foil for Mildred. Beth had started selling magazines at the same time as Mildred, and they were evidently stanch friends. Her protégée, Sidell Muskart, was one of the three that had been hired with me.

Sidell was a wistful child of nineteen, with golden curls worn *à la* Mary Pickford and a baby stare. She was of French parentage and seemed rather lost in this new and hectic environment. One felt she should have been petted and sheltered, not thrown out of offices. She was completely unsuited to the work. She would go into an office and suddenly forget her lines. She told me she had burst out crying in one place. They fired her the next day.

WE four took a street car to West Randolph Street and separated. Mildred and I got off at Randolph Street. The other two went farther west. We visited the Ames Supply Company and talked to the president, A. R. Ames, a stout, jovial man of about fifty. He was very polite to us and would have given us an order, I am sure, if his son hadn't arrived at the crucial moment. His son, a facetious lad of about twenty-three, thought it was a grand joke, and started teasing his father unmercifully. This ended our chances with Mr. Ames, and we had to leave without even a good-by.

We made the rounds of all the offices in the Machinery Hall Building, the Sharples Building, and the Moxley Building. We were thrown out of only one office—the Apex Advertising Art Service. We went up the back stairs, thus avoiding the officials, and started in on the artists, who were making designs for the company. Everything was fine till the manager

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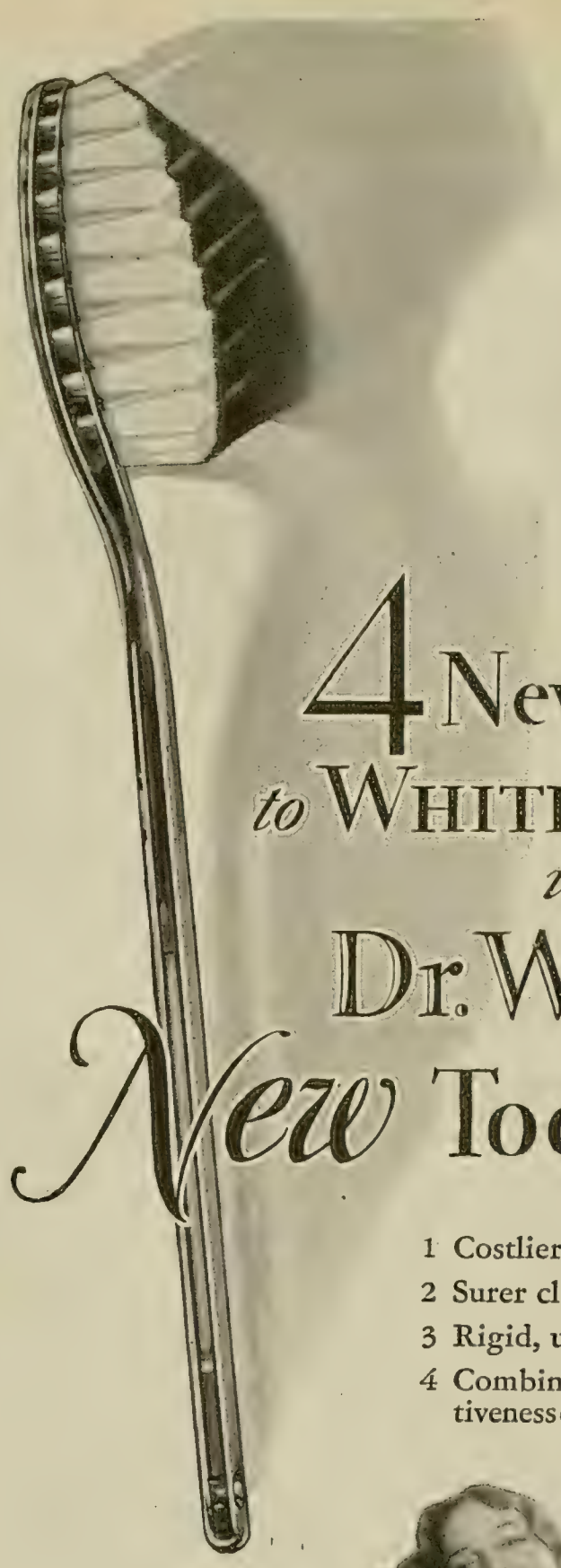


4 New Aids to WHITER TEETH in Dr. West's New Toothbrush

1 Costlier bristles, long unavailable
2 Surer cleansing of all crevices
3 Rigid, unbreakable handles
4 Combined advances double effectiveness of DR. WEST'S correct design

Could you pass the SMILE TEST *right now?*

THIS new brush makes your daily brushing of teeth not only easier, but more effective. Teeth, better cleansed, will grow whiter.

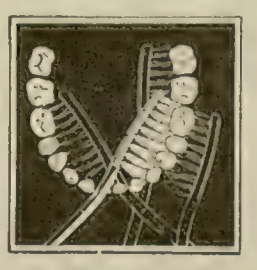
Proved correct 7 years ago, the basic principles of DR. WEST'S original design have never been improved upon. Now they give you still better results, through the supremely fine materials used.

Bristles, for instance, are of the highest quality the world's markets afford. In use they remain always erect—polishing teeth, as well as cleansing. These bristles are available only in new DR. WEST'S.

Today all druggists have new DR. WEST'S for you: adult's size, 50c; youth's, 35c; child's, 25c; soft, medium, and hard. For your protection each brush is sterilized and sealed inside a new carton. And each is fully guaranteed.

Today replace all your family's old brushes with new DR. WEST'S. See that they're used regularly. Quickly, gratifying results will be apparent: whiter, cleaner teeth!

THIS DIAGRAM SHOWS:



How DR. WEST'S new brush really polishes teeth. See how all crevices are penetrated, swept clean, by the special bristles. Note how all teeth — far back and inside as well as in front — are cleansed.

© 1928, W. M. B. Co.

The ANSCO Memo Camera
$20.00
Including Carrying Case

The ANSCO Readyset
$7.50 $10.50 $13.50

Two outstanding CAMERAS by ANSCO

NO CAMERA ever achieved widespread popularity so quickly as the new Ansco Memo. It takes 50 pictures on one 50-cent film, gives you prints for about one cent each—and all the thrills and satisfaction of projecting your own pictures on your own screen, at insignificant cost.

Positive pictures for projection from your Memo negatives cost you about 2 cents per picture—which for the first time puts this excellent entertainment in the inexpensive class. And with a Memo, you can have pictures of everything worth photographing. The camera will fit in your pocket or handbag—and the 50-picture film costs but 50 cents a roll.

YEAR after year the reliable Ansco Readyset holds its place as the simplest and surest of folding cameras—a favorite because it eliminates nearly every element of uncertainty in taking a snapshot.

Readysets are permanently set at the shutter adjustment best suited for snap-shotting; there is no focusing or adjusting to do, therefore no chance to miscue. All you need do is *open, aim—shoot.*

Priced attractively at $7.50 for the Vest-Pocket (picture size 1⅝ x 2½); $10.50 for No. 1 (2¼ x 3¼); and $13.50 for No. 1A (2½ x 4¼). Ask your dealer to show you.

AGFA ANSCO CORPORATION, BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

The projector is the new Ansco Memoscope; price, $19.50 including case; Write for booklet,

Your own pictures on your own screen at trifling cost with the
ANSCO Memo CAMERA

[SELLING SUBS FOR MAGS Continued from page thirty-one]

spotted us and requested us firmly and frigidly to leave. We did our best to make an orderly and dignified retreat, but it is not the easiest thing to be dignified when someone tells you to get the hell out.

Our most amusing experience of the day was our meeting with Messrs. F. J. Liscomb and P. R. Lyons, heads of the Hanson-Van Winkle-Munning Company. Mildred talked to them for one solid hour, and in the end I believe they bought every magazine on the list with the exception of the *Cosmopolitan.* They had a violent grudge against Mr. William Randolph Hearst and would have nothing to do with his publications.

We were not so lucky in gypping a ride when we knocked off work at 6 P. M. The motorists were all in a very bad humor, for, though we gesticulated violently, they left us standing on the sidewalk. We were by this time way on the west side of Chicago, with no visible means of transportation save a street car, which took two hours.

We finally decided to hoof it to Michigan Avenue, where we caught a bus. Without exaggeration, it was the hottest walk I have ever attempted. By the time we got on the bus I was so tired my feet felt like a couple of red coals. I began to wonder if perhaps there wasn't something, after all, in Allen's Foot Ease, though I had scorned it up till now. It would do no harm to try it, anyhow, I mused.

My reveries were brought to an abrupt halt. We had reached our destination. I was unceremoniously hustled off the bus and into Mr. Schweitzer's overcrowded sitting room. Whom should I see there but the young man who had attracted my attention the first day. He turned out to be one of "the college boys working their way through."

The Peke, radio, and wife were still in evidence. The radio was emitting the most appalling noises, and Mr. Schweitzer, who is an ardent fan, was doing his best to soothe it down to normal.

AFTER about fifteen minutes of static I broke in on Schweitzer's hobby long enough to take my leave. He told me I was to work entirely alone the next day.

I entered the office full of confidence. I was all set to conquer new worlds. This magazine selling wasn't so hard. I'd show them.

Schweitzer told me my beat for the day was La Salle Street. I covered all the offices in the Metropolitan Building, 134 North La Salle Street, the Foreman Trust and Savings Building, and the Commercial Bank Building—and not even one sale. I tried everything I knew—the sob stuff, the pert young miss, and the clinging vine. Nothing worked. Most of the men were very kind, but they didn't fall.

I finally tried a new series of tactics. I walked into Mr. Edward Herman's law office, in the Metropolitan Building. I told the secretary I wanted to see Mr. Herman on personal business, and she showed me right into his office. He was talking on the telephone, and I had to wait about half an hour before I could speak to him. He turned to me very pleasantly when he had finished, and apologized for having kept me waiting. I was impressed by his manners, but thought he was just an unusually polite man. I hadn't received such treatment since I'd started.

Then I began my new spiel and I had every confidence of it working.

"Mr. Herman," I began, "I can see from looking at you that you are an intelligent man; that you are far too wise to be taken in by a lot of bunk. Now, I'm selling magazines and could shoot you off a grand line about how wonderful you are. I'm not going to, because I don't think you'll believe me. Now, tell me, can I interest you in some magazines?"

I confidently waited for an answer. I got the answer all right. It was a decisive no. To make matters worse, Mr. Herman had been expecting a young lady with an important case. I was mistaken for her, hence the manners.

I TRIED this line on several other men, but always with the same result. I didn't sell any magazines. But I learned a lesson. Men may not believe you when you tell them they are wonderful, but they always like to hear it. If they are old it makes them feel young; if they are young it gives them confidence. They are even willing to buy a whole lot of magazines if enough flattery is thrown into the bargain.

I went back to Mr. Schweitzer that evening and told him I was resigning; that I was no good as a saleslady of periodicals and never would be. He made no comment, though I believe he inwardly agreed with me.

The next day I asked Mildred over for luncheon and told her I was a reporter and that I was writing her up for LIBERTY. She was stumped for the first time in her career and had nothing to say. I could tell, however, by her expression that her opinion of reporters had fallen 90 per cent.

THE END

Next Week

A new story by

Viña Delmar

What happened to a business man who tried love and marriage once, and then went back and tried them both over again.

She calls it, significantly:

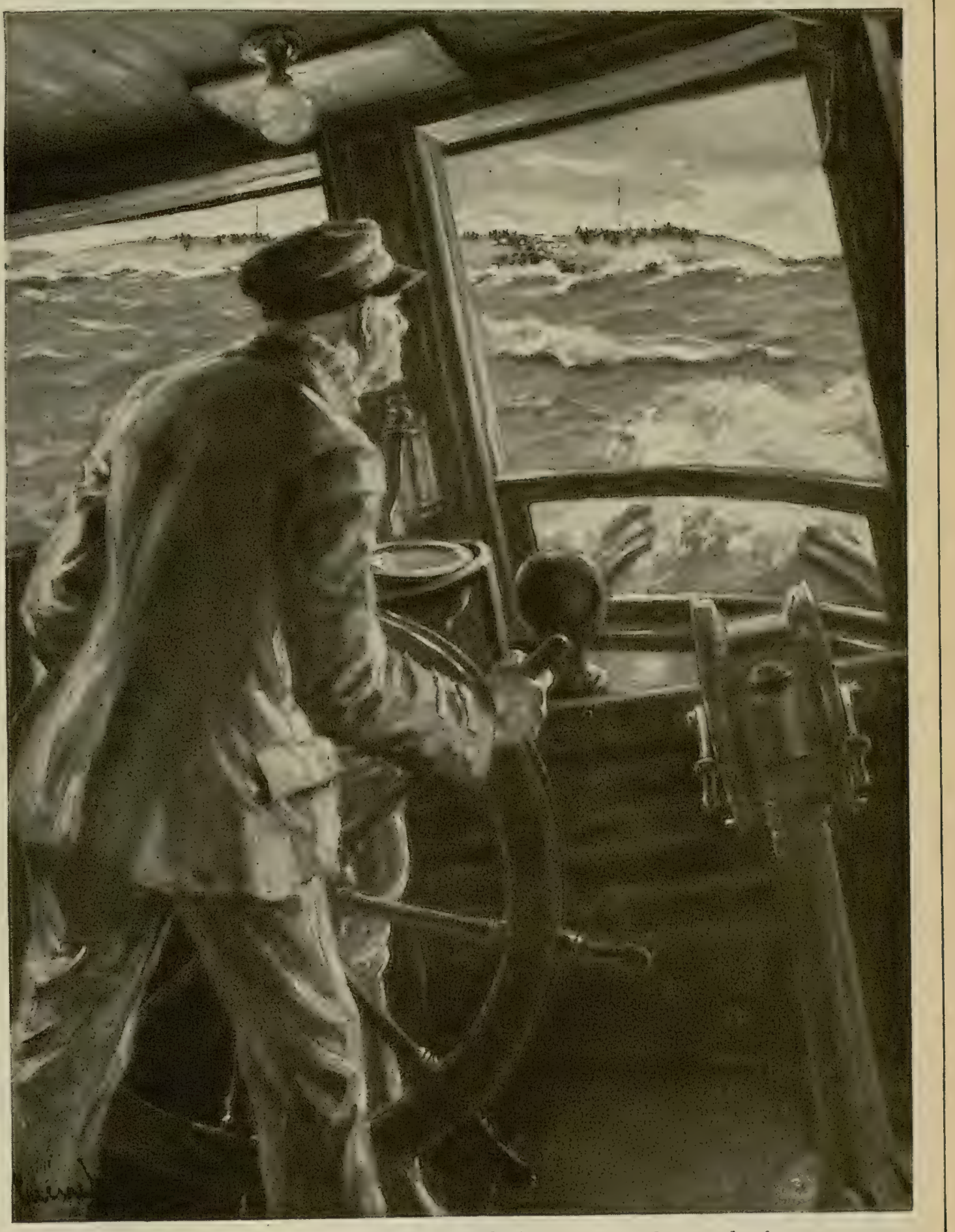
Da Capo

QUARTERMASTER

A Story of Old Salts and a New World

By
PAUL SCHUBERT

Pictures by EDWARD CUCUEL



As dawn grayed over night's black they came to the wreck of a 1,000-foot dirigible.

(Reading time: 22 minutes 19 seconds.)

OLD SAM was sixty-five when his wife died. Just before she went, she smiled in that peculiar, humorless way of hers as he leaned close to catch her last, feeble speech.

"I guess you're too old to be goin' back to sea now, Sam," she whispered.

That was all. There was a little convulsive shudder. Her eyes lost the slightly sardonic look of triumph they had held during the forty years of her invalidism, and, looking up at him, were suddenly empty.

He sat by her for a long still minute while the consciousness of her passing filled the room. She was gone! Old Sam reached over and closed her unprotesting eyelids.

"I'm glad I stuck by you," he told her earthen shell. "You was my wife and I had a duty to you, which I seen it through and stayed ashore to do it. But"—he straightened suddenly and his shriveled stature seemed to fill and shake off time and age and burdens—"neither you nor nobody else can't ever tell me that I'm too old to go back to sea."

Then he went out and told the others, their neighbors and friends, that her life had passed.

They buried her in the little island graveyard, and when it was all over Sam went back to his store. He sat there in the doorway under the sign

SAMUEL S. JONES
Quartermaster 1st Class, U. S. Navy
General Merchandise

and smoked his pipe.

She had said he was too old to go back. It was like her to be doing something, even now, to keep him ashore. That had been her way. He thought of it without bitterness. She had always come foremost; his own thoughts and desires had been secondary all the forty years of their life together. His face bore marks of a mellow conquering of selfishness that made it a face to remember.

He had been a dashing young sailor when he first met Aggie, long ago, back in 1921, just after the great World War. A destroyer man, with a swagger to his gait and a tight hipped uniform with big bells to the bottoms of the trouser legs. On the Cassing, he was then. He'd got a leave to come up to her home on South Island, off the Maine coast, to see her, later, and they had been married. But when the fleet went South, and he with it, she got sick.

She begged him not to ship over.

So he came ashore and they lived there on South Island. After all, she was his wife. Shipping orders to a woman were just as tight as a navy enlistment.

"I guess you're too old to be goin' back to sea now, Sam."

Puffing at his pipe, he stood up and walked inside with a step that was like a caricature of a seafaring roll. When he came out he bore a hammer. With loud, ringing blows he began to board up the windows.

Old Jake Dunham, the postmaster, came out of his office over the way.

"What y' doin', Sam?"

"Closin' up."

The postmaster stared in astonishment.

"Well," he ventured after a moment, "I guess you got enough to take it easy on. Now't Aggie's gone, you won't need much."

Old Sam decided to fling his bombshell.

"I ain't a-goin' to take it easy, Jake," he said. "I'm goin' back to sea again, I am."

JUST how he was going to go about it he didn't know. He moved alone through the little house they had occupied overlooking the harbor, and gave it a last going over, covered all the furniture, and methodically put away all of Aggie's things, folding them carefully into her old trunk.

Hidden away there he found money in a tin box—yellow backed old bills in large denominations. She had always been afraid he would take it and run off. As if he would have needed money to run off with! Why, he had money of his own, plenty. Forty years, most of them

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

He went in the direction indicated, and found a triple moving platform with seats on it.

[QUARTERMASTER
Continued from page thirty-three]

in the little store doing good business—he had more than $25,000. And here was more—$14,000 more. He would leave it with the bank, along with his.

His mind was much more occupied with going to sea. Only way to do it was to go down to Boston or New York, he guessed, and work the water front. Ought to be somebody that needed a good quartermaster. Any kind of a ship would do, any kind that steered. He could navigate, too.

He got out his old sextant and his sixteen power quartermaster's spyglass, the one he used to swing under his arm standing watch in port; he focused it out of the window on the rickety little launch that was the island ferry.

"That's a hell of a boat," he muttered absently. "Ain't worth a damn." He had always resented that launch.

Well, it'd take him across to the mainland, anyway, and then he'd be in real ships.

On Monday he walked whistling down to the landing, and people looked out of their windows at him and said he was cracked—that Aggie's passing had taken his mind. A canvas sea bag was riding on his shoulders and he carried the telescope and sextant case. He wore a brass buttoned coat and a peaked cap.

Boston. He'd try Boston first, and then New York.

He'd used to know Boston back in the '30s, but he didn't any more in this year 1962. Things were all changed, unfamiliar—the streets double decked and confusing, with strange new noises and the whine of speed.

"How do you get to the water front?" he asked a station porter. He remembered a hotel down there where seamen stayed. He would find out from them about ships.

"Go across on the transi chair, right outside the door."

He went in the direction indicated, and found a triple moving platform with seats on it; people walked on or off, entering at numerous coin-box guarded gates. He stepped on awkwardly and rode along, looking for landmarks.

THE water front was as alien as the rest. The el was gone, and the old piers with their slimy wooden piles. He found the place where the hotel had been, but no trace of the building.

"Where can a feller find a place to flop around here?" he asked a taxi driver. "Some place where sailors go. I'm lookin' for a billet."

The man shrugged his shoulders. "What do you want? A hotel? Get in. I'll take you."

It was an enormous place with cellular rooms. He sat down on the bed and felt depressed.

In the morning he went ship hunting.

He climbed the gangway of a great sheer sided freighter that lay at the New India Dock. She had no masts, no stacks, no trimmings; but she had the old smell of paint, and his heart beat as, saluting, he accosted the deck officer.

"Need a quartermaster, sir?"

"A what?"

"A quartermaster."

The officer looked at him questioningly.

"I don't get you, pop."

"A fellow to steer and maybe do a little navigation and help with the charts and all."

The mate laughed.

"That's right," he said. "That's what the old-timers used to call 'em. No, pop; the steering's automatic now. The watch officer sets the course on the steer gear and she handles herself. Navigation's by radio."

"And ain't there no ships that use quartermasters any more?"

"Been nothin' like them for fifteen years, I guess."

The old man shook his head bewilderedly.

"Well, thanks," he said, and shuffled down the gangway.

He visited three more, and on all of them met with the same response. There was no question about it, the old seafaring day was past. There was hardly, he learned, such a thing even as going to sea as a passenger. These ships were all freighters, for slow service. They took four days to Europe. Passengers used dirigibles. "A lot more com-

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-SIX]

The DeLuxe Sedan

Lines that critical eyes approve

From Bailey Beach to Santa Monica the sheer beauty of Dodge Brothers Victory Six continues to evoke overwhelming enthusiasm.

Its roomy, luxurious interior; its resilient easeful riding; its aggressive flow of lines and curves—all these have contributed to the increasing popularity of the Victory Six among those who know beauty and demand it.

The same exclusive Victory construction that makes the Victory a *safer* car makes it more beautiful, too. Space formerly wasted on body sills is now added to head-room, and the center of gravity is brought closer to the ground.

A glance at the Victory will give you a new conception of dashing beauty. An hour at the wheel will prove to you that this regal outward fineness is simply *one* of numberless pace-setting Victory features.

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The VICTORY SIX

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Pointers on Patents

Stumbling on Ideas . . and Stumbling Blocks

PATENT history tells of many cases where great inventions were "stumbled upon" by people *outside* the crafts and professions to which the ideas applied. For example: A painter invented the telegraph; a farmer, the typewriter; a poet, the sewing machine; a school teacher, the telephone; a bank clerk, the hand camera; a dentist, the stock ticker.

The ideas grew out of spare-time hobbies or else they were stumbled upon accidentally—just as James Watts, observing the bouncing lid of a teakettle, discovered the principle of the steam engine.

But beware of stumbling blocks if you happen to be working on an idea for an industry whose needs and methods are unfamiliar to you. Otherwise time, money and energy may be spent to accomplish something which already has been done—or for which there would be no practical use.

Is Your Idea New?
Is it Really Yours?

Before too heavy an outlay of time or money is made on an invention, a *Search* of the Patent Office records should be made to determine as nearly as possible whether or not the same idea has before been Patented. The cost of this Search is small, while the value of the facts it uncovers is often considerable . . . We offer inventors, manufacturers and attorneys a thorough, prompt, confidential Search Service—plus experienced counsel and assistance in every phase of Patent and Trademark practice.

Those interested in Patents, Trademarks or Copyrights are cordially welcome to the booklet "Patent and Trademark Protection"; it tells each step of procedure required by the Patent Office and answers your questions — and also to my Record of Invention form. My several thousand clients, in every State in the Union, have found them helpfully worth having. Mail the coupon TODAY; they will be sent to you immediately.

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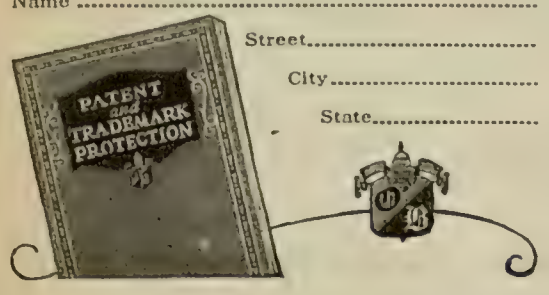


QUARTERMASTER

[Continued from page thirty-four]

fortable, if you should ask me, and about seven times as fast," said his informer.

It was sickening.

He went plodding along the street, hating them all, these lousy ships with machines doing everything. It used to be that a man was some account at sea.

Dirigibles! He sneered.

Well, what was he going to do? Go to New York? He knew it wouldn't be any different there. Go back to the island? Vague thoughts of the uselessness of his life came to him, thoughts of slipping down into the salty water whose taste he knew so well—down, down, down to Davy Jones' locker, where it was peaceful and a sailorman could find a decent rest. Anything to be at sea—to be at sea!

HE was plodding along beside an old brick wall. It looked suddenly familiar, a landmark in a twisted world. He stopped and peered. Yes, it was the Navy Yard, with the same old wall!

Wonder what it was like inside there now? He was half afraid to go in, and yet he could not keep away.

He went on down to the entrance. There was a young marine there, and a "Jimmy legs" about his own age. Him he accosted — he had never liked marines:

"Say, Jack, kin I go in the yard for a look around? I'm an old navy man."

"What ship?" asked the aged one, in the vernacular.

Sam's heart leaped at the question that had once been so familiar.

"Cassing — a good ship!" he said proudly.

"The hell!" ejaculated the Jimmy legs. "When was you in here?"

"Way back in 'twenty-one. I was quartermaster, first class."

The old gateman looked at him intently.

"You ain't Sam Jones?" he asked. "Sam, it's Tom Egan you're talkin' to!"

Could it be Tom? Tom, his side kick in the World War? The easy tears of age welled up into his old eyes.

"Tom — Tom," he muttered, "you old son of a sea cook! My, if you knew how glad I was to see you!"

"Sit down, you dirty old coot, an' tell me what you been doin' with yourself."

So they sat in the warm sunlight and exchanged histories. Tom had done his twenty years, he said.

"Yep, I was paid off chief engineman. Then I went out as oiler in a freighter. But it got so you couldn't get a job in steam. Everything was these here Diesels, an' electric drive, an' rotor ships. The hell with them!

"So I got me a billet here in the yard on a guv'mint tug. I been runnin' her for fifteen years, until now they laid her up." He swore fluently. "So here I am a-Jimmy-legsin', an' I don't like it worth a damn."

SO Tom had been to sea all these years. Lucky devil!

"What kind of a steerin' gear did your tug have?" Sam queried wistfully.

"Reg'lar old style steam steerin' gear. Say, she's older'n I am! But she run like a fool."

"Is she around here? I'd kinda like to put my hands on a wheel again."

They went through the yard, past the great, deadly looking dreadnoughts and cruisers with their stark simplicity, and at the far end found the tug—an unimposing craft, but, in her homely old familiarity, the sea as Sam knew it. He spun her wheel and pretended, as a boy would pretend, that she was under way beneath him.

IN the morning he went ship hunting.

This kind of thing would be just right for him, he thought. Just right.

"She's great, ain't she!" he told his friend. "Gosh, Tom, but I'd like to go to sea in her. What are they goin' to do with her?"

"Auction her off. Somebody'll buy her for junk."

Junk! He felt a sudden burst of indignation. This boat junk? No, by gosh! A wild idea entered old Sam's head.

"Tom," he said, "if I could buy her, could you an' me handle her? I got forty thousand dollars that ain't doin' me a bit of good."

Tom looked at him as though he doubted his sanity.

"What would you do with her, you old fool?"

"Run her between South Island and the mainland! I been crabbin' for twenty years about the lousy launch that makes that trip!"

His new found shipmate began to share his excitement.

"How much do you think she'll cost?" tremulously queried Old Sam.

"We'll have to wait till the auction to know that."

A SCRAPPING firm ran the price up to $17,000 and quit. Old Sam became the owner of the new rechristened Cassing II for $17,100.

When he went back to her after the auction, he explored her wonderingly. To his proud eye that worn old tug seemed the finest ship ever floated.

She had two staterooms, a fo'c'stle forward, a tiny galley, and an officers' little mess room. And the pilot house, with its leather seat, its engine telegraph, its whistle pull, its compass, its *steering wheel!* Again and again he fingered that symbol of power. It was all his! LordA'mighty!

On the night before they sailed for the island he could not sleep. Steam was up, the fires were banked. They had tried out the engine that afternoon, and the grateful acrid taint of coal smoke was about her, mixed with the aroma of new paint and the hot, greasy smell of steam and engine oil.

Down below he could hear the wheezing thump of a pump and the faint hum of the little dynamo. His ship was come to life. Tomorrow he'd be going to sea, and he'd never leave the sea again as long as he lived.

He had a moment of panic the next morning, when everything was finally ready. There was a crowd on the dock to see them off, and he had a sudden fear that he would do something wrong. But a fierce pride came to his aid. He'd show them how they used to do it!

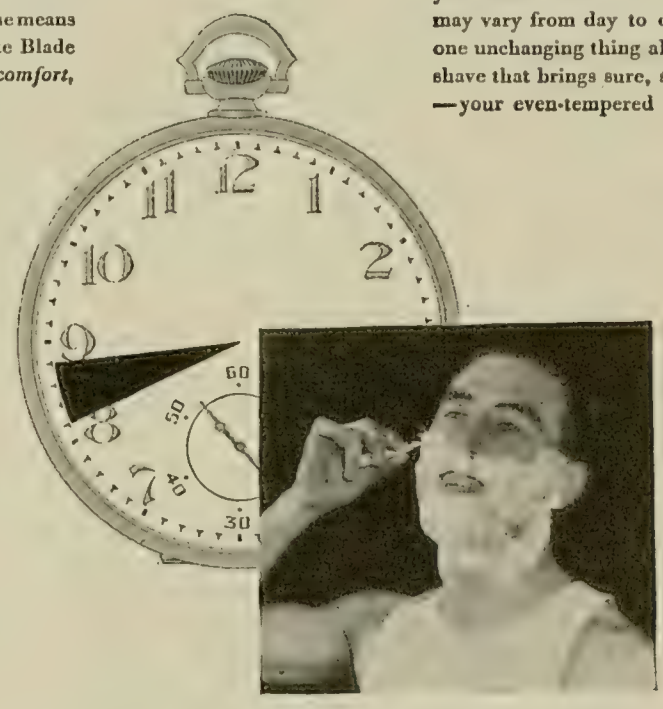
"Cast off fore and aft," he called.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-EIGHT]

HALF A MINUTE. The grand rush! You've slept late. You've an extra job to do before going to work. Whatever the reason, rely on the swift, even sureness of your Gillette Blade for the smoothest shave per second in the world.

ONE MINUTE. Just sixty seconds of lathering and then you put your Gillette to work. A different lathering time means a different job for your Gillette Blade —but always the *same smooth comfort,*

TWO MINUTES. A bit longer for your beard to soften. Time for lathering may vary from day to day but there's one unchanging thing about your daily shave that brings sure, smooth comfort —your even-tempered Gillette Blade.



THREE MINUTES. For thorough preparation of your face, three minutes is the ideal time. It may seem a bit luxurious to spend so much time lathering up, but you'll be repaid by the fullest measure of shaving ease and comfort that your Gillette Blade can give you.

You fast shavers—

here's the smoothest, surest shave per second in the world!

TIME affects the comfort of your shave, of course. Lots of men have to "race" it. Slow shaving is a luxury, which we can't always afford.

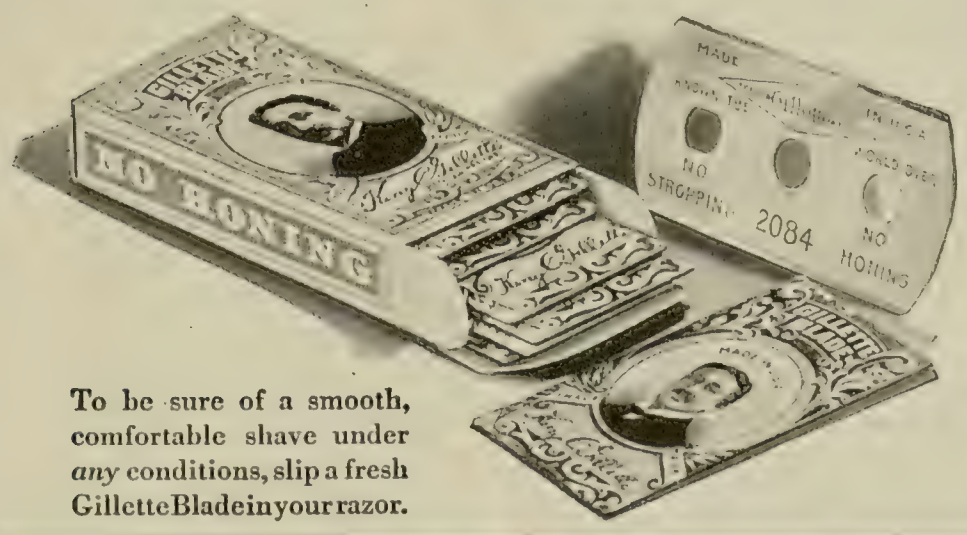
But the smooth, kind, thorough job that the Gillette Blade does on its easy path is something you can't afford to pass up—for it's the smoothest shave *per second* in the world.

Gillette hones and strops every blade on instruments so fine that variation of one ten-thousandth of an inch sends out a tell-tale signal. Gillette "coaxes" perfect shaves into every blade as no human hands could possibly hone and strop it. And nearly half of Gillette's people are special inspectors, paid double when they find a single blade that won't do a superb job of shaving.

It has cost twelve million dollars in the last ten years alone to keep this blade doing its job so uniformly and so *well* that eight out of ten men prefer it.

Gillette keeps faces smooth and comfortable; men of sixty look twenty years younger; young men are starting right, and staying young. No man ever gave the Gillette Blade the identical task two days in succession. Shaving conditions may change, but the blade meets every man's conditions.

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR CO., BOSTON, U. S. A.



To be sure of a smooth, comfortable shave under *any* conditions, slip a fresh Gillette Blade in your razor.

Gillette

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Ice Cream is better today than it ever was. It's best in Dixies because:

1. It is sealed against dust and contagion
2. It loses none of its rich flavor
3. It can be served more easily and quickly
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5. And only manufacturers of good ice cream are granted the Dixie Franchise.

INDIVIDUAL DRINKING CUP CO., Inc.
Original Makers of the Paper Cup
Easton, Pa.

ICE CREAM
DIXIES
5¢

[QUARTERMASTER
Continued from page thirty-six]

The lines slackened, slipped off the bollards, and came hauling inboard. She was under way! He jerked a halyard, and the "steaming" colors broke aloft. Under way!

He moved the telegraph to "one-third astern" and reached for the whistle cord. *Awn-n-z—awn-n-z—awn-n-z.* She was moving! A cheer went up.

Awn-n-n-n-n-n-z-z-z! he answered, with a long, triumphant bellow. She gathered sternway and moved out into the stream. Old Sam was at sea at last.

They made a smooth, uneventful passage to the island, lying over, nights, in ports along the way, and sighted it three days later, a far-away shape rising out of the mist. It changed from blue gray to green. Sam, steering, could see its rectangular fields and patches of woodland. Pretty soon he'd sight Jake Dunham's post office and the store, and his own house higher up.

All those fellers that had always smiled at him when he talked about goin' to sea—he'd show 'em!

They were all at the dock when he brought the Cassing II down the channel through the inlet, circled the harbor, and nursed her alongside. He'd show them he was a seaman! The Cassing's propeller thrashed, backing, and brought her to a stop.

"Howdy, mates," he called, looking at their gaping faces.

"Say, Sam!" Postmaster Jake Dunham pushed through the gathering. "Kin you take the mail over tomorra? Bill Diggs' boat, it sunk th' other day. When he come down in the mornin', it was gone clear to the bottom!"

A wide grin spread across Sam's face.

"I allus told you that thing 'uz no good," he triumphed. "Well, folks, you got a *real* ferry now. This here's the Cassing II. She'll leave here every mornin' at nine A. M., an' start back after the twelve fifty-five train. Round trip one dollar, baggage extry. Step right aboard an' see what a man-o'-war looks like."

SO began five years that were Sam's lifetime, and Tom's too. All the past fell away from those two aged youngsters in that contented second boyhood of their life. In their eyes the old tug was a slim destroyer, her plugging ten knots was a dashing thirty, and they were the two lads who had been shipmates and done brave things together when an enemy threatened with marauding U-boats.

It was a sight to see Old Sam in the pilot house. He wore a navy uniform of antiquated pattern, and a dinky white hat over one eye. There were usually one or two small boys perched on the leather seat behind him, gravely listening to his sage instructions as to the proper ways of seafaring men. He wore two medals on his breast.

"One of 'em's the Vict'ry," he would explain. "For servin' in the World War. Th' other, that's the navy cross, for the time me an' Tom saved the ship, the old Cassing."

"Tell about it!" the boys would chorus shrilly behind him.

"Aw, that old thing. You don't want to hear 'bout that again. Why, that 'uz fifty years ago."

"Yes, we do. Tell it!"

He would drift easily back into the past to the heroic moment.

"I was just comin' off the mid watch," he would begin. The story—a tale of night collision and rescue—always started that way.

And he told it many times, for all the summer folk traveled back and forth on the Cassing II. She made the trip once a day all summer; and in the winter, when the ice came down, Sam and Tom laid her up and went to live in the little house overlooking the island harbor. From its windows they could see her alongside the dock below there, a perennial comfort to their aging eyes.

They went through the yard, and at the far end found the tug.

Five years of doing what they really wanted to do. It was so perfect that throughout that summer of the last of them Sam put from him the disquieting fear that had started in June when the bank president, Mr. Colvin, spoke to him on the street one morning. "Sam," he had said, "I suppose you know that your money's running low."

Sam had stopped, puzzled. To him that money had seemed inexhaustible. He had used it as he wanted to. The Cassing II was always in new paint. She burned lots of coal, too, and coal was a rare commodity. But then, they had taken in money for freight and passengers.

He had never paid much attention to his finances.

"Why, I didn't know's it was, Mr. Colvin. It ain't gone, is it?"

"No, not yet. You've got four thousand dollars left. But you'd better come around to the bank and talk things over with me."

He never went. The thought of being without money to run the Cassing II—he couldn't face it. He put it aside from him as completely as possible, and went on through the summer as before, yet always with that faint undercurrent of dread that someone would come up behind him and put a hand on his shoulder and say, "There's no more."

IT was a grand summer, that last summer, when Sam was seventy years old, an apple cheeked old boy with puckered blue eyes. The sea had never been so smooth, nor the islands and the mainland so green.

But, when October came, he seemed to wilt. Autumn entered roistering, raw, and cold, and Sam bent before the blast.

He dreaded the coming of this winter. It meant, he felt, that all this paradise would end. The frosty mornings seemed to grip him.

He didn't want it all to end. He didn't want to have winter come.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FORTY]

SHE *didn't want* MONEY

SHE didn't mind doing her own work and bringing up four children in a tiny house. But she did long—and oh, so hungrily—to have Jim his old self again! Walking in evenings with quick firm steps—laughing and telling stories at dinner! Jolly with the children instead of irritable—happy, carefree, eager to do things. Pushing ahead manfully with his job instead of forever fretting over it. Able to give a little strength to living *as well as to* working . . .

SHE felt that she knew the real cause of his trouble. To help him overcome it she'd tried the whole range of ordinary laxatives . . . some taking weeks to act, others so violent they left the system tired and shaken . . . until the remedies had come to seem almost worse than the disease—

Feen-a-mint is Different

YOU don't swallow it hastily—you chew it, exactly as you would a delicious bit of chewing gum.

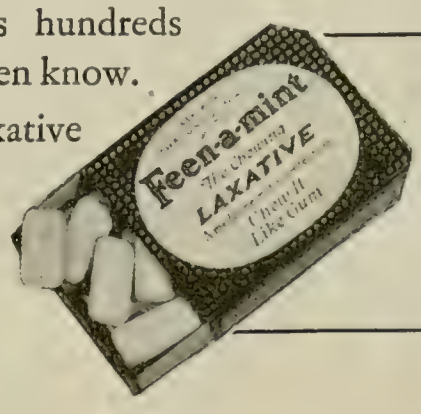
It *is* gum, and as you chew, the tasteless yet almost magically effective laxative principle it contains begins to mix with the mouth fluids . . . actually becomes a part of the body's digestive process!

Thus it works *with* the body, not *against* it, and instead of striking a blow without warning, as it were, gently *helps the system to help itself!* Laxative action is so gentle there's not a trace of cramping or griping—yet at the same time thorough and dependable.

Results are amazing. A new vitality and a sense of fitness—a fresh, clear-eyed, up-in-the-morning-early feeling, as hundreds and thousands of men and women know.

You will find this wonderful laxative at your druggist's now. Take one of the cool white Feen-a-mint tablets at any time—because you chew it no water is needed—confident of feeling a different person in six to eight hours.

FREE: If you have never tried Feen-a-mint, we shall be glad to send you samples free—together with "The Mysterious 35 Feet," an authoritative new book on constipation, its causes and treatment.



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THE OIL FILTER ON YOUR MOTOR CAR

Why does the PUROLATOR, *the oil filter on your motor car* need to be re-cartridged after 8,000 miles?

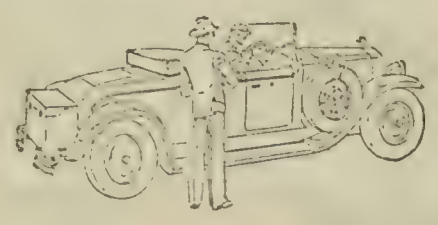
Because it is full of the grit and dirt and fine metal particles that it has caught and held—*and kept away from your bearings and cylinders*. Could there be any better evidence of what this faithful filter means to good motor performance?

And the Purolator Cartridge is *so* easy to replace. It is made so as not to need or to permit of being cleaned. For you cannot be sure of washing a filter element *perfectly clean* without running the risk of impairing its filtering qualities.

So the Purolator Cartridge comes in a self-contained, oil-tight metal case—thoroughly tested for leaks and seepage. The garage man simply removes the old metal housing and puts on a new one containing a *new*, clean filter.

Then—off for another 8,000 miles with a sweet-running motor, kept sweet by a constant supply of *clean lubricating* oil.

If your service man doesn't remind you to re-cartridge your Purolator after 8,000 miles, *remind him*.



Motor Improvements, Inc., 353 Frelinghuysen Ave.
Newark, N. J.
Licensed under Sweetland Patents

[QUARTERMASTER
Continued from page thirty-eight]

He didn't want to go ashore. He didn't want to die.

That was it: the fear of death was on him, because life had been so sweet here in its closing years. He felt that he had only just begun to live.

"What's the matter'th you, you miserable old one-step-ahead-of-a-deckhand, you?" demanded Tom. "Ain't feelin' sick, are ya?"

"Tom," he said, "I ain't never told you, but I got to talk now."

So he unfolded the whole story—how he knew their money, if not yet gone, would not be enough for the spring overhaul; that this fall would see the end of the Cassing II; that life as far as he was concerned, was nearly done.

"It don't seem right," he said. "I ain't near ready to quit, Tom. I'm only seventy. But I don't know what's going to happen to me 'f we have to go ashore."

"Couldn't we jes' live aboard her? I got my pension, you know."

Sam shook his head. "I want to run her, Tom. I want to be at sea in her, doin' active duty."

They fell silent. From that time on neither of them spoke much. October drifted into November, and November passed.

Thin ice came.

AND on the eve of her last trip, as on the eve of her first, Old Sam could not sleep. He lay tormented in his bunk. Would it be just a last trip to the mainland and that all—then sit in a house and wait to die? That was no way for a seaman to go out—not for a seaman who had done brave things, who had saved men and ships and wore his country's medal.

A gasping constriction clutched at him. With a great effort, he sat up to fight it off. What was he doing in bed, anyway? He couldn't sleep.

A round brass wheel kept staring him in the face, luring, spinning, asking. He lowered himself to the deck. His shaking hands pulled clothing over his scrawny nudity. It was all he could do to open the door against the northeast blast that howled. He beat his way forward.

Here—here was the center of life. The wheel. Mystic symbol of perfection, unbroken roundness, symmetrical shape. He sat before it, and it seemed to grow and diminish in his eyes. Its attraction was like incandescence.

The sea that lay outside — there were ships on it, making their way across. They talked. Reaching for their voices, he snapped the switch of the radio receiver. From north and south, from the Atlantic lanes he heard them:

"Motorship Kerry, Johnson master, Latitude . . . Longitude . . . course 270 for New York. . . . Blowing hard from northeast."

"Rotor Ruydell, Schart master, beating gale for Hamburg in latitude . . . longitude. . . ."

He saw their bridges, their wave-tossed bridges. Who said they had no helmsmen? How could any ship sail without helmsmen?

Another voice came reaching from the air:

"Dirigible Argonne, London for New York . . ."

HE made an irritated gesture. Why wouldn't those things keep quiet? Why must they mix in with the air talk of decent seafaring folk? He put the message from his consciousness. O Lord, what was he going to do after the last trip?

". . . *hull breaking up* . . ."

Why the hell wouldn't that darn gas bag shut up? He moved to still the instrument.

". . . *help* . . ."

Hmpf! What was that? In trouble, huh? Serve him right. He listened with a sort of satisfaction:

". . . Dirigible Argonne, London for New York. Latitude . . . Longitude . . . off Maine coast, forced down by storm, hull breaking up in northeaster. Send help quickly."

He sat there while consciousness of the message's meaning seeped through into his drifting old mind. *Dirigible down off Maine coast.* Where? He stood up and walked tremulously to the chart on the desk. His old hands holding the dividers were shaky, doddery.

"Ain't nobody goin' to get to that thing," he said aloud. "She's twenty mile to seaward of the island."

"*Send help quickly.*"

And then his mind seemed to clear. He realized that this was the Cassing II's job—that she, of all ships, was the only one that could get there; and he understood just how big a job it was and how easily she might fail. "My, we got to work fast," he said, and shoved open the door.

Tom was not in his bunk. Sam found him beside his engine, for Tom had not been sleeping, either, on this last night.

"Tom," he said, "we got to go out. They's one o' those flyin' ships down, t'other side o' the island."

Tom looked up querulously. "What's 'at?" he said. "You ain't goin' to go out now? It ain't mornin' yet."

"I know it ain't, you dumbheaded engineer. Git up steam. We're goin' to sea, an' you got to make her run. Ain't gonna wait till mornin'. They's people drowndin' out there! How's your fire?"

"Makin' steam now," said Tom proudly. "Steam! Git back up in your pilot house an' give me the bells. I'll run her for you."

Old Sam struggled with the icy lines. Let 'em slip; he couldn't stop to cast 'em off from the dock. He was in the pilot house and at the wheel, clear headed now, and sure, the Sam of North Sea wheel watches long fifty years ago.

He felt a slow throb beneath

him as the propeller turned, and with something like a sob reached for the whistle cord. *A-a-a-w-w-w-w-n-n-n-n-n-n-n-n-n-z-z-z-z!* the hoarse old bellow shouted into the night that the Cassing II was standing out to sea. It whipped down the gale and into the houses of the town, and Sam felt a great happiness fill him. This was better'n layin' snug in port! He pulled her over toward the middle of the harbor and headed out the inlet.

Wurrup! The first sea hit her, staggered her, lifted her high, as though to dash her apart. She fell swiftly, coasting down, down, down.

The gale was a ravener. Icy spray tore at the pilot house windows like stinging shot, freezing there.

He braced himself at the wheel, and the Cassing II came to the trough and brought up shuddering, started her shaggy, heaving climb to the top of another.

Her old engine beat steadily, and his mate, with the acrobatic dexterity of the destroyer man, swayed his stiff body before the fire door and sent shovelfuls of coal slicing in.

The strength of their youth was in the two. They bucked and forced their way into the jaws of the gale.

They were a part of it all, and a fierce elation filled them at their very oneness with it, their unconquerable mastery of its bitter opposition.

AS dawn grayed over night's black they came to the wreck of a 1,000-foot dirigible. Its movement as it floated was the horrid disjointedness of broken bones.

Sam looked for people. For a long time he could see none, until he had drawn closer and the light was stronger. Then he found them, gathered in a cluster on her very top, like little specks clinging to the enormous round of her.

"Now, how'm I goin' to get them off'n there?" he wondered.

"Tom!" he called over the voice tube. "I got her in sight."

Then suddenly the people began to jump, sliding frenziedly down her sides into the sea. She was breaking up. He saw her split into two sections. Would he never get there? The sea was full of heads, bobbing, swimming, and at last he was among them.

Stop. He pulled the telegraph. The tug tossed and heaved.

Hands clutched at the Cassing II's sides. He was out on deck, throwing over lines, hauling with all his poor strength to get a woman inboard, Tom beside him, the tug lying heavily in the trough.

"Some o' you men'll have to git up here an' help me," he whimpered.

It was a frenzy of toil.

There were some young men that came up the ropes and worked beside him; there were people that drowned under his eyes; there was a growing row of figures on the narrow deck, and they were being carried below to where it was warm, the forecastle, his cabin and Tom's, any place that would hold them. He had been in time!

ONE hundred and thirty people, almost all of that dirigible's company. He must get them to the mainland. But Sam was afraid. He was so tired.

"Kin you make steam, Tom, to get 'em ashore?"

They were past jesting now, past calling each other dirty engineer and misbegotten deckhand.

"We got to do it, Tom."

"I'll have to bust, Sam, 'fore I quit."

Sam found his way to the pilot house. Things were darkening before him. It had been dawn before, but it seemed like sundown now, darkening and reddening. The Cassing II, it seemed to him, was rolling hideously.

He gripped the wheel for support.

It was a great effort to move the telegraph.

He was no destroyer sailor now. He was an old, old man who did an impossible, incredible labor, who stood there for hours nursing that ancient tug toward port.

People came and went; they spoke to him and he answered them.

But he knew nothing, nothing but the swirling dial of a compass card, the eight handles of a round brass wheel, and the lurching throb of a boat that ran yawing before the gale.

They passed the island, and kept on, crawling over the track that was so sweetly short during the summer.

He began talking to the boys behind him.

There were no boys, but he did not know that.

"You don't want to hear that old story," he said. "It happened so long ago—more than fifty years ago.

"Well, I was just comin' off the mid watch," he babbled—but his smile changed to anguish. There was a great pain in him, a fierce, strangling pain.

"I'm at sea!" he shouted suddenly. "I'm a quartermaster! I know there's quartermasters at sea, because I'm standing at a wheel!"

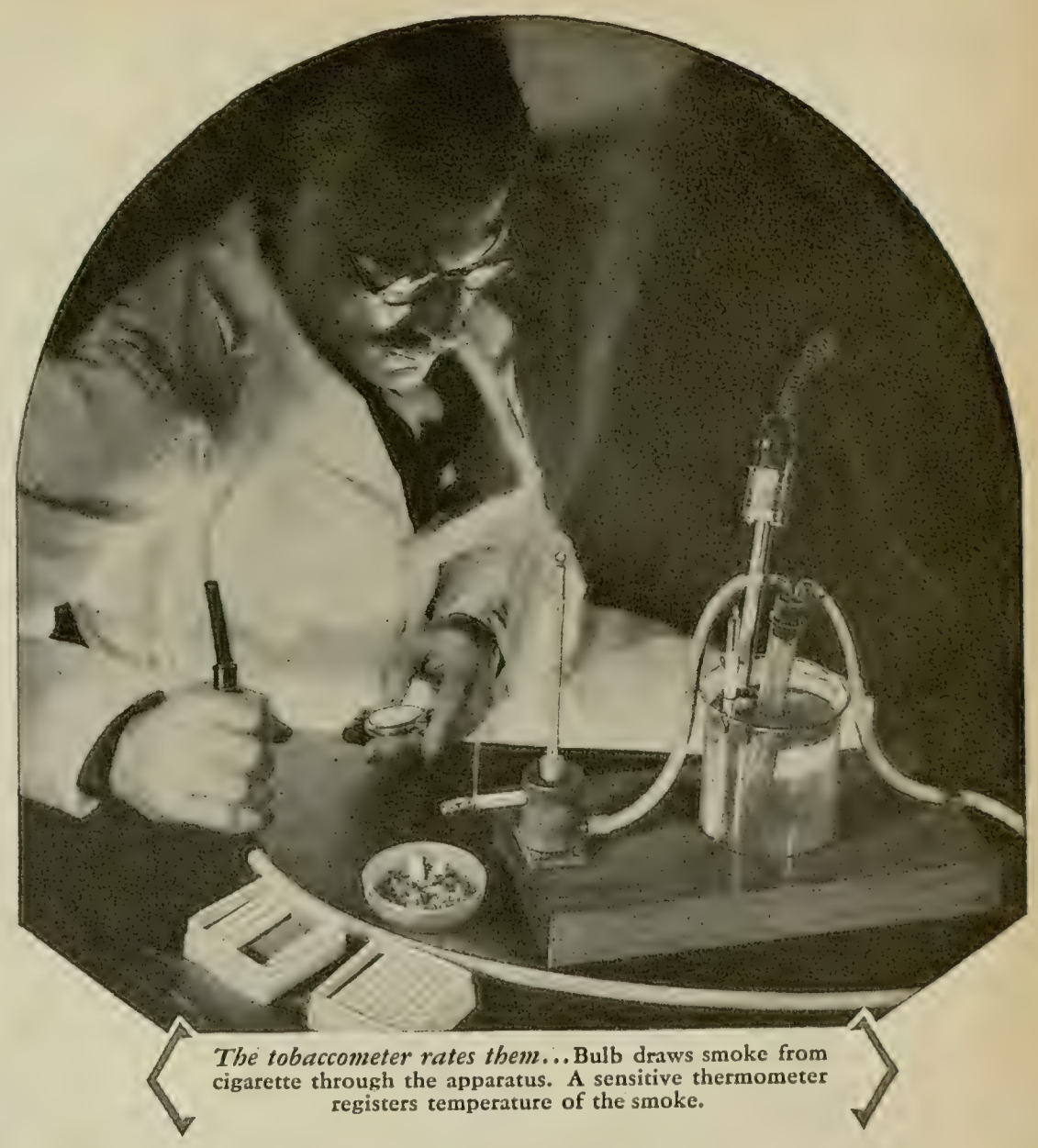
His head cleared. It was nearly over now. Just around the buoy and stand up the channel into the harbor. That was all. He could do that. Why did his heart hurt so?

Oh, if he could only rest, could only rest! He was so damn' tired—

Now—just one thing more to do—point her for the dock and pull the telegraph to *Stop.* There. She'd make the landing.

But the hands that held the wheel as the Cassing II bumped against the piling were gone of life. The Quartermaster stood dead.

THE END



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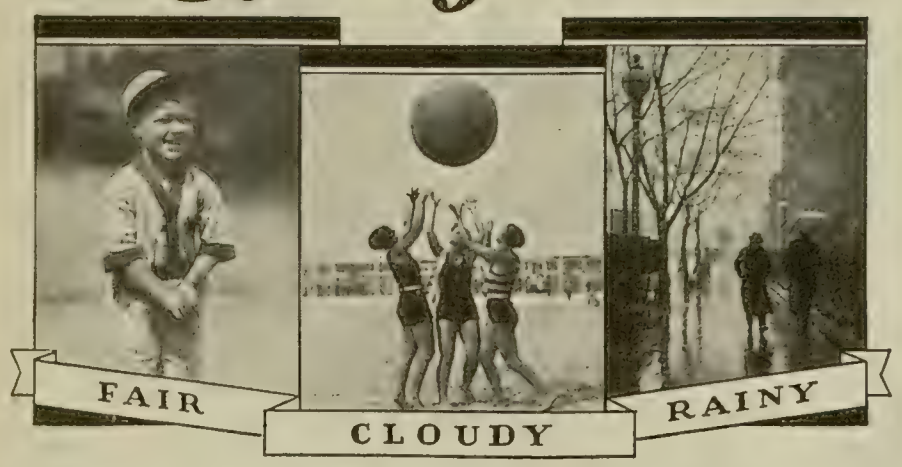

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Big Chief—Heap Money

A New FOR THE LOVE O' LIL

"RAT-TAT-TAT! Brrrrr! Rat-tat-tat! Ting!" This was the Saturday morning typewriter chorus in Sandy's busy office. Jaws kept perfect time. Hearts palpitated in syncopated rhythm as he passed by to or from his little private office. The words *Sandford Jenkins* in gold on the frosted door glass held a magic spell!

"He's been made a manager or something," Peggy Collins, the boss' secretary, with blue soup-plate eyes, told one of the girls. "He's going to have a secretary, starting in August. Maybe it'll be you. Some sheik, girlie, but don't forget he's married and has a kid!"

"Say, I'm out to make a living in this office—not a hit," the other girl said—although a fortune teller had got her all excited over a "business giant with red hair." And with a sigh she went back to "Yours of the 14th instant received—"

Yes, Sandy had been made Western sales manager, with a private office, promises of a secretary, hints of a raise and a play golf once a week invite.

"Whee!" he whistled, blowing out a luxurious cloud of smoke. He felt that he was sitting securely on the top of the world!

This week's cover picture.

First the baby! And now Western sales manager! What could he buy Lil to celebrate? Beautiful wives were back of every business success, so he had read in a newspaper. Then he remembered it had been an advertisement for a new hair shampoo, and he didn't know whether she used that kind or not.

Tring-tring-tring!

"Dear?" It was Lil's voice. "The baby's rash has gone up his legs. Come home early and bring another large can of powder. I forget what kind, but the can's yellow."

"I'll be home by two," he told her. "An' I'm bringin' tickets for Broadway Lilies this evening. So hire that Mrs. Crawford to take care of the kid. I'm bringin' you a surprise, too. It's for the sweetest—"

"Oh, what is it?" Lil butted in. "A new pair of pump buckles?"

"Now, it wouldn't be a surprise if I told you, would it?" he asked facetiously, hanging up.

"He must have been given a raise," she told the mop she was poking under the sofa. "Big hearted, all of a sudden. Either that or he's ripped his coat and wants it mended."

After a year of marriage Lil was a graduate of the Applesauce University, with several degrees.

At five minutes before 1 Sandy smiled at the cashier behind his golden bars. If fond cashier slid his weekly check out at once, there would be four minutes' grace to rush into the bank for week-end cash on hand!

His check was poked forth—face downward, as usual.

In the lobby he looked to see if it was for more than usual. His eyes bulged and his insides wiggled. *One hundred dollars!* Had the cashier made an error? Decidedly, no! Wasn't he Western sales manager, with a private office, not to mention the private secretary to be?

Never mind the bank. He must show Lil that check! He took a taxi. Bought seats for Broadway Lilies. Dashed into a shop for the pump buckles. Tipped the driver thirty cents at the end of the ride. Ran upstairs. Too nervous to manipulate his key, he rang the bell. A moment later he caught Lil in his arms.

"A raise! A raise!" he shouted in a touchdown tone.

"Don't raise the roof, dear," she said calmly. "Tell me all about it in a few minutes. I see you forgot the powder for the baby's rash. I'll run around the corner while you watch the baby. It's lovely about the money. We can save more each month for our European trip."

She added a thrown kiss to her exit.

Sandy tiptoed into the sitting room, where the baby, suffering with hives, was on the sofa.

"Don't start to cry," he smiled. "Papa'll dance for you. See? Watch the fancy steps—so graceful. Tra-la-la-la! La-la-la! Watch papa wave his big check!"

In the midst of this drama, he had managed to put two feather duster feathers under a ribbon on his forehead. "Don't cry. Watch papa dance. Never mind the hives!"

Every time Sandy's large feet clumped, the baby screamed louder.

"Whoop, whoop, whoop!" Sandy yelled. "War dance! Big chief—heap money!"

"Sandford!" Lil was at the doorway. "For goodness' sake! That raise has gone to your head. Can't you hear the baby yelling? Stop making him cry!"

(*Next week's cover adventure: The Great Family Fight.*)

The Modern Boy

What One of Them Thinks About Life and Parents and Girls

Pictures by VERNE NOLL

(Reading time: 8 minutes 42 seconds.)

[EDITOR'S NOTE: A recently published article in LIBERTY, in which a New York high school girl discussed herself and her generation, has evoked an answer which seems sufficiently interesting to print. It is from a boy instead of a girl, and came from a town in Alabama with the following letter of introduction:

DEAR EDITOR:

In your magazine I have seen your article on the subject of modern youth. Somehow I was prompted to sit down and write my own troubles and thoughts, truthfully, as they came to me.

I am inclosing the result. If it has any value to you, you may publish it. Only do not use my name in connection with it. If it has no value, then just throw it in the trashbasket.

In case you should see fit to publish it, you may make any changes in the grammatical structure that you see fit, for I realize that there are lots of mistakes. Again, if it is worth anything, all that I can say is that I need money badly enough.

LIBERTY has investigated the author, and finds that he is a real person, precisely what he represents himself to be. Though he gives permission to change his article, to preserve its flavor nothing has been touched.]

When I get her out, she immediately wants a drink, which means several.

IN all of our most popular magazines, there are regularly appearing articles, on the subject of "Modern Youth." College professors, Scientists, Judges, and educated men and women in all walks of life, are assuming the job of writing their theories, and views upon the highly discussed and overworked subject.

Most of these interesting narratives deal with the modern girl, and nothing much is said about the modern boy. Why is this?

Now I do not lay any claims to being an author; in fact, I have never tried to write upon any subject, up until the present, except those irksome ones assigned to me by school teachers, and professors, and I must admit that I was never accused of posessing any unusual talent, in the matter of writing themes. The only excuse that I can offer for writing now, is the fact that I am in trouble, I have no one to tell my troubles to, and I have nothing else to do. Writing down my thoughts, just seems to be a good method of unburdening my mind.

To begin with, I guess I belong to the class called by our distinguished and older writers, "Modern Youth." I wonder if they were not once modern youths?

My thoughts are confused and I suppose that I am Not making them quite plain, but there is a question in my mind as to the whys and wherefores of a few things. Why is it that we are all going to the devil, as the common opinion seems to be, and is it our own fault? Are the boys and girls of to-day so much worse than they were a hundred years ago?

That seems to be taken for granted. But on the other hand, would the boys and girls of a hundred years ago have been as good as they were, had they been placed under the same conditions and environment that we are? They would not. The world has changed, and I do not think that all the censure and slams that we are getting is quite fair. But is the advancement of the world altogether to blame for the wildness of the young people, or are the parents somewhat to blame?

Twenty-one years ago, I was born in a very small village. My father was one of the leading men in this community. He was a merchant, a member of the board of stewards in the Methodist Church, Superintendent of the Sunday School, and all in all, a very deeply religious man. My mother was like him, president of the Woman's Missionary Society, and all that. As far back as I can remember, I was forced to attend Sunday School, all Church services, and Prayer meeting on Wednesday Night, and even yet in order to keep peace in the family, I am forced to continue this practice.

Oh how I hate it. I think I began hating it when I first discovered that I had to go, whether I wanted to or not. Then I began lying, by pretending to be sick, as often as I thought that it would work. Lying about that led to lying about other things. When I was very small, if my mother had the slightest suspicion that I was departing from the truth, she would command me to look her straight in the face, and tell her the truth. This I think, has made a pretty convincing liar of me.

Please do not misunderstand me. I have the best father and mother in the world. They are not hipocrites, and they are honest and conscientious in every thing that they do. The question in my mind is if they were right in their methods of raising a son.

My father has never until this day mentioned to me the subject of sex. They have tried to shield me from the things that they thought I should not know. For all that I know, they still think that I believe that I was brought into the world by a stork. As a matter of fact, when I started to school, I soon learned things that I was naturally inquisitive about, and I must say that they were Not learned in a manner conducive to good behavior.

My father is a model for any Christian Man. I have never seen a drop of any alcoholic beverage in my home—except that carried there secretly by myself—nor have I ever seen him use tobacco in any form. Neither have I ever heard him utter a profane word. To Me, cursing, tobacco, and numerous other things, were forbidden fruit, a taste of which, I would be severely punished for,—provided I was caught. Of course I soon began tasting. I smoke cigarettes now, but my Mother and Father do not know it, and I would not have them find it out for the world.

Seven years ago, we moved to a large town. My parents standing in the community, allowed me to associate with the boys and girls in High School, who were from the best of fam-

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

Mother and Dad would both look as if I had just robbed the First National Bank.

More than ocean waves are *needed... to rid him of that half-clean look*

A DASH through the surf, a swim to the raft—even then, she notices, his face still wears that sallow, half-clean look!

For more than ocean waves are needed to make his face really *clean*. The pore-dirt that hides in every face gets grimed down *under* the skin where washing cannot reach.

How does it get there? All day long—on the street, even indoors—the air teems with millions of tiny specks of sooty gray. These specks are so small they sneak right *into* the pores . . . get jammed in tight *under* the surface of the skin.

Once under—pore-dirt is there "for keeps" . . . *unless you massage it free.*

That is why Pompeian Massage Cream was made. That is what this remarkable cream so clearly *proves* to be true!

Every inch of air, says the U. S. Weather Bureau, is alive with millions of tiny specks of soot. Motor puffs, chimney smoke, dusty streets—no one escapes!

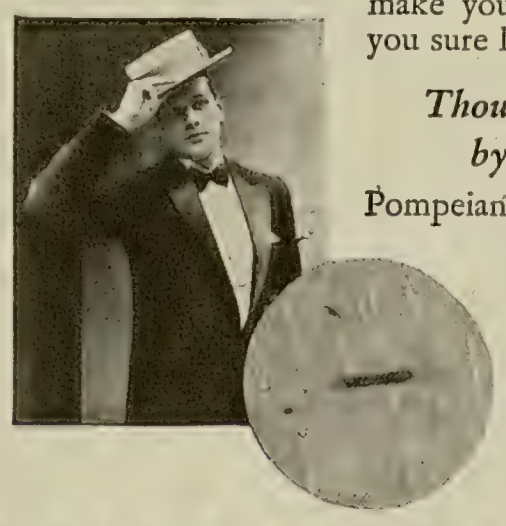
taken under the lens of a microscope, showing a section of any ordinary man's skin *after* Pompeian Massage Cream has gone to work!

See the dark marks? They're the dried pellets of cream laden with pore-dirt that a few seconds' massage rolled free! *Now* that skin is *clean*—gloriously clean—Pompeian clean!

Try it on your own skin! After a hard day's work let this bracing cream bring to your face the freshness of a chap who's just had a few hours' nap. There's nothing like a pick-me-up Pompeian massage to make your friends say, "My, but you sure look well, old man!"

Goes in pink—rolls out GRAY

Below, in the circle, is a photograph taken under the lens of a microscope, showing a section of any ordinary man's skin *after* Pompeian Massage Cream has gone to work!



Step out tonight with a face really clean—Pompeian clean! So fresh and ruddy that she will say, "My, but you sure look well tonight! You never looked better in all your life!"

Thousands of men benefit by our FREE offer

Pompeian is 60 cents at any toilet goods counter. You're welcome to test it *free.* Thousands of men have been convinced this way. Please take advantage of the coupon. Mail it . . . *now!*

POMPEIAN MASSAGE CREAM

Dept. 904-G

The Pompeian Company,
595 Fifth Ave., New York.
In Canada: 72 St. Ambroise St., Montreal.

Gentlemen: Please send me a free trial tube of Pompeian Massage Cream . . . enough for two cleansing, invigorating facial massages.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

[CONT'D FROM PAGE FORTY-THREE]

ilies. I naturally wanted to go to the dances, and other social functions which the others of my crowd were attending. Dancing was also forbidden fruit, and besides, I always had to get my lessons. Therefore, I hated to study, and having a room to myself, it was an easy matter to slip out after Mother and Dad had retired. I began to go anyway. I smoked a great deal, and would take a drink when opportunity offered. The further I went, the more lies I was forced to tell, but by this time, I was quite an expert liar.

Whenever I happened to get caught in any of my evils, Mother would spend at least two days crying about it, and she and Dad would both look as if I had just robbed the First National Bank and murdered the cashier. They would then lecture to me for at least an hour upon the evils of my way, then spend several minutes more reading to me from the Bible, and praying for my lost soul. All this was in consequence of some minor misdemeanor too, for they have never found out anything of any importance on me.

As queer as it may seem after all of this, I love my Mother a great deal, and I would do anything rather than hurt her. It does sincerely hurt her to find that I have done something not exactly in accordance with the Ten Commandments. My life now is lived always in fear of what they will find out next.

Mother always had the idea that girls who went to dances were of the worst sort, and she would do everything that she could in order to keep me from associating with them. Not only those who attended large public dances, but those who danced in private homes or at the Country Club.

In order to make clear my meaning, I am going to give an example. Not very far from my home, there lives a girl of about my age, who is very popular among both the boys and girls. Her mother allows her to go to all the dances, she is pretty, a good dancer and in other words, she is full of fun and life.

She will smoke a cigarette occasionally, and maybe tell a joke that is not exactly one to be told at home, but there is nothing vulgar about her, and I would no more think of taking liberties with her than I would think of flying. Yet, in my Mother's opinion, she is as wild as the devil. I think she would faint, if she saw me in this girl's company.

On the other hand, still closer to my home, there lives a family which I think is very similar to mine. Big Church members and all of that. They have a daughter, about twenty years of age, who I imagine has been treated very much as I have. She is not allowed to dance, she teaches a Sunday School class of small children, attends every Church service, and talks of Church work, the Bible, etc., around the older people.

Outwardly, she is a fine modest girl, and a good example to younger girls. Her parents are very careful about who she goes with, and my mother seems to think she is all that could be wished for in a daughter-in-law. If I do say it, I still have a good reputation, though God knows how long it will last, and I am allowed to go with this girl to every one's satisfaction, both my family's and hers.

Yet when I get her out, she immediately wants a drink, which means several. She smokes more of my cigarettes than I do, she tells jokes that almost make me blush, and she knows no limit. Draw your own conclusions. I have a younger sister, and I am wondering what she is going to be like.

When I finished High School, I was sent to a college, not the one that I wanted to attend, but another, for the reason, that it was located in a very small town, and there was practically nothing to do but study. Of course I did not study, but spent all the time I could, having a good time, which consisted of hoboing freight trains to the nearest large city, and doing the things that I shouldn't have done. I had quite a "Good" time for three years, though I do not have any idea how I managed to get by that long. Finally I was expelled, for reasons that I had rather not mention, and I immediately wrote my parents that I was tired of school and was coming home. I rushed home, and spent three miserable days rushing to meet the Postman, in order to intercept the letter that I knew the Chancellor would write explaining my expulsion. I got that letter and quickly destroyed it, and then got a job.

DAD kept up with how much money I was making pretty closely, and wanted to know what was going with it all. Well, as most of it was going in a way that I could not readily explain to him, I had to have necessities, charged, and tell him that my money was going to pay for them. All of the time my debts are growing larger and larger, and I see no chance of paying them, without doing a lot of embarrassing explaining to dad, which is out of the question.

If I could go home at night, maybe I could save some money, but when I stay away from home I have to have something to do, and something to do calls for spending money. I am afraid to go home.

I am afraid to face my people, and there I can't smoke, so I do not spend any more time there than is absolutely necessary. Can any one tell me what to do? I think mine is a case exactly like many another boy and girl.

Who is responsible for this "Modern Youth?" Are the smug and conscientious Christianly, Older Generation mostly to blame? Is it fair that we are criticized from every angle, or can we help what we are?

THE END

Money for Nothing

In Which Love Confronts a Thorny Path, and Villains Get Down to Business

A Serial by

P. G. WODEHOUSE

Pictures by
WALLACE MORGAN

HE gazed after that officious young man with a steely eye.

(Reading time: 25 minutes 15 seconds.)

AT 5:30 on a July morning, Mr. Lester Carmody prepared to commit a theft. He propped a ladder against the wall of Rudge Hall and began mounting to the picture gallery. Amazingly, the antiques he intended to make away with belonged to himself.

Rudge Hall was not far from London, and Lester Carmody was its squire. The chain of circumstances which led him to ladder climbing was strange. Its strongest link was the love of John Carroll for Patricia Wyvern. John was Mr. Carmody's nephew. Pat was the daughter of Colonel Wyvern, Mr. Carmody's former friend.

An explosion had disrupted that friendship. A tree called for blasting. Too late the old pals, strolling near, heard the shout of warning, and Mr. Carmody thrust his friend between himself and the danger point. Luckily, the Colonel's chief injury was to his temper.

John, nervous about the impact of this quarrel on Pat, leaped to a decision to propose. But just here his light-hearted cousin, Hugo Carmody, was inspired to be overhelpful, and practically asked for Pat's hand—for John. Illogically, Pat flew into a rage with John.

This took place in London, where Hugo tangled affairs further by introducing into the little circle two Americans, a Mr. and "Miss" Molloy.

Mr. Molloy had alleged wealth and his alleged relation to Miss Molloy was that of father. Hugo got them invited to Rudge, together with Ronnie Fish, the idea being that the aura of riches might cheer the money-loving Mr. Carmody into advancing £500 to Hugo to buy a share in the Hot Spot, a night club.

But the Molloys, really husband and wife, were crooks. It was they who persuaded Mr. Carmody to steal the heirlooms and share the proceeds. The ladder fell, leaving Carmody perched on a second story window sill.

There Hugo discovered him. "What on earth," he cried, "are you doing up there?"

PART SIX

MR. CARMODY would have writhed in irritation at Hugo's question, had not prudence reminded him that he was thirty feet too high in the air to do that sort of thing.

"Never mind what I'm doing up here! Help me down."

"How did you get there?"

"Never mind how I got here!"

"But what," persisted Hugo insatiably, "is the big—or general—idea?"

Withheld from the relief of writhing, Mr. Carmody gritted his teeth.

"Put that ladder up," he said in a strained voice.

"Ladder?"

"Yes, ladder."

"What ladder?"

"There is a ladder on the ground."

"Where?"

"There. No, not there. There! There! Not there, I tell you. There! There!"

Hugo, following these directions, concluded a successful search.

"Right," he said. "Ladder, long, wooden, for purposes of climbing, one. Correct as per memo. Now what?"

"Put it up."

"Right."

"And hold it very carefully."

"Esteemed order booked," said Hugo. "Carry on."

"Are you sure you are holding it carefully?"

"As in a vise."

"Well, don't let go."

Mr. Carmody, dying a considerable number of deaths in the process, descended.

He found his nephew's curiosity at close range even more acute than it had been from a distance.

"What on earth were you doing up there?" said Hugo, starting again at the beginning.

"Never mind."

"But what were you?"

"If you wish to know, a rung broke and the ladder slipped."

"But what were you doing on a ladder?"

"NEVER mind!" cried Mr. Carmody, regretting more bitterly than ever before in his life that his late brother Eustace had not lived and died a bachelor. "Don't keep saying what—what—what!"

"Well, why?" said Hugo, conceding the point. "Why were you climbing ladders?"

Mr. Carmody hesitated. His native intelligence returning, he perceived now that this was just what the great public would want to know. It was little use urging a human talk-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Desperate Wives have been known to boil their husbands' pipes in lye. This kills the lingering authority of over-strong tobacco, but good-bye pipe! Well, it's time those husbands discovered Sir Walter Raleigh's favorite smoking mixture. It's a blend of choice tobaccos mellowed to a surpassing mildness and flavor, and wrapped in gold foil to keep it *fresh*. And fragrant? Wives positively *love* it.

LIMITED OFFER
(for the United States only)

If your favorite tobacconist does not carry Sir Walter Raleigh, send us his name and address. In return for this courtesy, we'll be delighted to send *you* without charge a full size tin of this *milder* pipe mixture.

Dept. L, Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Winston-Salem, N. C.

B&W PRODUCT

SIR WALTER RALEIGH

Who discovered how good a pipe can be

It's *milder*

[MONEY FOR NOTHING
Continued from page forty-five]

ing machine like his nephew to keep quiet and say nothing about this incident. In a couple of hours it would be all over Rudge. He thought swiftly.

"I fancied I saw a swallow's nest under the eaves."

"Swallow's nest?"

"Swallow's nest. The nest," said Mr. Carmody between his teeth, "of a swallow."

"Did you think swallows nested in July?"

"Why shouldn't they?"

"Well, they don't."

"I never said they did. I merely said—"

"No swallow has ever nested in July."

"I never—"

"April," said our usually well informed correspondent.

"What?"

"April. Swallows nest in April."

"Damn all swallows!" said Mr. Carmody.

And there was silence for a moment, while Hugo directed his keen young mind at other aspects of this strange affair.

"How long had you been up there?"

"I don't know. Hours. Since half-past five."

"Half-past five? You mean you got up at half-past five to look for swallows' nests in July?"

"I did not get up to look for swallows' nests."

"But you said you were looking for swallows' nests."

"I did not say I was looking for swallows' nests. I merely said I fancied I saw a swallow's nest—"

"You couldn't have done. Swallows don't nest in July. April."

The sun was peeping over the elms. Mr. Carmody raised his clenched fists to it.

"I did not say I saw a swallow's nest. I said I thought I saw a swallow's nest."

"And got a ladder out and climbed up for it?"

"Yes."

"Having arisen from your couch at five-thirty ante meridian?"

"Will you kindly stop asking me all these questions?"

Hugo regarded him thoughtfully.

"Just as you like, uncle. Well, anything further this morning? If not, I'll be getting along and taking my dip."

II

"I SAY, Ronnie," said Hugo, some two hours later, meeting his friend en route for the breakfast table. "You know my uncle?"

"What about him?"

"He's loopy."

"What?"

"Gone clean off his casters. I found him at seven o'clock this morning sitting on a second floor window sill. He said he'd got up at five-thirty to look for swallows' nests."

"Bad," said Mr. Fish, shaking his head with even more than his usual solemnity. "Second floor window sill, did you say?"

"Second floor window sill."

"Exactly how my aunt started," said Ronnie Fish. "They found her sitting on the roof of the stables, playing the ukulele in a blue dressing gown. She said she was Boadicea. And she wasn't. That's the point, old boy," said Mr. Fish earnestly. "She wasn't. We must get you out of this as quickly as possible, or before you know where you are you'll find yourself being murdered in your bed. It's this living in the country that does it. Six consecutive months in the country is enough to sap the intellect of anyone. Looking for swallows' nests, was he?"

"So he said. And swallows don't nest in July. They nest in April."

Mr. Fish nodded.

"That's how I always heard the story," he agreed. "The whole thing looks very black to me, and the sooner you're safe out of this and in London, the better."

AT about the same moment Mr. Carmody was in earnest conference with Mr. Molloy.

"That man you were telling me about," said Mr. Carmody. "That friend of yours who you said would help us."

"Chimp?"

"I believe you referred to him as Chimp. How soon could you get in touch with him?"

Mr. Carmody, dying a considerable number of deaths in the process, descended.

"Right away, brother."

Mr. Carmody objected to being called brother, but this was no time for being finicky.

"Send for him at once."

"Why, have you given up the idea of getting that stuff out of the house yourself?"

"Entirely," said Mr. Carmody. He shuddered slightly. "I have been thinking the matter over very carefully, and I feel that this is an affair where we require the services of some third party. Where is this friend of yours? In London?"

"No; he's right around the corner. His name's Twist. He runs a sort of health farm place only a few miles from here."

"God bless my soul! Healthward Ho?"

"That's the spot. Do you know it?"

"Why, I have only just returned from there."

Mr. Molloy was conscious of a feeling of almost incredulous awe. It was the sort of feeling which would come to a man who saw miracles happening all round him. He could hardly believe that things could possibly run as smoothly as they appeared to be doing.

He had anticipated a certain amount of difficulty in selling Chimp Twist to Mr. Carmody, as he phrased it to himself, and had looked forward with not a little apprehension to a searching inquisition into Chimp Twist's *bona fides*. And now, it seemed, Mr. Carmody knew Chimp personally and was, no doubt, prepared to receive him without a question. Could luck like this hold? That was the only thought that disturbed Mr. Molloy.

"Well, isn't that interesting!" he said slowly. "So you know my old friend Twist, do you?"

"Yes," said Mr. Carmody—speaking, however, as if the acquaintanceship were not one to which he looked back with any pleasure. "I know him very well."

"Fine!" said Mr. Molloy. "You see, if I thought we were getting in somebody you knew nothing about and felt you couldn't trust, it would sort of worry me."

Mr. Carmody made no comment on this evidence of his guest's nice feeling. He was meditating and did not hear it.

What he was meditating on was the agreeable fact that that money which he had been trying so vainly to recover from Dr. Twist would not be a dead loss, after all. He could write it off as part of the working expenses of this little venture.

He beamed happily at Mr. Molloy.

"Healthward Ho is on the telephone," he said. "Go and speak to Dr. Twist now and ask him to come over here at once."

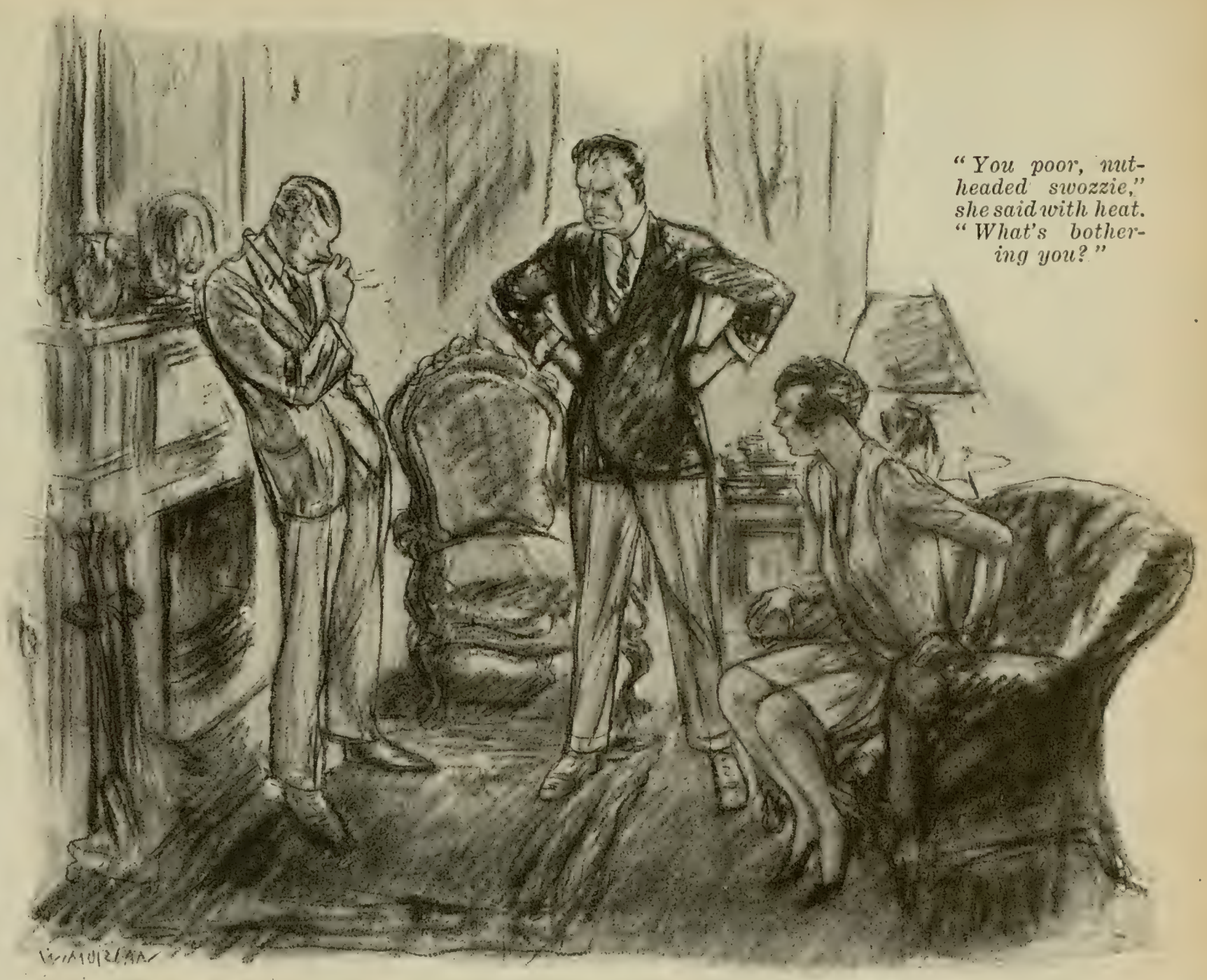
He hesitated for a moment, then came bravely to a decision. After all, whatever the cost in petrol, oil, and depreciation of tires, it was for a good object. More working expenses.

"I will send my car for him," he said.

If you wish to accumulate, you must inevitably speculate, felt Mr. Carmody.

III

THE strange depression which had come upon Pat in the shop of Chas. Bywater did not yield, as these gray moods generally do, to



"You poor, nut-headed swozzie," she said with heat. "What's bothering you?"

the curative influence of time. The following morning found her as gloomy as ever—indeed, rather gloomier; for shortly after breakfast the *noblesse oblige* spirit of the Wyverns had sent her on a reluctant visit to an old retainer, who lived—if you could call it that—in one of the smaller and stuffier houses in Budd Street.

Pensioned off after cooking for the Colonel for eighteen years, this female had retired to bed and stayed there. And there was a legend in the family—though neither by word nor by look did she ever give any indication of it—that she enjoyed seeing Pat.

Bedridden ladies of advanced age seldom bubble over with fun and *joie de vivre*. This one's attitude toward life seemed to have been borrowed from her favorite light reading, the works of the prophet Jeremiah; and Pat, as she emerged into the sunshine after some eighty minutes of her society, was feeling rather like Jeremiah's younger sister.

The sense of being in a world unworthy of her—a world cold and unsympathetic and full of an inferior grade of human being—had now become so oppressive that she was compelled to stop on her way home and linger on the old bridge which spanned the Skirme. From the days of her childhood this sleepy, peaceful spot had always been a haven when things went wrong.

She was gazing down into the slow moving water and waiting for it to exercise its old spell, when she heard her name spoken, and turned to see Hugo.

"What ho," said Hugo, pausing beside her.

His manner was genial and unconcerned. He had not met her since that embarrassing scene in the lobby of the Hotel Lincoln, but he was a man on whom the memory of past embarrassments sat lightly.

"WHAT do you think you're doing, young Pat?"

Pat found herself cheering up a little. She liked Hugo. The sense of being all alone in a bleak world left her.

"Nothing in particular," she said. "Just looking at the water."

"Which, in its proper place," agreed Hugo, "is admirable stuff. I've been doing a bit of froth blowing at the Carmody Arms. Also buying cigarettes and other necessaries.

"I say, have you heard about my Uncle Lester's brain coming unstuck? Absolutely. He's quite *non compos*. Mad as a coot. Belfry one seething mass of bats. He's taken to climbing ladders in the small hours after swallows' nests.

"However, shelving that for the moment, I'm very glad I ran into you this morning, young Pat. I wish to have a serious talk with you about old John."

"John?"

"John."

"What about John?"

At this moment there whirred past, bearing in its interior a weedy, snub-nosed man with a waxed mustache, a large red automobile. Hugo, suspending his remarks, followed it with astonished eyes.

"Good Lord!"

"What about Johnny?"

"That was the Dex-Mayo," said Hugo. "And the gargoyle inside was that blighter Twist from Healthward Ho. Great Scott! The car must have been over there to fetch him."

"What's so remarkable about that?"

"What's so remarkable?" echoed Hugo, astounded. "What's remarkable about Uncle Lester deliberately sending his car twenty miles to fetch a man who could have come, if he had to come at all, by train, at his own expense? My dear old thing, it's revolutionary. It marks an epoch. Do you know what I think has happened? You remember that dynamite explosion in the park, when Uncle Lester nearly got done in?"

"I don't have much chance to forget it."

"Well, what I believe has happened is that the shock he got that day has completely changed his nature. It's a well known thing. You hear of such cases all the time. Ronnie Fish was telling me about one only yesterday.

"There was a man he knew in London, a money lender, a fellow who had a glass eye, and the only thing that enabled anyone to tell which of his eyes was which was that the glass one had rather a more human expression than the other. That's the sort of chap he was.

"Well, one day he was nearly conked in a railway accident, and he came out of hospital a different man. Slapped people on the back, patted children on the head, tore up I. O. Us., and talked about it being everybody's duty to make the world a better place.

"Take it from me, young Pat, Uncle Lester's whole nature has undergone some sort of rummy change like that. That swallow's nest business must have been a preliminary symptom. Ronnie tells me that this money lender with the glass eye—"

PAT was not interested in glass-eyed money lenders.

"What were you saying about John?"

"I'll tell you what I'm going to do. I'm going home quick, so as to be among those present when he starts scattering the stuff. It's quite on the cards that I may scoop that five hundred yet. Once a tightwad starts seeing the light—"

"You were saying something about John," said Pat, falling into step with him as he moved off.

His babble irked her, making her wish that she could put the clock back a few years. Age, they say, has its compensations, but one of the drawbacks of becoming grown up and sedate is that you have to abandon the childish practice of clumping your friends on the side of the head when they wander from the point. However, she was not too old to pinch her companion in the fleshy part of the arm, and she did so.

"Ouch!" said Hugo, coming out of his trance. "What about John?"

HUGO massaged his arm tenderly. The look of a greyhound pursuing an electric hare died out of his eyes.

"Of course, yes. John. Glad you reminded me. Have you seen John lately?"

"No. I'm not allowed to go to the Hall, and he seems too busy to come and see me."

"It isn't so much being busy. Don't forget there's a war on. No doubt he's afraid of bumping into the parent."

"If Johnny's scared of father—"

"There's no need to speak in that contemptuous tone. I am, and there are few more intrepid men alive than Hugo Carmody. The old Colonel, believe me, is a tough baby. If I ever see him, I shall run like a rabbit, and my biographers may make of it what they will.

"You, being his daughter and having got accustomed to his ways, probably look on him as something quite ordinary and harmless; but even you will admit that he's got eyebrows which must be seen to be believed."

"Oh, never mind father's eyebrows. Go on about Johnny."

"Right ho. Well, then, look here, young Pat," said Hugo earnestly, "in the matter of the aforesaid John, I want to ask you a favor. I understand he proposed to you that night at the Mustard Spoon."

"Well?"

"And you slipped him the mitten."

"Well?"

"Oh, don't think I'm blaming you," Hugo assured her. "If you don't want him, you don't. Nothing could be fairer than that. But what I'm asking you to do now is to keep clear of the poor chap. If you happen to run into him, that can't be helped; but be a sport and do your best to avoid him.

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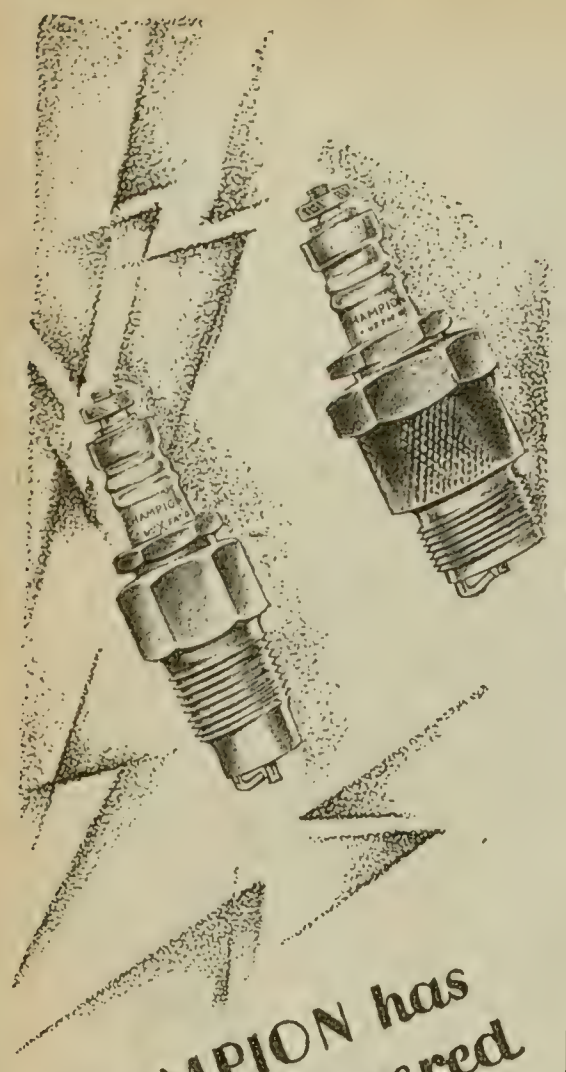

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CHAMPION Spark Plugs

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[MONEY FOR NOTHING Continued from page forty-seven]

"Don't unsettle him. If you come buzzing round, stirring memories of the past and arousing thoughts of auld lang syne and what not, that'll unsettle him. It'll take his mind off his job and—well—unsettle him. And, providing he isn't unsettled, I have strong hopes that we may get old John off this season. Do I make myself clear?"

PAT kicked viciously at an inoffensive pebble, whose only fault was that it happened to be within reach at the moment.

"I suppose what you're trying to break to me in your rambling, woolen headed way is that Johnny is mooning round that Molloy girl? I met her just now in Bywater's, and she told me she was staying at the Hall."

"I wouldn't call it mooning," said Hugo thoughtfully, speaking like a man who is an expert in these matters and can appraise subtle values. "I wouldn't say it had quite reached the mooning stage yet. But I have hopes. You see, John is a bloke whom nature intended for a married man. He's a confirmed settler down, the sort of chap who—"

"You needn't go over all that again. I had the pleasure of hearing your views on the subject that night in the lobby of the hotel."

"Oh, you did hear?" said Hugo, unabashed. "Well, don't you think I'm right?"

"If you mean do I approve of Johnny marrying Miss Molloy, I certainly do not."

"But if you don't want him—"

"It has nothing to do with my wanting him or not wanting him. I don't like Miss Molloy."

"Why not?"

"She's flashy."

"I would have said smart."

"I wouldn't."

Pat, with an effort, recovered a certain measure of calm. Wrangling, she felt, was beneath her. Since she could not hit Hugo with the basket in which she had carried two pounds of tea, a bunch of roses, and a seed cake to her bedridden pensioner, the best thing to do was to preserve a ladylike composure.

"Anyway, you're probably taking a lot for granted. Probably Johnny isn't in the least attracted by her. Has he ever given any sign of it?"

"Sign?" Hugo considered. "It depends on what you mean by sign. You know what old John is. One of these strong, silent fellows who look on all occasions like a stuffed frog."

"He doesn't!"

"Pardon me," said Hugo firmly. "Have you ever seen a stuffed frog? Well, I have. I had one for years when I was a kid. And John has exactly the same power of expressing emotion. You can't go by what he says or the way he looks. You have to keep an eye out for much subtler bits of evidence.

"Now, last night he was explaining the rules of cricket to this girl, and answering all her questions on the subject, and, as he didn't at any point in the proceedings punch her on the nose, one is entitled to deduce, I consider, that he must be strongly attracted by her. Ronnie thinks so, too. So what I'm asking you to do—"

"Good-by," said Pat.

They had reached the gate of the little drive that led to her house, and she turned in sharply.

"Eh?"

"Good-by."

"But, just a moment," insisted Hugo. "Will you—"

At this point he stopped in midsentence and began to walk quickly up the road. And Pat, puzzled to conjecture the reason for so abrupt a departure, received illumination a moment later when she saw her father coming down the drive.

Colonel Wyvern had been dealing murderously with snails in the shadow of a bush, and the expression on his face seemed to indicate that he would be glad to extend the treatment to Hugo.

"Look here, young Pat," said Hugo earnestly, "I want to ask you a favor."

He gazed after that officious young man with a steely eye. The second post had arrived a short time before, and it had included, among a number of bills and circulars, a letter from his lawyer, in which the latter regretfully gave it as his opinion that an action against Mr. Lester Carmody in the matter of that dynamite business would not lie. To bring such an action would, in the judgment of Colonel Wyvern's lawyer, be a waste both of time and money.

The communication was not calculated to sweeten the Colonel's temper, nor did the spectacle of his daughter in apparently pleasant conversation with one of the enemy help to cheer him up.

"What were you talking about to that fellow?" he demanded. It was rare for Colonel Wyvern to be the heavy father, but there are times when heaviness in a father is excusable. "Where did you meet him?"

HIS tone disagreeably affected Pat's already harrowed nerves, but she replied to the questions equably.

"I met him on the bridge. We were talking about John."

"Well, kindly understand that I don't want you to hold any communication whatsoever with that young man or his cousin John or his infernal uncle or any of that Hall gang! Is that clear?"

Her father was looking at her as if she were a snail which he had just found eating one of his lettuce leaves; but Pat still contrived with some difficulty to preserve a pale, saintlike calm.

"Quite clear."

"Very well, then."

There was a silence.

"I've known Johnny fourteen years," said Pat in a small voice.

"Quite long enough," grunted Colonel Wyvern.

Pat walked on into the house and up the stairs to her room.

There, having stamped on the basket and reduced it to a state where it would never again carry seed cake to excooks, she sat on her bed and stared, dry eyed, at her reflection in the mirror.

What with Dolly Molloy and Hugo and her father, the whole aspect of John Carroll seemed to be changing for her. No longer was she able to think of him as poor old Johnny. He had the glamour now of something unattainable and greatly to be desired. She looked back at a night, some centuries ago, when a fool of a girl had refused the offer of this superman's love, and shuddered to think what a mess of things girls can make.

And she had no one to confide in. The only person who could have understood and sympathized with her was Hugo's glass-eyed money

lender. He knew what it was to change one's outlook.

IV

MEANWHILE Mr. Alexander (Chimp) Twist stood with his shoulders against the mantelpiece in Mr. Carmody's study and, twirling his waxed mustache thoughtfully, listened with an expressionless face to Soapy Molloy's synopsis of the events which had led up to his being at the Hall this morning.

"Now, now, now," said Mr. Molloy.

Dolly reclined in a deep armchair. Mr. Carmody was not present, having stated that he preferred to leave the negotiations entirely to Mr. Molloy.

Through the open window the sounds and scents of summer poured in; but it is unlikely that Chimp Twist was aware of them. He was a man who believed in concentration, and his whole attention now was taken up by the remarkable facts which his old acquaintance and partner was placing before him.

The latter's conversation on the telephone some two hours before had left Chimp Twist with an open mind. He was hopeful, but cautiously hopeful. Soapy had insisted that there was a big thing on, but he had reserved his enthusiasm until he should learn the details.

The thing, he felt, might seem big to Soapy, but to Alexander Twist no things were big things unless he could see in advance a substantial profit for A. Twist in them.

Mr. Molloy, concluding his story, paused for a reply. The visitor gave his mustache a final twist, and shook his head.

"I don't get it," he said.

Mrs. Molloy straightened herself militantly in her chair.

Of all masculine defects, she liked slowness of wit least; and she had never been a great admirer of Mr. Twist.

"You poor, nut-headed swozzie," she said with heat. "What don't you get? It's simple enough, isn't it? What's bothering you?"

"There's a catch somewhere. Why isn't this guy Carmody able to sell the things?"

"It's the law, you poor fish. Soapy explained all that."

"Not to me he didn't," said Chimp. "A lot of words fluttered out of him, but they didn't explain anything to me. Do you mean to say there's a law in this country that says a man can't sell his own property?"

"It isn't his own property." Dolly's voice was shrill with exasperation. "The things belong in the family and have to be kept there. Does that penetrate, or have we got to use a steam drill?

"Listen here. Old George W. Ancestor starts one of these English families going—way back in the year G. Z. something. He says to himself, 'I can't last forever, and when I go, then what? My son Freddy is a good boy, handy with the battle-ax and okay at mounting his charger, but he's like all the rest of these kids—you can't keep him away from the hock shop as long as there's anything in the house he can raise money on. It begins to look like, the moment I'm gone, my collection of old antiques can kiss itself good-by.'

"And then he gets an idea. He has a law passed saying that Freddy can use the stuff as long as he lives, but he can't sell it. And Freddy, when his time comes, he hands the law on to his son Archibald, and so on, down the line till you get to this here now Carmody.

"The only way this Carmody can realize on all these things is to sit in with somebody who'll pinch them and then salt them away somewheres, so that after the cops are out of the house and all the fuss has quieted down they can get together and do a deal."

Chimp's face cleared.

"Now I'm hep," he said. "Now I see what you're driving at. Why couldn't Soapy have put it like that before? Well, then, what's the idea? I sneak in and swipe the stuff. Then what?"

"You salt it away."

"At Healthward Ho?"

"No!" said Mr. Molloy.

"No!" said Mrs. Molloy.

It would have been difficult to say which spoke with the greater emphasis, and the effect was to create a rather embarrassing silence.

"IT isn't that we don't trust you, Chimpie," said Mr. Molloy, when this silence had lasted some little time.

"Oh?" said Mr. Twist, rather distantly.

"It's simply that this bimbo Carmody naturally don't want the stuff to go out of the house. He wants it where he can keep an eye on it."

"How are you going to pinch it without taking it out of the house?"

"That's all been fixed. I was talking to him about it this morning after I phoned you. Here's the idea. You get the stuff and pack it away in a suitcase—"

"Stuff that there's only enough of so's you can put it all in a suitcase is a hell of a lot of use to anyone," commented Mr. Twist disparagingly.

Dolly clutched her temples. Mr. Molloy brushed his hair back from his forehead with a despairing gesture.

"Sweet potatoes!" moaned Dolly. "If you had another brain you'd just have one. A thing hasn't got to be the size of the Singer Building to be valuable, has it? I suppose if someone offered you a diamond, you'd turn it down be-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

PHOTOGRAPHS
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Dad wants that
PHOTOGRAPH
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How often you've said, 'I really *must* have that photograph taken with the children!" Dad wants the picture framed for his office desk, aunts and uncles often have asked for it. Let's set the time right now. Your family photographer will gladly co-operate, in your home or at his studio.

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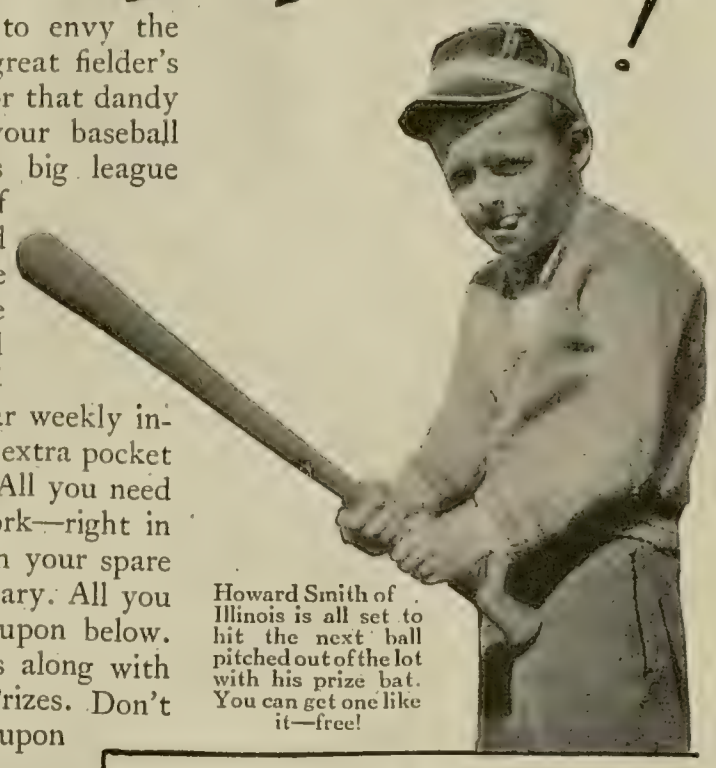
BOYS! You don't have to envy the other fellow with the great fielder's mitt, the fine league ball or that dandy bat! You can get all your baseball equipment free! And it's big league stuff, too. Thousands of boys all over the United States and Canada are playing the National Game with sporting goods received free! So can you. In addition you can have a regular weekly income. Think of having the extra pocket money when you want it! All you need do is some clean, easy work—right in your own neighborhood. In your spare time. No experience necessary. All you have to do is mail the coupon below. We'll send you full details along with our big catalog of Free Prizes. Don't wait any longer. Send the coupon at once!



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A Gift, My Dear

For Getting Slender

Excess fat means a serious blight to beauty, to health and vitality. Many a husband, if wives only knew, would give much to see it ended. Why not make a bargain?

The way is not hard, not unpleasant. Simply correct the cause, which often lies in a gland deficiency. Leading scientists, thirty years ago, discovered that cause for obesity. Their method of correction has now spread the world over. Physicians everywhere employ it.

Marmola prescription tablets embody that method. People have used them for twenty years—millions of boxes of them.

You see the results in every circle. Perhaps many of your friends can tell them. Excess fat, as you can see, is far less common than it was.

Abnormal exercise or diet is neither required nor advised, but moderation helps. The aim is to correct the cause—in faulty nutrition—in the best way known to modern science.

There are no secrets about Marmola. The complete formula appears in every package, also all known reasons for results. You will know the reasons for loss of fat, for the new vitality and health. So you will have no reason to suspect harm from results which seem so magical.

If you over-weigh, you owe to yourself a test of Marmola. Simply take four tablets daily and watch how the fat disappears. Not too rapidly, but in the right way, by correcting a deficiency.

Probably Marmola has proved itself worth its weight in gold to friends of yours. Learn now what it means to you. You cannot afford excess fat.

Marmola prescription tablets are sold by all druggists at $1.00 per box. Any druggist who is out will order from his jobber.

MARMOLA Prescription Tablets
The Pleasant Way to Reduce

[MONEY FOR NOTHING
Continued from page forty-nine]

cause it wasn't no bigger than a hen's egg."

"Diamond?" Chimp brightened. "Are there diamonds?"

"No, there aren't. But there's pictures and things, any one of them worth a packet. Go on, Soapy; tell him."

Mr. Molloy smoothed his hair and addressed himself to his task once more.

"Well, it's like this, Chimpie," he said. "You put the stuff in a suitcase and you take it down into the hall, where there's a closet under the stairs—"

"We'll show you the closet," interjected Dolly.

"Sure, we'll show you the closet," said Mr. Molloy generously. "Well, you put the suitcase in this closet and you leave it lay there. The idea is that later on I give old man Carmody my check and he hands it over and we take it away."

"He thinks Soapy owns a museum in America," explained Dolly. "He thinks Soapy's got all the money in the world."

"Of course, long before the time comes for giving any checks, we'll have got the stuff away."

MR. CHIMP digested this.

"Who's going to buy it, when you do get it away?" he asked.

"Oh, gee!" said Dolly. "You know as well as I do there's dozens of people on the other side who'll buy it."

"And how are you going to get it away, if it's in a closet in Carmody's house, and Carmody has the key—"

"Now, there," said Mr. Molloy, with a deferential glance at his wife, as if requesting her permission to reopen a delicate subject, "the madam and I had a kind of an argument. I wanted to wait till a chance came along sort of natural; but Dolly's all for quick action. You know what women are. Impetuous."

"If you'd care to know what we're going to do," said Mrs. Molloy definitely, "we're not going to hang around waiting for any chances to come along sort of natural. We're going to slip a couple of knock-out drops in old man Carmody's port one night after dinner, and clear out with the stuff while—"

"Knock-out drops?" said Chimp, impressed. "Have you got any knock-out drops?"

"Sure we've got knock-out drops. Soapy never travels without them."

"The madam always packs them in their little bottle first thing, before even my clean collars," said Mr. Molloy proudly. "So you see, everything's all arranged."

"Yeah?" said Mr. Twist. "And how about me?"

"How do you mean, how about you?"

"It seems to me," pointed out Mr. Twist, eying his business partner in rather an unpleasant manner with his beady little eyes, "that you're asking me to take a pretty big chance. While you're doping the old man, I'll be twenty miles away at Healthward Ho. How am I to know you won't go off

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Touch a Corn

With this amazing liquid

Acts like an anaesthetic
Stops pain in 3 seconds

INSTANTLY and at once, you can wear tight shoes, dance, walk in comfort. Then soon the corn or callus shrivels up and loosens.

You peel it off with your fingers like dead skin. No more dangerous paring.

Professional dancers by the score use this remarkable method. Acts instantly, like a local anaesthetic. Doctors approve it. Removes the whole corn, besides stopping pain at once.

Ask your druggist for "Gets-It." **Satisfaction guaranteed.** Works alike on any corn or callus—old or new, hard or soft.

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That's why every man or woman who longs for an attractive figure should take advantage of McCoy's offer. One sickly man regained his health and energy and added 28 pounds of needed flesh by following this sound advice.

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY]

with the stuff and leave me to whistle for my share?"

It is only occasionally that one sees a man who cannot believe his ears; but anybody who had been in Mr. Carmody's study at this moment would have been able to enjoy that interesting experience. A long moment of stunned and horrified amazement passed before Mr. Molloy was able to decide that he really had heard correctly.

"Chimpie! You don't suppose we'd double-cross you?"

"Ee-magine!" said Mrs. Molloy.

"Well, mind you don't," said Mr. Twist coldly. "But you can't say I'm not taking a chance. And now, talking turkey for a moment, how do we share?"

"Equal shares, of course, Chimpie."

"You mean half for me and half for you and Dolly?"

Mr. Molloy winced as if the mere suggestion had touched an exposed nerve.

"No, no, no, Chimpie! You get a third, I get a third, and the madam gets a third."

"Not on your life!"

"What?"

"Not on your life! What do you think I am?"

"I don't know," said Mrs. Molloy acidly. "But, whatever it is, you're the only one of it."

"Is that so?"

"Yes, that is so."

"Now, now, now," said Mr. Molloy, intervening. "Let's not get personal. I can't figure this thing out, Chimpie. I can't see where your kick comes in. You surely aren't suggesting that you should ought to have as much as I and the wife put together?"

"No, I'm not. I'm suggesting I ought to have more."

"What!"

"Sixty-forty's my terms."

A FEVERISH cry rang through the room. The temperamental Mrs. Molloy was very near the point past which a sensitive woman cannot be pushed.

"Every time we get together on one of these jobs," she said, with deep emotion, "we always have this same fuss about the divvying up. Just when everything looks nice and settled, you start this thing of trying to hand I and Soapy the nub end of the deal. What's the matter with you, that you always want the earth? Be human, why can't you, you poor lump of Camembert."

"I'm human, all right."

"You've got to prove it to me."

"What makes you say I'm not human?"

"Well, look in the glass and see for yourself," said Mrs. Molloy offensively.

The pacific Mr. Molloy felt it time to call the meeting to order once more.

"Now, now, now! All this isn't getting us anywheres. Let's stick to business. Where do you get that sixty-forty stuff, Chimp?"

"I'll tell you where I get it. I'm going into this thing as a favor, aren't I? There's no need for me to sit in at this game at all, is there? I've got a good, flourishing, respectable business of my own, haven't I? A business that's on the level. Well, then!"

DOLLY sniffed. Her husband's soothing intervention had failed signally to diminish her animosity.

"I don't know what your idea was in starting that Healthward Ho joint," she said, "but I'll bet my diamond sunburst it isn't on the level."

"Certainly it's on the level. A man with brains can always make a good living without descending to anything low and crooked. That's why I say that if I go into this thing it will simply be because I want to do a favor to two old friends."

"Old what?"

"Friends was what I said," repeated Mr. Twist. "If you don't like my terms, say so, and we'll call the deal off. It'll be all right by me. I'll simply get along back to Healthward Ho and go on running my good, flourishing, respectable business. Come to think of it, I'm not any too sold on this thing, anyway. I was walking in my garden this morning, and a magpie come up to me as close as that."

Mrs. Molloy expressed the view that this was tough on the magpie, but wanted to know what the bird's misfortune in finding itself so close to Mr. Twist that it could not avoid taking a good, square look at him had to do with the case.

"Well, I'm superstitious, same as everyone else."

"Oh, stop stringing the beads and talk sense," said Dolly wearily.

"I'm talking sense, all right. Sixty per cent or I don't come in. You wouldn't have asked me to come in if you could have done without me. Think I don't know that? Sixty's moderate. I'm doing all the hard work, aren't I?"

"Hard work?" Dolly laughed bitterly. "Everybody'll be out of the house on the night of this concert thing they're having down in the village, there'll be a window left open, and you'll just walk in and pack up the stuff. If that's hard, what's easy? We're simply handing you slathers of money for practically doing nothing."

"Sixty," said Mr. Twist. "And that's my last word."

"But, Chimpie—" pleaded Mr. Molloy.

"Sixty."

"Have a heart!"

"Sixty."

"It isn't as though—"

"Sixty."

Dolly threw up her hands despairingly.

"Oh, give it to him," she said. "He won't be happy if you don't. If a guy's middle name is Shylock, where's the use wasting time trying to do anything about it?"

All right. They agreed to give it to him. But you must not read, in next week's issue, what happened to that agreement, and what happened to those concerned, if laughter is bad for you.

Thanks to Gastrogen he gets quick digestive relief without distress from gas

"*What I like best about Gastrogen Tablets,*" writes Mr. Bradley Barker of 19 West 48th St., New York, "*is the absence of gas on the stomach after taking them. I used to take soda for indigestion, and never could escape these unpleasant after-effects. But the relief I get from Gastrogen Tablets is both quick and quiet. I think so highly of them I often offer them to my friends.*"

Some people prefer to suffer the discomfort of indigestion rather than take a dose of soda to relieve it. And you can't blame them. For the aftermath of soda is so often a series of embarrassing hiccups and stomach rumblings.

The trouble is that soda leaves an alkaline residue in the stomach. This hampers normal digestion and creates the gas that makes one so conspicuously miserable.

But there's not a trace of soda in Gastrogen Tablets. They are compounded of antacids that can act *only in the presence of acid.* So after neutralizing the acidity of the stomach, they cease work entirely and any excess passes from the system harmlessly and unchanged. You get quick relief—and you avoid the embarrassment of eructation (the doctors' term for the social error of belching).

Gastrogen Tablets do not in the least retard normal digestion, yet they work so quickly that they ordinarily drive away the discomforts of indigestion, heartburn and gas in 5 or 10 minutes. Two or three tablets are usually effective. Get them today and try them next time your dinner brings you discomfort. You'll be delighted with the comfortable relief they bring, and you'll thoroughly enjoy their spicy, aromatic flavor every time you take them.

Druggists have Gastrogen Tablets in handy pocket-tins of 15 Tablets for 20c; in cabinet-size bottles of 60 Tablets for 60c.

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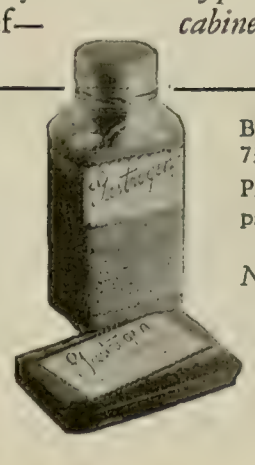
This reaction shows what happens in the stomach when you take soda:

$HCl+NaHCO_3=NaCl+CO_2+H_2O$

Notice the quantity of carbon dioxide set free, then compare it with this equation, which pictures the action of Gastrogen Tablets:

$HCl+\frac{1}{2}CaCO_3=$
$\frac{1}{2}CaCl_2+\frac{1}{2}CO_2+\frac{1}{2}H_2O$



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You can't avoid sunburn

Guard glorious vacation days with Unguentine

Soothe it . . . heal it . . . quickly

THE glorious freedom of a bathing suit . . . lazy, happy hours on pearly sand . . .

But be ready! Without warning you are sunburned; your skin is raw and fiery, it's torture to move. What then, of happy vacation days?

Keep Unguentine at hand—the dressing surgeons use for *all* burns. It soothes sunburn instantly, prevents blistering. With Unguentine you won't miss a single dip.

Use Unguentine liberally. You tan normally. At your druggist's, 50c. The Norwich Pharmacal Company, Norwich, N. Y. Canada—193 Spadina Avenue, Toronto.

Unguentine

Apply this famous surgical dressing liberally at the first suspicion of burn

A Reminder *to* Contributors *of*

WORD GOLF

IT is well to bear in mind that the last word of a WORD GOLF problem must carry some suggestion of the first. This week's prize holes illustrate what is meant. Note that they couple such words as Elms and Oaks, Star and Moon, Hour and Week, and so on.

Many contestants whose contributions are structurally correct, and in other respects highly desirable, fail to qualify for one of the weekly awards through not observing this rule.

LIBERTY will pay $5 for every *original* hole that it prints, but there are no prizes for solutions. You are invited to submit as many entries as you wish. Address them to WORD GOLF, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

The Winning Holes for This Week

ESTHER J. SIMPSON
Okmulgee, Okla.

E	L	M	S	
O	A	K	S	

HAROLD LAUFMAN
Chicago, Ill.

S	C	A	L	E
C	H	O	R	D

FRANK L. BERG
Robbinsville, Minn.

H	O	U	R	
W	E	E	K	

O. S. SLOAN
Viking, Alberta

R	A	S	P	
F	I	L	E	

A. J. COLMAN
Schenectady, N. Y.

S	T	A	R	
M	O	O	N	

MARY C. POPE
Washington, D. C.

T	U	R	F	
R	A	C	E	

At least two of the foregoing holes offer a chance for a birdie. See if you can beat the indicated par and we'll show you next week how we played them.

Solutions of Last Week's WORD GOLF

SNAP	BIRD	MOTH	VOLT	SCOUR	BRAN
SNIP	BIND	MOTE	MOLT	SCOUT	BEAN
SLIP	BEND	MORE	MALT	SHOUT	BEEN
SLAP	BENT	MIRE	MART	SHORT	BEES
SLAW	BEST	FIRE	WART	SHORE	BETS
CLAW	NEST	FIRS	WATT	SHONE	BATS
		FURS		SHINE	OATS

Bright Sayings *of* Children

LIBERTY will pay $5 for every published letter describing the bright saying of a child. Address the Bright Sayings Editor, LIBERTY, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Alas for Tradition!

A friend took my son on a long promised visit to West Point. When he returned I asked how he enjoyed seeing all the soldiers. A disappointed little face looked up at me.

"Muzzie," he said, "I didn't see one soldier; but they sure have a lot of bell-hops at West Point."—Gaynor P. Collester, 19 Meadow Ave., Bronxville, N. Y.

* * *

Nothing Left to the Imagination

Several neighbor children were playing school in our yard, and I watched them, unseen. Harold, the teacher, asked that the arithmetic lessons be handed in.

Upon examining Arthur's papers, he said to him:

"What are these?" pointing to a line of figures.

"Sixes," answered Arthur.

"Sixes?" said Harold. "After this, when you make sixes, write beside them that they are sixes."—Mary M. Sauers, Muth St., N. S., Pittsburgh, Pa.

* * *

A Happy Symbol

Warren was ill in the hospital, and a friend had sent flowers, among them some ferns which had withered almost immediately. Next day his Aunt Flo was sitting beside him, when he remarked: "Auntie Flo, see those flowers? Well, I am like them—they're alive; the fern died yesterday." — Warren Lauricella, 1505 Mitchell St., Oakland, Calif.

Sergeant Alvin C. York

The OUTSTANDING MILITARY EPIC OF THIS GENERATION

THE authentic, never-before published war-diary of Alvin C. York, the praying sergeant who became America's most distinguished soldier, is now appearing in LIBERTY! . . . You've never read anything that surpasses this story for simple, unstudied dramatic power! . . . York scribbled it by candle-light in the training-camps; on the crowded transports; in the stinking dugouts. . . . It's written in the quaint language of the backwoods. It packs more honest thrills than any best seller on the list! Read the second installment of

SERGEANT YORK OF TENNESSEE

In this issue of

Liberty
A Weekly for Everybody

MEDITERRANEAN
s s "Transylvania" sailing Jan. 30
66 days, $600 to $1750

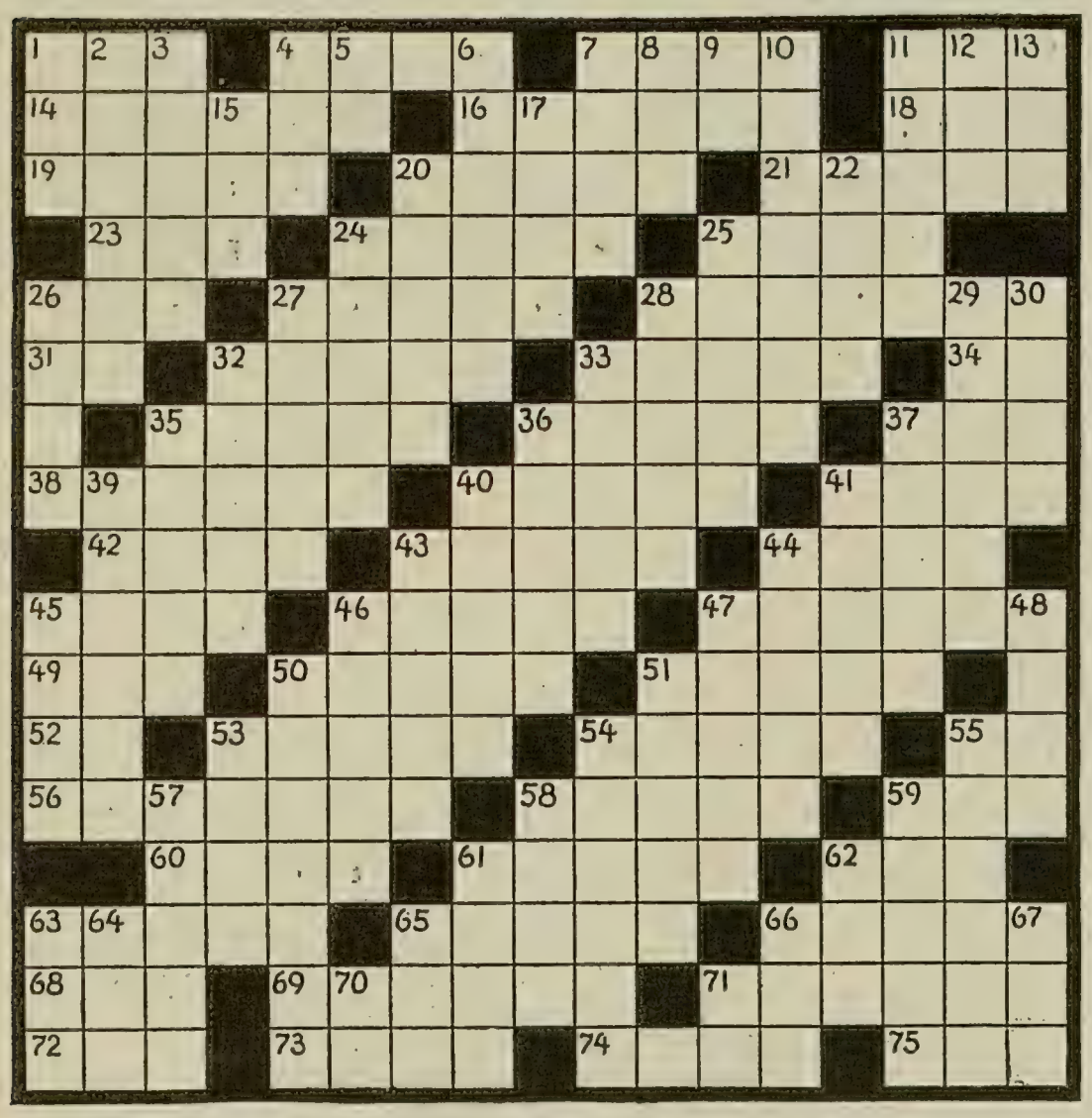
Clark's 25th cruise, including Madeira, Canary Islands, Morocco, Spain, (Granada) Algiers, Malta, Athens, Constantinople, 15 days Palestine and Egypt, Italy, Riviera, Havre, (Paris), Glasgow. Europe stop-over. Including hotels, guides, motors, etc.

9th World Cruise (Westward)
Jan. 16; 110 days, $1000 to $2500
Expect about 550 tourists

F. C. Clark, Times Bldg., N. Y.

FOUR DIAGONALS PUZZLE

Here's light puzzle fare for warm weather. For most solvers it should be an easy matter to romp through it in fifteen minutes, or less, even without dictionary aid.

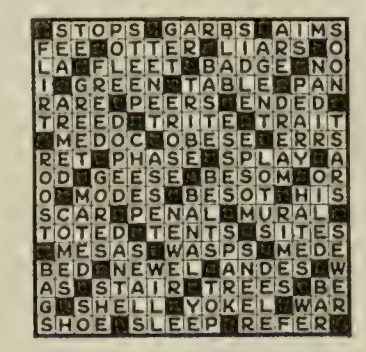


HORIZONTAL

1 Viper
4 Capable
7 Point that stands backward in an arrow
11 Mineral spring
14 Herb used as a relish
16 More nimble
18 Conveyance
19 Puff up
20 Move stealthily
21 Images
23 By way of
24 Tolerate
25 On top of
26 Wager
27 Author of Guy Mannering
28 To declare
31 Exists
32 Gleamed
33 Yours
34 Toward
35 Alarm
36 Pasture land
37 A descendant
38 Get free from custody
40 Ascended
41 A fish
42 Five and one-half yards
43 Packing case
44 One of the surfaces of a solid
45 Drug-yielding plant
46 Craws
47 Guides
49 Illuminated
50 To censure
51 Agitates
52 Printer's measure
53 A play
54 Spreads between two definite limits
55 Pronoun
56 Moves in a continuous flow
58 Pure; utter
59 Drinking vessel
60 Bears young, as a sheep
61 Gaze fixedly
62 Evil
63 Mingle together
65 Winged
66 Beach
68 Help
69 Complete
71 Fondle
72 An affirmative
73 Duo
74 Liquid globule
75 Still

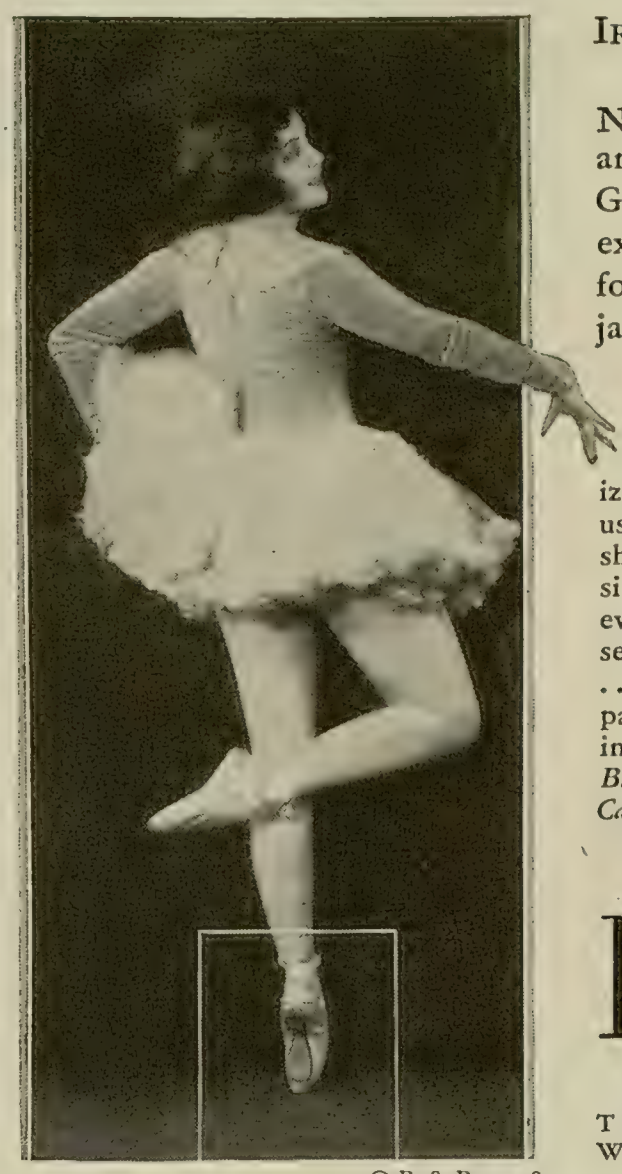
VERTICAL

1 Playing card
2 Individuals considered as identical persons
3 Braid
4 Form of to be
5 At
6 State or condition
7 A nail
8 Suffer illness
9 Note of the scale
10 Englishmen
11 Range
12 Shallow vessel
13 Measures of area
15 Letter of the Greek alphabet
17 Confined
20 Rock
22 Shelter for small domestic animals
24 Tally
25 Ascend
26 Secretion of the liver
27 Contour
28 Aspect
29 Furnace tender
30 Character of a sound
32 Climb, as by a ladder
33 Jogs
35 Go suddenly and swiftly (colloquial)
36 A fruit
37 Takes the part of
39 Splinter
40 Pleasant odor
41 Wharves
43 Stuffs
44 Stench
45 Malt liquor (plural)
46 Bivalves
47 Gaze
48 Percolate
50 Marked with a hot iron
51 Show mercy to
53 College official
54 Declared
55 Mix confusedly
57 Tall bamboolike grasses
58 Asterisk
59 Confectionery
61 Cut into strips
62 Forbid
63 Chestnut colored
64 Recline
65 Devoured
66 Undermine
67 To place
70 Letter of the Greek alphabet
71 Perform



Answer to last week's puzzle

FAMOUS FEET
how they're kept free from corns



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IRENE DELROY'S *Dancing Feet*

No wonder the stars of screen and stage endorse Blue-jay . . . Gifted feet must be guarded from experiments . . . And of all ways for the treatment of corns, Blue-jay is the safe and gentle way.

No chance of injuring delicate skin tissue with an over-application. Each plaster is a standardized treatment for any corn. You can't use too much nor too little. Removes shoe-pressure. Stops pain at once. A single plaster usually ends the corn, but even a stubborn old-timer yields to a second or third . . . The new Blue-jay . . . with the improved creamy-white pad . . . at all drug stores, at no increase in price. *For Calluses and Bunions use Blue-jay Bunion and Callus Plasters.*

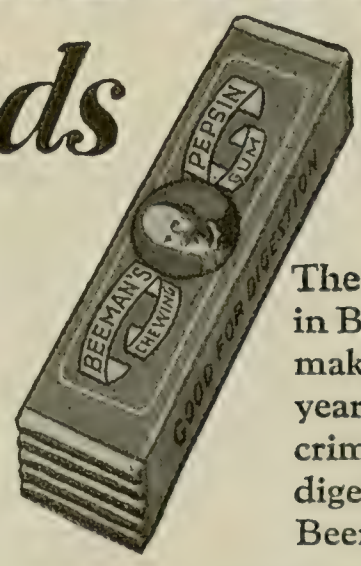
THE new Blue-jay

THE SAFE AND GENTLE WAY TO END A CORN

Beeman's PEPSIN GUM

because you like it and because . . . . .

aids digestion



The fresh flavor and smooth quality in Beeman's Pepsin Gum alone would make it a favorite—and for over 30 years it has been the choice of discriminating people because it also aids digestion. Don't forget your stick of Beeman's Pepsin Gum after meals!

VOX POP

Those Pirate Pictures

PUNTA GORDA, FLA.—I am at a loss for words to describe my admiration for Norman Price's work in illustrating my pirate series. Drawing, composition, character work — all seem unusually fine. Since the death of Howard Pyle, with the exception of Norman Price, there is no such work being done today.

I am most grateful to Mr. Price for putting the vital spark into my stuff.—*Robert W. Chambers.*

To Attack What?

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Ugh! Your article, "Rhinos," by James L. Clark,

gave me a bad night. Those terrifying double horns which your photos showed must have stuck in my mind.

Because, from bedtime to getting up time, with few intermissions, I was chased by the granddaddy of all nightmare brutes: a rhino almost as big as an elephant, with horns always just ready to attack my rear guard.—*F. Meriwether.*

Points of View

TOLEDO, OHIO—I have been a faithful reader of your magazine for some time, but that article by Mr. Sidney Sutherland, "The Execution Picture of Mrs. Snyder," was so repulsive that I have decided to never look at LIBERTY again.

If such acts are necessary in the making of a "good" reporter, please excuse me. I would prefer to be a good second story man.—*George J. Coddington.*

OWENSBORO, KY.—In regard to your article, "The Execution Picture of Mrs. Snyder," it appears to me that to take advantage of the host, even at an "execution party," was a dirty trick, and to publish the article was still worse.—*G. W. Gard.*

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Whatever the ethics of the taking of "The Execution Picture of Mrs. Snyder," it must be admitted that Sidney Sutherland and Thomas Howard carried out a difficult job gamely and successfully.

Other newspapers tried to get pictures of the execution, and failed. Mr. Howard's sin seems to be that he succeeded.—*Arthur Frank.*

"The Solid South"

TAMPA, FLA.—Nearly all of the magazines are now publishing articles concerning the South: Why the South does this and does that, and will the South go Republican.

Ninety-nine per cent of the articles shun, or apparently do, the real question uppermost in the minds of the regular Southerner. The South will never embrace a party that, in any way whatever, offers the Negro equal suffrage with the whites. You can bet the last dollar you have on that. Whisky, alcohol, and all that rot mean absolutely zero when the Negro question comes up.

We, as Southerners, might as well be frank about it. We know that if the question of Negro dominance was brought forward, every mother's son of us would instantly don the khaki and forsake our homes for the trenches.

There is no compromising. We will die fighting with our backs to the wall on this principle. Why not admit it? There would be no choice between the Pope as President and a Negro as Governor of Tennessee.—*Ray A. Frame.*

So?

ROSWELL, N. M.—Talk about the fake picture taken of Dempsey in the shipyard, with overalls on! What about the picture of Tunney wearing a helmet and carrying a bayonet, in your article, "Private J. J. Tunney, Marine," by Norman S. Hall?

Tunney never used either one, any more than Dempsey did the overalls. —*C. L. Hammerton.*

A Pleasant Time All Round

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Just laid down that story, "Gas!" by Edward Doherty.

"Gas" is right. I felt as if somebody had been holding my nose over

a jet from which poured a noxious flood of—gas.

Of all repellent weaklings, those three characters in that tale took the Cup—a Cup filled to the brim with wood alcohol.—*Pete M.*

And on the Other Hand—

COLUMBUS, OHIO—Edward Doherty's "Gas!" was superb. It was drenched in beauty. It possessed its full measure of romance, yet retained manly, sturdy qualities. It was vivid, the characters delightful, and the story was one that will not be forgotten soon by its readers.

Congratulations!—*Philip C. Shera.*

Dunno; We'll Ask Eddie

CEDAR FALLS, IA.—Tell Eddie Doherty, for me, that he is plausible and knows how to say it, but that "Gas!" is the forty-third triangle story I've read or seen pictured. They were all alike. The third party conveniently died or committed suicide.

What would Eddie have done if *Bob* had got well and asked *Dick* to keep his promise?—*E. E. Alger.*

Fast Worker, That's All

MCKEESPORT, PA.—That story "Gas!" by Edward Doherty, sure was a hair raiser in more ways than one. The picture on the first page showed *Dick Stanley* lying in bed with a clean shaven face and, a few minutes later that same morning, we find him looking into the mirror, giving "most of his attention to his mustache and his temples."

Please forward the formula he uses, as I have been trying to raise one for the past several months.

I might add, though, that I thoroughly enjoyed the story, and hope to see more like it.—*D. J. L.*

Are You Lonely?

MARIETTA, OHIO—Surely you can find a *few* more morons who can write. Don't stop digging 'em up.—*"Ohio."*

All Right; Here It Is

ROANOKE, VA.—For the "Love o' Lil," please have one of those old-time famous LIBERTY contests.

Contests made LIBERTY and they will make it grow.

Publish this if you wish, and just see how many replies you receive from your readers wanting a contest. —*Ray Mack.*

From a Soldier's Wife

FORT HANCOCK, N. J.—"For many years the Chinese have despised the soldier. They have gone in for the virtues of peace—probity in banking, dependability in trade, integrity in family life, etc.

"The soldier has been looked on as a gutter rat, and Chinese armies have been recruited from the lowest elements of the population."

I call your attention to this quotation from a recent editorial in LIBERTY. You were, of course, talking of the military situation in China, but, let me tell you, the same situation exists in America today. I know. I married into the army. There was much objection to my marriage from both friends and relatives.

The general opinion of the public toward our soldiers (the enlisted men) is that they are a bunch of cutthroats, thieves, and drunks. They simply are not accepted by the best people.

You don't have to go to China to find a situation such as you described. Just look around in America.—*Elfreida W. Jetta.*

He That Runs May Read

WASHINGTON, D. C.—I was interested in your editorial, "Japan and China." What you say is to a large extent true. The misfortunes of China derive from a number of causes, but pacifism and lack of patriotism have played a major part.

But I was sorry you did not go further and point out that the United States is following the same path that China has followed.

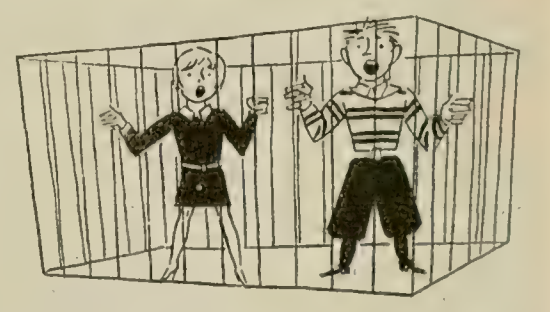
Pacifists and church societies are strong enough to intimidate Congress to the extent that it does not dare favor even a moderate increase in the navy. Our navy, already a poor second, is moving toward third place.

The diplomatic voice of the United States is just as strong as its navy. The country is just as secure as its navy is strong. A weak navy is worse than none.

No, let us not waste sympathy on China, that footmat of the nations. We shall soon be in that place ourselves. And who will pity us?—*J. A. Green.*

Advice to Parents

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—I was intensely interested in Mary E. Hamil-



ton's article about runaway boys and girls, called "The Way Home."

After reading it, I was more convinced than ever that the only way to bring up children is to develop them by freedom, and not weaken them by restraint. I have found from my own experience that those human relationships are most permanent that are most loosely held.

Put a child in a cage and he gets to be just like a little animal—anxious to escape.—*(Mrs.) W. B. S.*

Perhaps

NEW YORK, N. Y.—That story of Wallace Reid's life, by Adela Rogers St. Johns, is marvelous! It is the best written story I have ever read of such a man.

Perhaps it will teach people to be more friendly and considerate of men of that type, *while they live.*—*F. E. Barns.*

How About Pages 9, 14, 33, 43, 57, 63, and 69, in This Issue?

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—I have noted with no small interest the number of pages you devote to women's affairs. I think you should give us men a page or two for things of interest to us.—*James F. Foley.*

BENRUS WATCHES

THE STRAP WATCH OF SPORTSMEN

Winners!

GENE TUNNEY *and his* BENRUS STRAP WATCH!

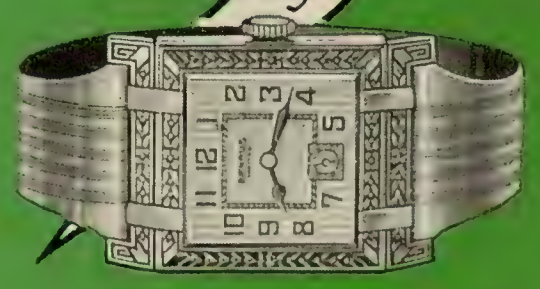
DODGE, feint, tap, duck! Dancing all over the ring—a rain of blows, parried with supreme grace—the mastery of skill over brute force!

What Tunney does, with all the world looking on, his Benrus Strap Watch does silently, inconspicuously. It *resists shock*, is *accurate*, is *dependable*. It wins!

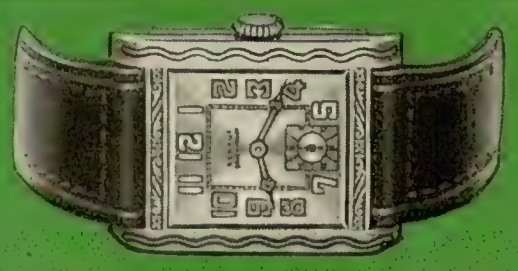
Inside a Benrus is a wonderful new safeguard of which no other watch in the world can boast—

The handsomely engraved case of this new exclusive Benrus model protects a 15-jewel movement of proved precision . . . 35^{00}

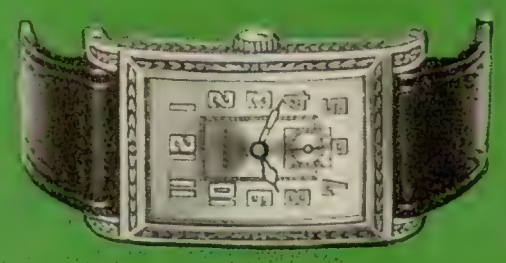
SHOCKPROOF



THE GENE TUNNEY BENRUS



CROYDON . . *15 jl. Enamelled* . . $24.75



CORSAIR . . *15 jl. Curved to Wrist* . . $49.50

the Benrus *Shockproof feature!* At your desk, in your sports, it protects Benrus precision from the daily shocks that a watch must withstand.

No wonder *champions* choose the Benrus: Babe Ruth, Gene Sarazen, Earl Sande, Vincent Richards—the list is endless! *You* can have the same dependable time on your wrist which *they* enjoy! *You* can have the watch of champions!

Stop at your jeweler's today—see the Shockproof Benrus for yourself! Benrus Watches: $24.75 to $3400.00. Benrus prices vary with individual designs, but Benrus quality is invariable.

BENRUS WATCH COMPANY—NEW YORK

Also creators of

the exquisite "Wrist Watch of Fashion"

Your face wants to know

SOAP ON THE OTHER SIDE—ANY SHAVING SOAP ON ONE SIDE—BARBASOL ON THE OTHER

—LET YOUR FACE DECIDE

YOU may think soap is all right for shaving. But everyone who uses Barbasol thinks Barbasol gives a *faster, cleaner, smoother, cooler* shave.

Who's right about it? Your face wants to know.

Let your face decide!

Make This 3-Day Test

Apply any shaving soap just the way you have to use soap—hot water, brush, rub-in, hot towels, more soap, more brush, more lathering, give Soap & Co. all the breaks—*but only on one-half of your face!*

Now wet down *the other side*—with hot water or cold. Then spread on a film of creamy, cooling Barbasol. No brush. No lathering. No rub-in. Just shave! Like this:

1 —*Wash the face {and leave it wet}*
2 —*Spread on Barbasol {but don't rub in}*
3 —*Shave!*

Your face will decide for Barbasol. Because Barbasol shaves easier, cleaner, closer, faster. Barbasol shaves last longer—because Barbasol is 100% beard softener: no air bubbles. Barbasol leaves that fresh, cool, soft feeling, because Barbasol leaves the natural oils right in the skin.

Now—for Your Vacation

Why pack mugs, wet brushes, or other paraphernalia? Take a handy tube of Barbasol and the good old trusty blade for camping, touring, yachting, fishing or that swell new golf resort.

Barbasol's a great protector and relief from sunburn, windburn, chap.

And here's something New! Barbasol Skin Freshener, a great pick-up for the tired skin. Use it after shaving, after bathing, any time.

Let your face know Barbasol! Big tube of Barbasol 35c and 65c. Barbasol Skin Freshener 65c. All druggists.

THE BARBASOL COMPANY
Indianapolis, Indiana

Barbasol

For Modern Shaving

P. & A. photo

Flying students watching Captain Fred Becker explain an airplane's rudder and flipper action.

I Learn to FLY

An Amateur's Investigation of How Pilots Get That Way

By

RICHARD CARROLL

(Reading time: 18 minutes 54 seconds.)

MR. CARROLL, who had never been in an airplane, was asked to take a pilot's course and write of his experiences. He has told of his preliminary registration, physical examination, and his first practice hop. There follows the detailed record of his lessons and sensations.

PART TWO *(Conclusion)*

April 4.

I HAVE had my second flight. Today I spent nearly thirty minutes in the air. My feeling, as I ride home from Mineola in the train, is one of elation. This morning I was nervous. Captain Becker doubted the wisdom of taking me up. The air was very bumpy, choppy. His reluctance did not help me. When we started off the ship rocked badly. I thought we would not clear the hangar. The control of the plane was as deep a mystery as ever.

Becker informed me that it might not be so rough at 1,500 feet. Evidently it was, for he would not permit me to take control. My hand was on the stick. My thoughts were not. We dipped and turned and rolled. My only definite feeling was one of relief when we came down. I was in process of getting air minded.

April 10.

Nearly a week has passed since I have been up. Weather conditions made flight impossible for students. High winds and rain, especially wind. Jennys are powered with ninety horse power motors and have heavy bodies. They are not meant for rough weather. Modern ships have light bodies and motors that run up to 250 horse power.

Today the wind was less, but not enough to permit my gaining much. Becker's orders were the same as at first—keep my hand on the control stick and follow its movements.

I discovered a serious fault. When it is necessary to turn, the ship is tilted in the desired direction and the rudder kicked in that direction. The rudder action is the same as that of the tiller on a sailing ship. The whole process is called banking. Banking prevents skidding in the air. My fault is that I bank the ship to the right and kick the rudder left, a highly dangerous idea. If followed through, the ship would naturally go into a spin, get out of control, and it would take a good pilot to get her out.

Becker, I notice, keeps his feet firmly on the bar. It has been so long since my last lesson that I gained little today. I am, I think, getting over my nervousness. This, perhaps, is the greatest step forward. There are so many controls to watch that all thought must be centered on them.

If I keep thinking of what might happen to me if something should go wrong I'll never be a pilot. The thing is 99 per cent mental.

May 1.

Have not flown for twenty days. Bad. It hasn't helped my flying any to remain away so long. Today was like starting all over again. To begin with, the weather was bad. The sky was heavy in the west. It looked like a real storm brewing. But I had been away so long Becker decided to give me a few minutes anyway. No sooner had he given me the stick at 2,500 feet than he took it away again. Glad of it, too. In the short time I had control the ship rocked and rolled and grunted. We had been up five minutes when Becker pointed to the left. I looked and saw heavy black clouds rolling toward us, far too close for comfort.

My effort to take the flight casually was lost. Becker looked around at me and smiled. I hope he did not realize the sickliness of the grin I gave back. To the left the sky was black as ink. Rain, sheets of it, covered the horizon from earth to heaven. It was coming fast. I made a feeble gesture toward the earth, trying to laugh lightly. The roar of the engine forbade words. Becker throttled down the motor. He leaned back.

"Ever see anything like that?" he asked.

"Isn't it marvelous?" I answered, hardly knowing what I was saying. Becker turned the plane's nose toward the storm, flying into it. I thought of cases where pilots had gone insane in the air. We were going up and up—3,000, 3,500, 4,000, 5,000 feet.

WE were to the east of the storm and just over it. The clouds beneath us were white. Top of the black storm clouds. It was the silver lining that Tin Pan Alley writes about. It wasn't funny. We flew closer to it. One wing of the plane cut into the edge of it. I had no idea where the field was. We skimmed back and forth along the edge.

Becker pointed the ship east. The storm was on our tail. He headed the ship down, almost straight down. The engine shut off. Faster and faster. The old Jenny shivered in every rib. The wind whistled through her rigging. She was traveling as fast as she ever traveled before. Down, down. The earth seemed very far away. Then we circled over the field.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Best Queen C for Ladies' Sport Shoes

Non-skid Tread for Sport Shoes

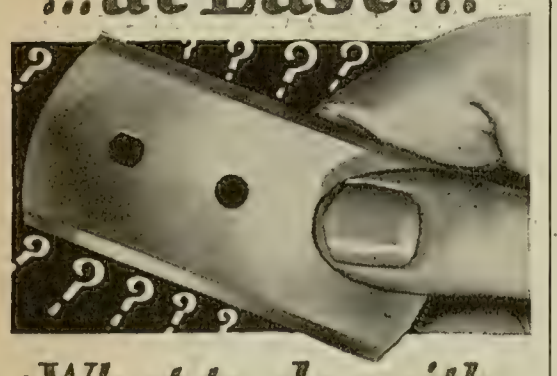
ONLY genuine GRO-CORD Soles have twisted cord-tire cords fused on end in live rubber—best non-skid tread in the world for sport shoes, street shoes, and work shoes. Worn by millions. Used by leading shoe manufacturers. Avoid imitations. Ask your dealer for shoes with GRO-CORD soles.

LIMA CORD SOLE & HEEL CO.
Lima, Ohio

GRO-CORD SOLES

Cord tire wear in every pair

Solved ...at Last!!!



What to do with Old Razor Blades!

DON'T throw them away! For old razor blades are worth *real* money—now that KRISS-KROSS rejuvenates them an amazing way—and gives them the kind of edge you have only *dreamed* about until now. And not only that, it can take a *new* blade right out of a fresh package and increase its sharpness almost 100%!

KRISS-KROSS makes blades *last* astonishingly, too. Ten weeks of slick shaves from a single blade is only a *low* average—while any number of cases are on record where one blade has lasted for 365 keen, cool shaves a year!

SPECIAL OFFER NOW

KRISS-KROSS fits *all blades* except Durham—and to make it easy to test it, we are announcing a special limited offer. Right now we are including FREE a new kind of razor never sold in stores. Adjusts 3 ways and is absolutely unlike anything ever seen before. Find out about it today. No obligation. Clip coupon below for offer. Mail it now!

AGENTS

Found out how to make $100 a week and more just showing KRISS-KROSS to men in your locality. Full or spare time. R. S. Hopkins (Mich.) made $20 first day. We show you how. It's easy. Check bottom of coupon for details and generous proposition. Mail it now.

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[I LEARN TO FLY Continued from page fifty-seven]

The thrill of landing was lost in the greater thrill of getting away from the storm. On the ground again. How friendlily solid the earth! Becker shook his head at me.

"Didn't realize we were up so high. That wasn't so good up there."

I asked him, "Do you mean it was dangerous?"

"Sure it was. I didn't intend to get up so high. We just beat that storm back."

As he spoke, the first drops of rain began to fall. We had beaten the storm by less than a minute. The sky was black overhead.

May 8.

Went up today after a full week of bad weather. Wind and rain, especially wind. The wind, of course, seldom blew hard enough to keep experienced men on the ground. I was a student and I was flying in an old, workworn Jenny.

The wind was fair today. For the first time I got the feeling that I was controlling the ship. Becker lifted both hands and rested his arms outside the cockpit to show me that he was not helping me. He would point to the left and I would dip the left side and push the rudder bar with my left foot. The ship answered. But the nose of the ship would not remain level.

Becker pointed to the horizon, sighting the radiator cap of the motor with the skyline. That was the level at which to hold her. For the first time, too, I began to understand the action of air currents. On gusty days the air is filled with bumps, eddies, whorls, and "bugs" of all kinds. When one wing of the ship passes over a spot where the air is less dense than on the other side, that side sinks, tilting the ship. The control stick is immediately pushed to the opposite side to regain balance.

Small air spouts whirling up from the ground will strike a wing, sending it up. The other side is immediately sent up by the control stick. Experienced pilots anticipate these bumps. Becker seemed to smell them coming.

I was not nervous today. The various motions of the ship highly interested me. The stick began to feel less strange in my hands. We flew for half an hour. At no time did I know where I was.

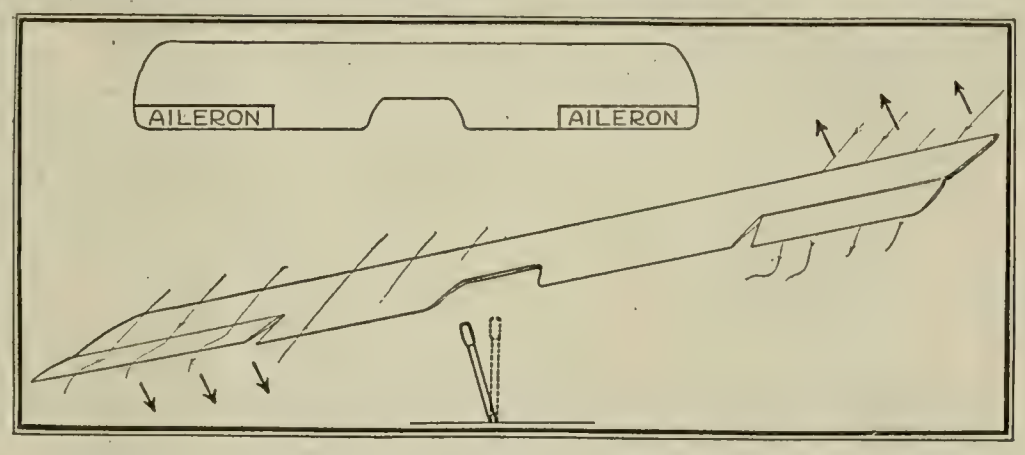
When we came down, Becker having taken control to make the landing, I felt that the time would never come when I could go up there alone and fly. I mentioned my fear to Becker. He explained that most beginners feel that way. It would come to me all at once. I refused to believe him.

May 9.

Glorious day today. For the first time I can ride home and feel, as the train pokes along, that I have accomplished something definite. I flew for fifty-five minutes today—twenty-five minutes in the morning and thirty this afternoon. The air was like glass.

In the morning session I flew the ship alone, after Becker took off, and rose to 500 feet. All the time I could see his hands resting on the cockpit. Not once did he have to take control. I followed his directions. He would lift his hands when he wanted me to fly upward; lower them to descend. I turned and banked, and felt as if I knew what I was doing.

After more than twenty minutes of this he pointed down. The field was to the left. Becker made a circle with his finger. I understood. Banking to the left and at the same time pushing forward on the control stick, I headed the ship straight down for the field. It was the first time I had attempted to fly toward a definite object.



When the control stick is pushed to the left, the ailerons, working as shown in the diagram, tip the ship in that direction. The opposite movement tips the airplane to the right.

Fifty feet from the ground—at least, I think now it was about fifty—Becker signed to pull her nose up. I did so. Down again. We were skimming over the field. Becker's hand disappeared. I knew he had control. The ticklish part of landing. We flew along, motor off, ten feet from the ground. Six feet. Slower. Four feet. The stick jerked back, the tail went down. The iron skid under the tail hit the ground. The skid, acting as a brake, pulled the nose down. The wheels touched and we rolled along to a standstill.

The gentle art of landing: fine sight, fine touch, perfect sense of balance, perfect judgment of distance—that's all. No wonder the doctor made me stand on one foot, made me squint at candlelights!

WE had lunch. Becker explained how the controlling parts of the ship functioned. I had thought that when the control stick was pushed to the left the whole wing dropped. Now I discovered what ailerons were: the hinged outer edge of the wing that rises or sinks while the rest of the wing remains rigid. My ignorance was alarming.

When the control stick moves to the right, the hinged part, which is an oblong piece of the wing about three feet six inches long by eight inches wide, rises on the right side and drops on the left side. The air, therefore, hits one on top and the other at the bottom, forcing one wing to rise and the other to fall. The flippers act like the tail of a fish and are controlled by the pushing backward or forward of the stick. The rudder is controlled by the rudder bar turning right or left.

I asked Becker what happened when the control stick refused to work. It was an unfortunate question. My instructor pointed to his leg. He told me what had happened. Flying for more than ten years, he had gone through every possible phase of the game without serious accident.

During the war he had been a squadron commander on submarine patrol. He had worked his way up from the ranks to a commission as senior lieutenant in the Naval Air Force. In 1925 he won a race at Mitchel Field, Long Island.

The following spring he went out after three world's records. It was necessary to tie a bag of sand over the cockpit for ballast. Going at top speed, the sandbag broke loose and fell into the cockpit, on the control stick. It was impossible to move it.

Becker brought the ship down—he doesn't say how.

Becker, with twenty minutes to live, kept living in hospitals and doctors' offices for two years. Only recently he was pronounced fit again. For several years he had been a chief test pilot in the navy. He feels the urge to go back again.

Went up again after lunch. Becker instructed me first in the take-off: Give her all the gas she can take. Push the stick forward, hard, to get her tail up. Feel when she has flying speed. You've got to feel it. When you feel she can rise, pull back the stick, not too hard. Then straighten her out. Simple.

I pushed the accelerator. We rolled ahead, gathering speed. I pushed the stick and felt the tail bob up. I was afraid her nose would go into the ground. Becker gave the stick a harder push. We were going fast. I was trying to feel when to pull back. Becker did it for me and we were off the ground.

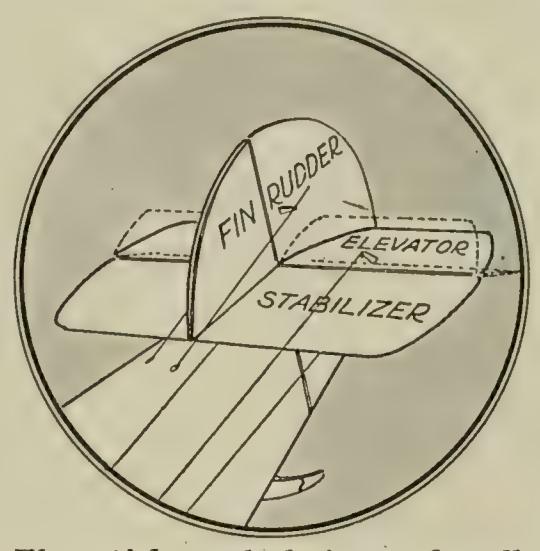
I pulled back the next time and the ship leaped up—if a Jenny can leap. I straightened out the ship. We flew along, fifty feet from the ground. I pulled back again. We rose higher. Over 100 feet now. Straight again. Back again. Higher.

A Jenny is a heavy ship. To point its nose straight up and expect the engine to pull the heavy load into the air means disaster. She stalls. At 100 feet from the ground a stall means—well, whatever happens to be your opinion of sudden death.

Becker pointed to the left. I headed the ship that way. We passed over Mitchel Field. Not encouraged to land there too often. Army rules. No nervousness now. I was trying to fly the ship and at the same time locate myself. I knew Mitchel Field. Curtiss Field was behind us. We headed north-

east. Ten miles, maybe more. We circled over plowed lands, a green spot in the middle.

Becker motioned down. I pointed the nose of the ship down. Becker shook his head. Circled with his finger. I circled. He pointed down again. This time we were headed south. Once more I pushed the stick forward. With a certain timidity I shut off the engine. Becker nodded approval. Down. We landed.



The stick pushed forward pulls down the tail elevators, forcing the tail up and the nose down. The reverse points the nose up.

Becker explained: Give her the gas in spurts when coming down, to keep the engine clear so that she will not stall. The engine idles when the gas is shut off; like an automobile. To stop her it is necessary to shut off the ignition. This might prove serious.

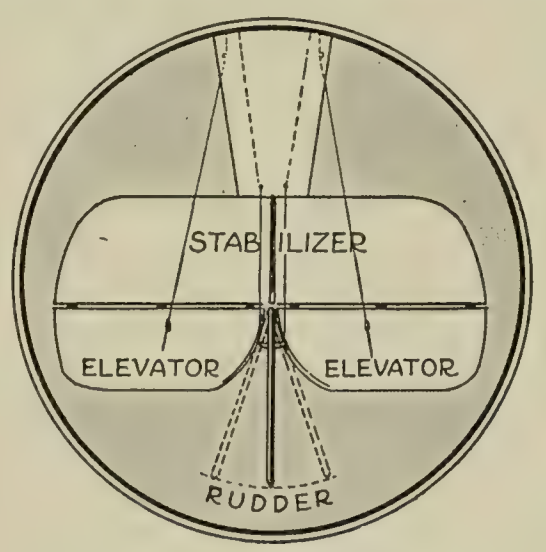
Why did he not let me come down in the direction I had first taken? He explained. Always come down into the wind.

How did he know which way the wind was blowing? The wind from the propeller was a constant gale in one direction, ours. So far as I knew, the wind had not changed in the few minutes we had been flying.

It had.

How did Becker know? By the action of the ship, by smoke from the factories and houses? There were no factories, no houses. The sense of it. A dozen half explainable signs. I would learn by experience only.

I like Becker's method of instruction. He lets a student find things out himself. When the student finds out for himself he isn't so likely to forget.



The rudder bar pushed with the right foot moves the rudder to the right and turns the plane in that direction, or vice versa.

Several times we took off and landed. We flew back. I took off and landed at Curtiss Field. Proud of myself. I jot these notes down in the locker room. Several of the pilots are here. McMahon is here. He's an old-timer, too.

Captain Becker is "upstairs" again, flying. Another pupil. McMahon is waiting for his man to come. We stroll out on the field. McMahon sounds interesting. I question him. What do you call a tough break in the air? What you mean? What was your most thrilling experience?

McMahon thinks back. Over the Green Mountains, he remembers, caught between two thunderstorms. Trying to fly through them. Closing in. Blackness. Straight ahead. Worse. Must land. Only 800 feet up at the time. Point her down. For twenty minutes trying to force his plane to a mere drop of 800 feet. No land bobs up.

The storm clears a little. For the first time he can see his instruments. He is 2,200 feet up, and he has been flying down! Whirlpool between two storms. Caught by an upward current of air.

McMahon, telling his yarn with half interest, sights a bright fur piece far across the field. I can hardly make it out. She's a blonde, I learn later. Some fellow with her showing her the field. He isn't an aviator.

McMahon likes her looks, evidently. She's attractive. In two minutes he has her in a Fairchild passenger plane, going for a ride, and she pays five dollars for the privilege. Her helpless escort sees her depart. McMahon tucks her in. I learned a lot today about airplanes, pilots, and women. They seem to go together. A colorful lot.

May 10.

Went down to the field today. Gusty. Too bumpy to go up. Becker willing to take me, but I decided I wouldn't gain anything if I couldn't fly the ship myself. Had a talk with M. M. Merrill, the manager of the field. Merrill is one of the most colorful of pilots. Long experience. Also sports a broken leg. One of those things. Tried to land an amphibian plane in the water with ground wheels on. Crashed. Broken leg.

Tried to find Captain Bill Winston, the man who taught Lindbergh to fly and considered the best pilot in the country. He's on cross-country work. Seldom home. Majority of students here are young men working their way through. Mechanics, most of them.

Got an introduction to the man who meets all the ships as they come down, Ted Esslinger. He's the boss mechanic. Every ship gets the once-over when it lands. The slightest sign of trouble and the ship gets tagged for repairs. They call him "the old woman" for his cautiousness. He couldn't be too much of an old woman for me!

May 12.

No flying today. Too bumpy. Won't go up now unless the air is smooth. Don't want to waste any

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

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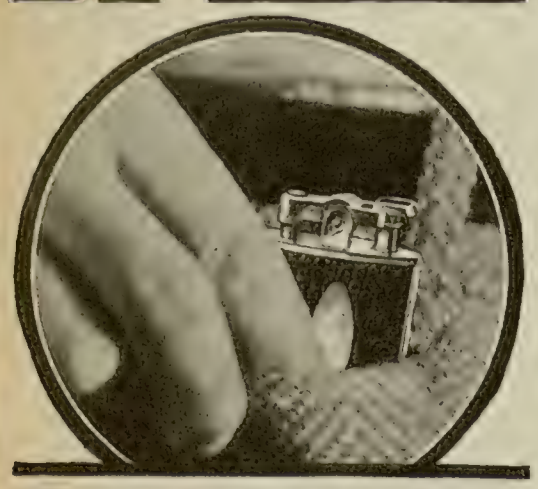

THE WORLD'S GREATEST LIGHTER

[I LEARN TO FLY Continued from page fifty-nine]

part of my ten hours by flying with my instructor when he is forced to do all the piloting.

May 14.

Fair weather today. Put in twenty-five minutes. Began to feel at home in the ship and wasn't at all nervous about it. Found that by sitting far back in the seat and taking in the whole of the ship out of the corners of my eyes I could keep her straight. Can now keep her nose level with the horizon without much trouble. Am beginning to develop a sense of direction. Found my way home from the little field without Becker's aid. It has become a matter of doing again and again the things I have learned—banking, straight flying on a level keel, turning, taking off, and landing. Landings are the hard spots.

May 15.

Half an hour today. Decided that I would not try more than that on any one day for the present. Half an hour for a lesson and the lesson sticks, if the time between lessons is not too long. Laying off for a week is bad business.

May 16.

Found my way to the little field today without help. Selected a landing spot myself. Becker approved. Got the wind direction right and dipped the ship at the proper angle of descent, forty-five degrees, about, and flattened out twenty feet over the edge of the field. Made several landings, some of them fair, others bad. Flew back with Becker not having to touch the controls. Fifteen minutes today.

May 17.

Half an hour today. Practiced landings on the little field. Becker called my landings fair; my air work, straight flying, and turning good.

May 18.

Rain, and lots of it. Went down to the field, however, and had lunch with Becker. Met several of the instructors, among them Kitchingman, who is about my age and has been flying since he was nineteen. He was an instructor during the war, in the army. Met Art Caperton, another war pilot. All of them seem to be veterans in the service.

Caperton, like most of the others, has had his anxious moments in the air. Got him to talk. Experiences of veterans help the beginner. Coming back with news pictures of Colonel Coolidge's funeral, Caperton got lost in a snowstorm in the White Mountains. He got into a valley and couldn't get out. Picking out a railroad track, he followed it, flying very low. Almost ran into a black wall. The tracks had disappeared into a tunnel. How he landed would make a nerve jerking story.

These are the men who teach flying. Safe? I have yet to determine just what they regard as danger. Becker once had his machine catch fire at 14,000 feet. By sideslipping down to keep the draft off the flames, he prevented their spread. The fuselage was charred and his hands were scorched. But he says flying is not dangerous.

Met Assan Jordanoff. He started in as a boy gliding down hills on kites. Flew through the war and, of course, had thrills galore. Dropping 15,000 feet in a storm was his greatest. The descent was slow and gave him too much time to think about all the things that were going to happen to him when he hit. He wasn't hurt.

May 21.

Bright, clear day with gentle southern wind blowing. Made the most of it. Flew to the little field and made several good landings. Becker is now warning me that he will send me up alone, solo, any

P. & A. photo

Captain Fred Becker (left), a Curtiss instructor, with Joe Brooks, an air commuter.

moment. The warning makes me nervous. It is different from flying a ship secure in the knowledge that if I should happen to make a mistake there is a skilled pilot in the front seat waiting to pull me out of trouble.

May 22.

More practice at landings. Becker now tells me not to bank every time I want to change my course. He says that the rudder will take care of the turns, save when they are too sharp. Tried steering with the rudder only and found it ever so much better. I bank now only when spiraling down to a landing or turning sharply. Becker did not send me up alone, although for a time I thought he would.

May 24.

Didn't do so well today. Had half an hour, and Becker was dissatisfied with my landings. Wouldn't let me solo. Anyway, our own ship was in for repairs. Getting a new engine. I found the substitute ship hard to manage.

May 25.

Nothing doing today. Wind strong. Don't mind going up with Becker, at that; but I want to solo now. It's got to be a good day. Met Joe Brooks. He's a broker who flies for the fun of it. Former machine gunner in France. He came down last year to look over the field, took a flight, and has been at it ever since. Becker taught him. He commutes to the Adirondacks for week-ends. Flies a fast Laird.

I'm on tenterhooks as my solo hour nears. I know I can fly the ship. But when I go up alone, there is the feeling that I must depend on myself to correct any mistakes. Oh, well!

May 28.

Ain't it a grand and glorious feeling! I soloed today. All morning I sat and looked at a lowering sky. Rain was just around the corner and didn't seem able to make up its mind. I took a chance. Aside from the threat of rain, conditions were ideal. Moderate wind from the south.

At the field Becker informed me that he had soloed two men that morning. He asked me how many hours I had had in the air. My total was six hours and ten minutes. I told him seven hours. He said it didn't make any difference. I could solo in one hour or twenty, if he thought I could do it. Flew to the little field and landed.

Becker didn't like the landing. Tried several times and each worse than the one before. Once I bounced her up thirty feet. Becker gave me one more chance. I tried, flew far off from the field, and approached the landing point in a straight line. Good. The plane came to a halt. Becker got out and tied his scarf to her tail. That, he said, would warn all to give me a wide berth. Here comes the rookie. He gave me final instructions: If the motor quits, land straight ahead—don't pick spots. As the wheels touch the ground, throw her over on one wing to spin her. That to throw me clear of the wreckage. Happy thought.

I stopped all thinking and gave her the gas. I rolled along. The ship was lighter and I was off the ground almost before I knew it. I had expected to be nervous. I believe I was never less so in the whole course of my instruction. Once in the air, I enjoyed it. The thing didn't seem at all difficult.

I circled and landed. Fair. Without stopping I took off again. Again a wide circle and a fair landing, this time to a standstill. My solo was finished.

AND now the story is finished. Having soloed, there is nothing more but repetition. Will I fly? I think so. Once the mental hazard is overcome, flying takes its place with other exciting things, like tobogganing. Safe? I think so.

There were three accidents at the field during the few weeks of my course. None was attributable to aviation. One was pure experiment; one a test pilot crash; the third unexplainable, but believed to be the fault of the pilot, who wasn't a professional.

In the three years' existence of the flying school at Curtiss Field no student has been hurt. Once a fresh youngster who hadn't permission to solo went for a joy hop. The ship crashed. The pilots were sorry to report he wasn't hurt. This year they expect to turn out 300 pilots. And Curtiss is only one of hundreds of schools all over the country. Aviation, once believed to be as safe as it really is, will take progress itself for a joy ride.

Now I take my two-hour train ride home. Becker says he'll take me home next week in the Laird. He'll need exactly eleven minutes. Figure that out.

THE END

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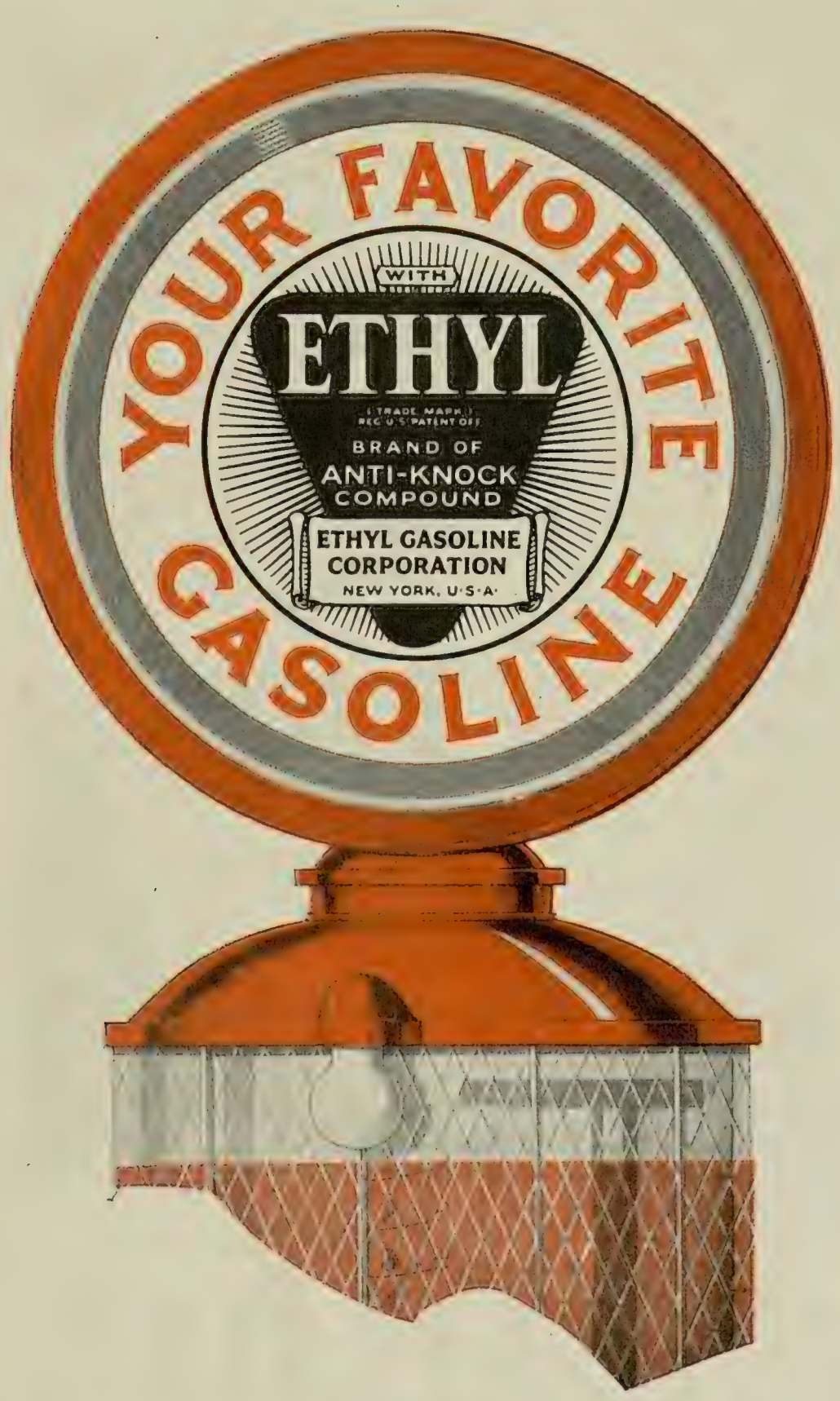

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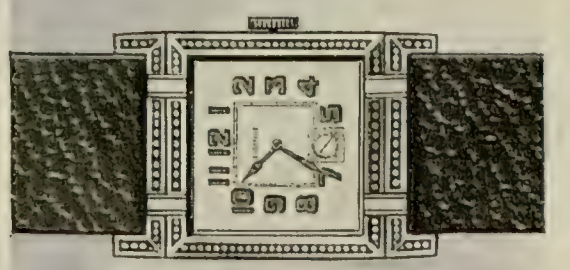

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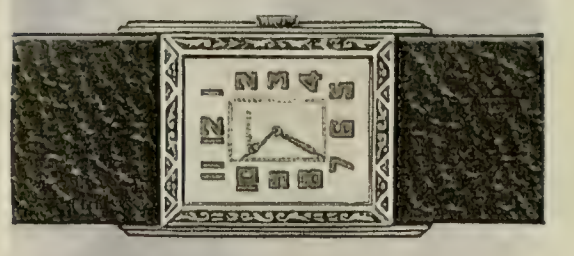

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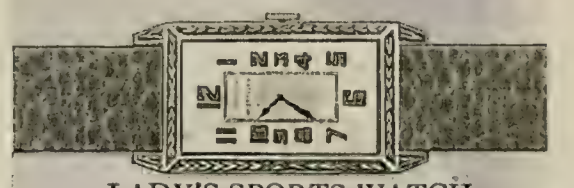

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WESTFIELD WRIST AND STRAP WATCHES

The Slip That Cost A Pennant

A Baseball Tragedy

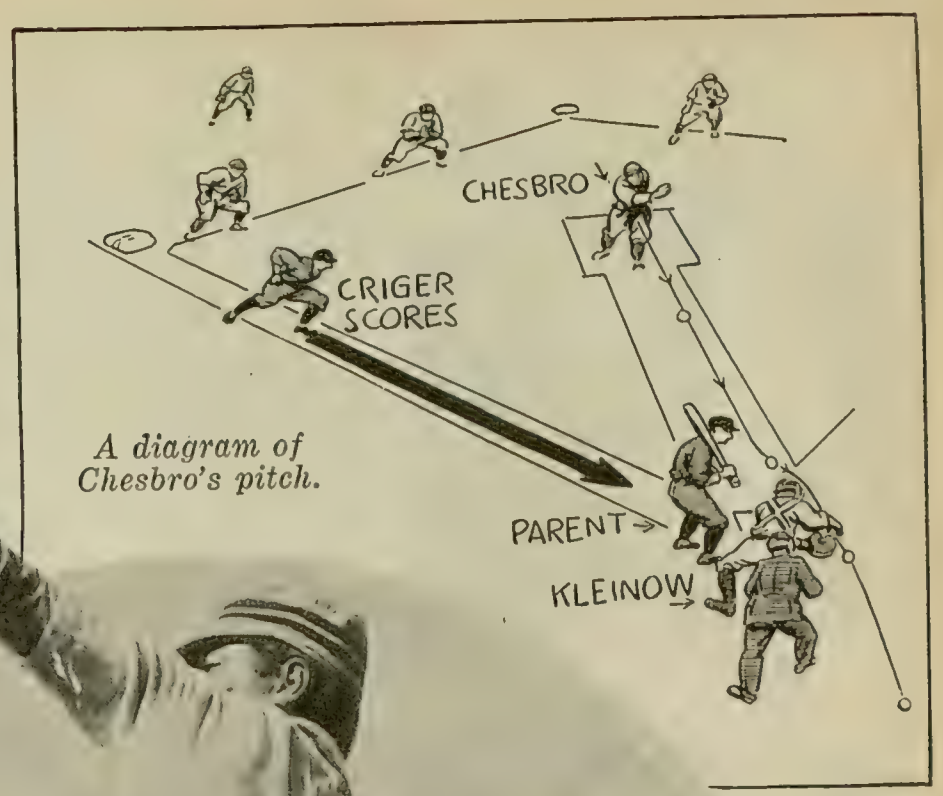
By HUGH FULLERTON

(Reading time: 5 minutes 20 seconds.)

FEW baseball games have caused more argument than the first game of a double-header between the New York Yankees and the Boston Red Sox, played at the old Highlanders' park in New York on Monday, October 10, 1904.

Jack Chesbro, who pitched the peculiar curve that hopped his team out of a championship.

The fans who packed the old Hilltop grounds to witness the battles that were to decide the championship may have forgotten the date, but they will remember it as the game in which Jack Chesbro, charged with a wild pitch, threw away the New York Americans' first chance for a championship. The fact that it was not a wild pitch does not count; it went in the records as such, and unjustly spoiled the record of one of the greatest pitchers the game ever knew.



A diagram of Chesbro's pitch.

Diagram by Will B. Johnstone

Bill Dineen, who thwarted the Highlanders' bid for the championship in 1904.

The Ring photos

THE BOX SCORE
October 10, 1904

BOSTON	R.	H.	PO.	A.	E.
Selbach, lf...	0	0	0	0	0
Parent, ss...	0	1	3	6	0
Stahl, cf.....	0	1	0	0	0
Collins, 3b..	0	0	0	1	0
Freeman, rf.	0	2	1	0	0
La Chance, 1b.	1	2	13	1	0
Ferris, 2b...	1	1	3	2	0
Criger, c....	1	1	6	1	0
Dineen, p...	0	0	1	7	0
Total.....	3	8	27	18	0

NEW YORK	R.	H.	PO.	A.	E.
Dougherty, lf.	0	1	1	0	0
Keeler, rf. ..	0	0	2	0	0
Elberfeld, ss.	0	0	1	5	1
Williams, 2b.	0	0	3	2	2
Anderson, cf.	0	1	0	1	0
Ganzel, 1b..	0	0	13	1	0
Conroy, 3b..	0	0	1	2	0
Kleinow, c...	1	2	6	0	0
Chesbro, p..	1	2	0	4	1
McGuire, x..	0	0	0	0	0
Total.....	2	6	27	15	4

x Batted for Chesbro in ninth.

BOSTON	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	0	1	—3
NEW YORK...	0	0	0	0	2	0	0	0	0	—2

Two-base hit—La Chance. Three-base hit—Chesbro. Sacrifice hits—Keeler, Criger, Dineen. Stolen base—Parent. Left on bases—Boston 9, New York 8. Bases on Balls—Off Dineen 4, off Chesbro 1. First base on errors—Boston 2. Struck out—By Dineen 7, by Chesbro 5. Wild pitches—Chesbro 2. Time—2 hours 5 minutes. Umpires—Sheridan and Connolly.

New York and Boston had been fighting on practically even terms through the last fortnight of the season. At one time the Highlanders, as the Yankees were then known, plunged two and a half games ahead of the famous team from the Hub—a team composed of Kip Selbach, Freddie Parent, Chick Stahl, Jimmy Collins, Bucky Freeman, Candy La Chance, Hobe Ferris, Lou Criger, and a pitching staff led by Bill Dineen, now an umpire.

The New York team was not so good, but it was a fighting, hustling aggregation, spurred on by Kid Elberfeld, and with Pat Dougherty, Willie Keeler, Jimmy Williams, Anderson, John Ganzel, and Wid Conroy in the lists, and Chesbro its star pitcher. Chesbro had for two years led the pitchers of the National League, and had jumped to the American to become the leading pitcher of that circuit.

In the week before the final series on the Hilltop, Boston's great team had fought its

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

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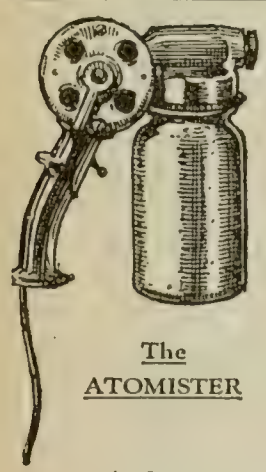

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Dr. Edwards OLIVE TABLETS

The Slip That Cost a Pennant — *By Hugh Fullerton*

[CONT'D FROM PAGE SIXTY-THREE]

way back to the lead, and on October 10, the closing day of the season, the teams were scheduled to play two games. And to win the championship the Highlanders had to win both games.

Boston staked almost everything on the opening game of the afternoon by selecting Dineen to pitch. The Highlanders pitted their ace, Chesbro, against him.

Never before in New York had so many persons attended an American League game. Until that season New York had been a National League town, but the great fight the Hilltoppers had put up had drawn the crowds to the American League games at last. They overflowed on to the field. Ropes were stretched and spectators were packed ten deep around the playing field, excepting at one point, so that any hit into the crowd was limited to a two-bagger.

The Ring photo

Lou Criger, the Boston catcher who scored the vital run.

Led by the superb pitching of the two great stars of the league, the teams battled desperately for four and a half innings without a break and with only one real chance for a score. That was in the third, when Chesbro, striving to win the game single-handed, hit a ball through the one spot not occupied by the standing spectators, and raced to third. One was out at the time, but Dineen, steadying after the unexpected drive by his opponent, struck out Dougherty and Keeler in succession and left Chesbro at third.

The Highlanders refused to be stopped. In the fifth inning they set the crowd wild by amassing two runs which, behind Chesbro, seemed to insure victory. Kleinow, usually a weak hitter, started with a single after two were out, and hope of scoring seemed dim. Chesbro drove out his second safe hit and Dougherty singled sharply to right field, sending Kleinow home with the first run. The demonstration by the crowd was so wild that in places it broke through the ropes and the umpires had a hard time clearing the field.

KEELER, the most dangerous hitter of them all, was passed, to fill the bases, and then Dineen, after a long duel with Elberfeld, passed the Kid and forced home the second run. Williams nearly broke up the game with a fierce smash straight back at Dineen, who knocked down the ball, recovered, and threw Williams out at first.

It was not until the seventh that Boston could dent the defenses of the New Yorkers, and then it was Jimmy Williams, usually one of the most reliable of players, who slipped. He failed to hold a hard hit bounder and, with two on bases and a chance to redeem himself for his failure, he threw low to the plate to head off a runner. The throw was not very wild, but it was low. The ball shot close to the runner, escaped Kleinow, and before it could be recovered, two runners were over the plate, the score was tied, and the Hilltoppers were fighting on the defensive.

Boston, scenting victory, was stopped in the eighth by one of the most amazing plays on record. Chick Stahl singled, but Jimmy Collins struck out, swinging at Chesbro's fast breaking spit ball. Bucky Freeman, the Babe Ruth of that day, singled, and Candy La Chance, the giant first baseman of the Red Sox, drove a long, high fly to center. It was a fly that the majority of outfielders would have caught. The runners feared to leave their bases as Anderson reeled and circled under the ball. Finally getting past it, he let it fall, then recovered it almost on the first bounce and hurled it to Elberfeld.

The Kid had run out into center field. Taking the throw from Anderson while on a dead run, he whirled and made one of the finest throws ever seen, cutting down the speedy Stahl at the plate.

The ninth started with the teams tied. Criger hit a high, slow bounder down to Elberfeld. The ball came to the Kid so slowly that, in spite of his fast work, Criger got the decision in a close play at first. Dineen pushed him to second by a perfect sacrifice, and Selbach's out moved Criger up to third.

WITH two out and two strikes called on Fred Parent, came the ball that caused all the argument and woe.

Kleinow signaled for a spit ball. Chesbro took his time, wetted the ball, swung his arm, and put all the power of his big body and shoulder behind the pitch. The ball flashed up to the plate, broke sharply outward and slightly downward—above Kleinow's knees, perhaps two inches off the outer corner of the plate.

Instead of striking Kleinow's mitt, it seemed to pass between his wrists, untouched, and struck the dirt halfway back to the grand stand. Criger, of course, raced home with the run that put Boston ahead.

In spite of the fact that the Highlanders got two men on the bases in their half of the ninth, two brilliant stops and a strike-out killed their remaining hopes. The championship went to Boston.

The official scorer registered Chesbro's spit ball as a wild pitch—in spite of the fact that the ball was almost perfectly pitched, and should have been caught.

It stands that way today in the official records, although both Chesbro and Kleinow admitted afterward that the pitch was in no way wild.

How it came to elude the hands of the catcher, neither pitcher nor catcher ever was able to explain.

It just did, and it wrecked New York's high hopes of the pennant. For, although they won the final game, they were beaten by a few points in percentage in one of the hardest fought races in the history of the league.

THE END

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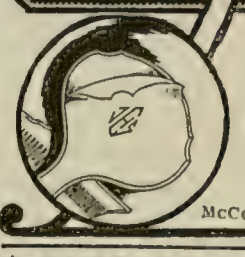

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Necking for Beauty

By Eileen Bourne

ROSSETTI liked them long and full—in fact, he was partial to goiters. Peter Paul Rubens loved them fat and crinkly, with soft fleshy creases. But the popular modern painter of woman sets her head with its well defined chin on a long straight column. He knows his public. For present day women like to see themselves so. They want—smooth and sound, neither too thin nor too fat—the neck of youth.

Why does a neck get too fat? Partly because it is one of the least exercised parts of the body. And you know that over any stagnant area fat accumulates whenever you are eating more sugars, starches, and fats than you can use up in energy.

Why does it get thin? Again, it's because it isn't exercised enough to develop the circulation necessary for nourishment. Holding it tensely isn't exercising it. Most of us have tense necks.

Remember that your neck is a sort of barometer of your temperament. If you're phlegmatic and lazy, it's likely to thicken. If you're nervous and jumpy, it's inclined to become stringy.

However, believe it or not, there is nothing so responsive to treatment as the neck. It's far harder to reduce the hips and to round out the cheeks than it is to change neck contours. On the other hand, it's got to be a case of neck or nothing. Daily work for three or four months is the price you have to pay.

Money won't help you much. Of course, you can go and have one of those operations for slicing off a piece of your double chin. But this short cut leads to no permanent relief. After several years of absence that chin will come back more determined than ever to stay. And after all that expense, strain, and risk, you've done nothing for your neck. Nobody but yourself can improve that.

Come, now, be serious! A lovely neck makes the most enormous difference in your appearance. Flappers with bony necks ought to start right in to make them look human. Women of forty should begin to make them look ethereal. A charming French countess, who had at seventy the white, firm throat and neck of a young woman, used to say, "Ah, *ma chérie*, a little patience does it. Would I begrudge my neck a little attention every day when it still is worthy of my husband's kiss in the evening?"

Now, I'm going to give you right here and now a short course in neck culture. If you go to class every day for three or four months, the mirror will give you a diploma which you'll be proud to show to everybody. No sluggards are admitted to the course. So, please, any of you who don't mean business, just stop right here and now. Oh, I see you're all serious readers. Good!

Now, here goes!

For a Fat Neck: First, regulate your diet. Cut out candy, ice creams, pastries, and all but fruit desserts. Eat bread and potatoes only once a day and at different meals.

Second, always complete your ablutions by wrapping a cloth wrung out in very cold water about your throat for a moment or by turning on the cold shower.

Third, take a patting treatment for five minutes every day. Dip your fingers in cold cream. With the right hand play a swift arpeggio downward from chin to base and come in with a sharp slap from the left hand before starting down again. Do this as fast as you can and cover the entire surface of the neck. Finish by patting hard under the chin with the back of the hand.

For a Thin Neck: First, increase your consumption of butter and cream. Take that new candylike form of cod-liver oil. Drink milk.

Second, always give the neck a brief rinse in cold water to make it firm.

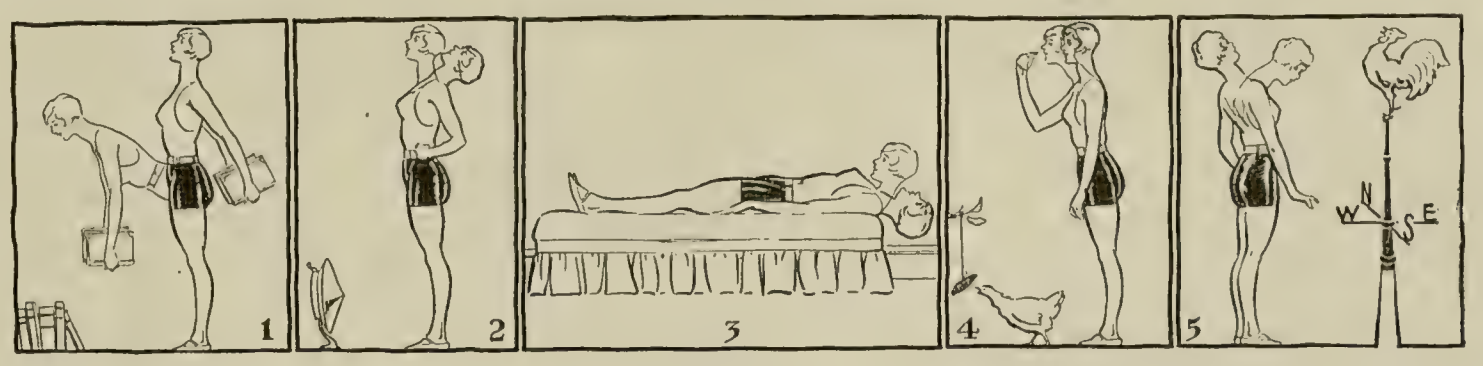
Third, use the same exercise as above. Go more gently and slowly and work into the surface some form of external nourishment. Cocoa butter, olive oil, and cold cream all are good. Pay special attention to the creases in the neck and use a rotary motion there. Do not pat the chin.

For a Fat Neck: Exercise 1. Take a book in each hand. Lean forward from the hips without bending the head. Then straighten the trunk and swing the arms behind the hips. This straightens the shoulders and fills in neck hollows.

Exercise 2. Stand straight with fists clenched and arms bent at the elbow. Now bring head and shoulders back as far as possible. Relax and repeat. This strengthens the muscles and pulls off the flesh around the throat.

Exercise 3. Lie flat on your back on a couch, with your head hanging over the edge. Now bring the head up until your chin touches your chest.

Reverse the position by lying on your stomach. Raise your head up and back as far as possible. These exercises are of especial benefit to sedentary workers.



Exercise 4. Originated by Dr. C. Ward Crampton, this is called the Hen Peck. Hold an imaginary grain of corn in front of your lips. Now, without moving the hand, stretch the neck and try to pick it up from the fingers. Gradually make the distance, and therefore the stretch, greater. Do this at each side of the shoulder. Such an exercise is especially good for short necks. It elongates the muscles and lubricates the stiffened areas.

Exercise 5. Pretend that your head is a weather vane. Let an imaginary wind blow it slowly round in as wide a circle as possible—first in one direction and then another. Make a complete circle which drops the head as far as possible both front and back as it is blown lightly along. Don't move your head, let it *be moved* by that wind.

The trick about this exercise is not to raise the shoulders or to stiffen them. The whole body should be softly relaxed.

For a Thin Neck: Use all these exercises except No. 2. Remember that—unless you overdo it—exercise regulates the disposal of flesh. It does not further reduce a thin neck, but, by increased circulation and better muscle tone, it puts the neck in a condition to absorb nutriment from the blood and from the cold cream applied externally.

As a matter of fact, there are two by-products from these five exercises which are very important to the improvement of your looks. One is that circulation made active all through the neck helps to keep the hair in a condition of health. The other is an increase of physical grace.

We are a stiff necked generation, and the fact adds nothing to our charm. We neither walk, stand, nor sit at our best when we are holding our heads screwed tightly down into a resistant base. The neck should be pliable and free. Graceful movements of the head naturally following changes of pose are a part of plastic beauty. Every classic dancer knows this and makes use of it. Once it was practiced in the drawing-room, and it should not be forgotten until we no longer expect to charm the eye.

NOW, of course, you probably won't feel like taking the time to do both patting and exercises twice every day. Better pat in the morning and stretch at night to take the kinks out. Nor is it necessary to do all five exercises every day. Two are enough. Combine them differently every day and do those you choose faithfully and carefully for five minutes. Remember that muscles cannot relax unless they are exercised out of the cramped position in which they have been held during the day. Nothing is better to induce restful sleep than one or two of the movements given here. This is especially true of No. 5.

That one and the Hen Peck may also be taken during the day. If you've been for a long time at your typewriter or if you've been weeding or playing a number of hard sets of tennis, stop a bit before you go on to the next activity and do these relaxing movements a number of times.

One more suggestion! It is equally applicable to thick and scraggy necks. Repeat as often as complete privacy permits those chewing movements which I have mentioned several times. They should be so exaggerated as to pull out the cords of your neck so that you look like one of those ghastly pictures in an anatomy book. This exercise has the triple effect of filling out neck hollows, reducing a double chin, and helping to round out thin cheeks. Swing your jaw around in a semicircle.

It's a good idea, as we've said before, actually to chew gum while so engaged. The chewing cheers you on and gives you a goal to chew for. But throw it away after your three-minute effort.

So now to the good work! Don't forget to hold your chin up when you walk and when you are listening to conversation or to music. This practice fixes a good line, makes your throat look longer, and prevents that dreaded double chin.

Here's luck!

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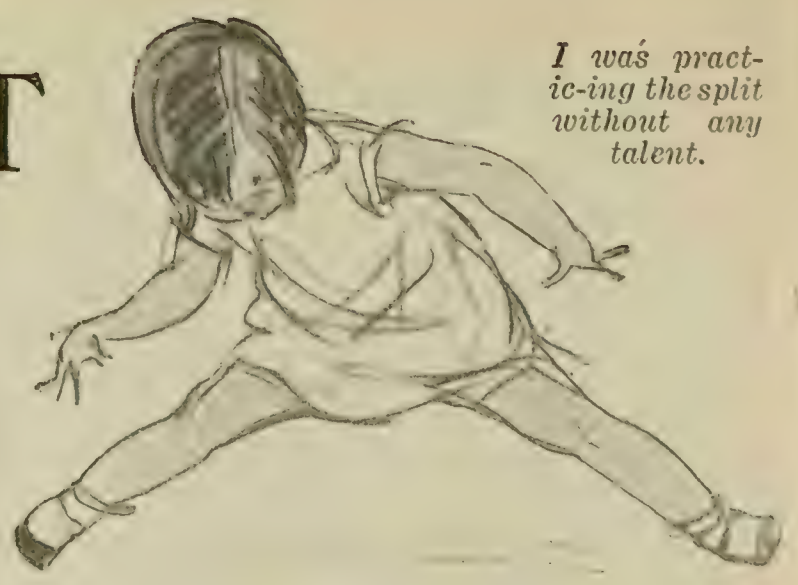
All I Need Is Talent



I was pract-ic-ing the split without any talent.

As Dictated by TONI, JR., to
ANTOINETTE DONNELLY

Pictures by DOROTHY HOPE SMITH BARLOW

(Reading time: 4 minutes 48 seconds.)

DEAR WORLD:

I wish I had a talent. If I had a talent I could dance. I've got legs. But you've got to have a talent in them or they don't dance easy. Gypsy can dance because she's got talent. Mary's got some, too. Not much! But more than I have. That's why I have to sit on the floor while Gypsy gives Mary a dancing lesson.

I don't like sitting on the floor while Mary's getting a dancing lesson. It's lonesome sitting all by yourself. Also, it is dan-ger-ous. Legs that's got talent in them can kick. If you're on the floor they kick sudden.

I know. Mary knocked me over with her talent this morning. She said she was sorry, but I should get out of the way. I did move. She came after me again. I got it on the head this time. Mary's talent has an awful kick.

Maybe I don't want a talent, after all. Because I haven't any isn't the only reason I'm sitting on the floor. I'm sitting here because I don't feel like getting up. And I don't feel like getting up because when I feel like getting up I want to sit down again.

I was pract-ic-ing the split without any talent. You know what the split is. Your legs go out on the sides like your arms do when you show how wide you can stretch them. And you are supposed to come down and sit in the middle.

I was all right when I started to come down. But when I got about a foot from the floor it came up sudden and met me. It didn't meet me nice. It spanked me. It spanked me on my—on my—on my spankeasy, if you know where I mean. That's why I don't feel like moving around today.

Per-son-ally, I like the shuffle dance. Winnie taught it to me. Winnie plays in the park. She comes a long way to play in the park. She lives down beside the water. She brings her baby brother. She's 8. He's new. He doesn't know anything yet.

Winnie wears long black stockings with holes in the knees. Her shoes have holes in the toes. So has her dress holes. When she dances her arms shuffle and her feet shuffle and the music shuffles and so do you.

You turn your toes in. You stand up on them and turn them out again. You drag one foot along the ground to meet the other. The other comes over to meet it. And you shuffle your arms and your petti-coat shakes. And that's all. Your feet don't come up off the ground. So you don't fall down. You don't make anyone else fall down either.

A CER-TAIN person I know says it is a rowdy dance. She says to me: "You WOULD like that better than a nice lady-like step. If there was a tree-climbing dance you'd be the cham-peen."

But I haven't got a tree to practice on. So I guess I won't be a cham-peen. It doesn't look as if I'm ever going to be any thing. I've tried being a lady, and a lady-like dancer that isn't rowdy, and a tra-peeze per-former, and a help to my mother. But I haven't any talent.

Gypsy is the one I told you about that wants to go on the stage. She's a rel-a-tiff. That's why she came to live with us and to see if she couldn't get on the stage from here. If she can't get into a le-jit-mit show she says she's going to get married. She's 17. She's

Legs that's got talent in them can kick.

got to do something quick, before she's too old, she says. Only she says it seems a shame that a girl that is willing to get married can't go and ask for a good job. Because when you can't ask for it she says you have to wait too long and maybe you are an old maid before the one you want asks you, by which time he may not want an old maid but a new one.

While she is waiting, she is giving Mary the dancing lessons. I'm going out of this room in about one minute. Gypsy told Mary to point her toes down when she did that new step she's just teaching her. It was bad enough when her foot came down on the top of my head with the toes turned up.

. . . . .

WELL, a lot hap-pen-ed since the last par-a-graph. I got out of the room where Mary was getting her dancing lesson. I went into the living room. On the table was a box. It had a green string on it that came off easy. Inside was some green waxy paper. I took the paper out. Then I put the box out in the hall to be taken away by the handy man. Inside the paper was a purple flower. Around the purple flower were some teeny little white flowers on stems. And there was a lovely orchid ribbon just the color of my dotted new dress.

The ribbon made a big bow that kept the flowers together. It was a cor-sawj. I know because that's what Gypsy called the one she got before. You wear it on your coat if you're going out. You wear it on your dress if you're staying in.

I wasn't going out. So I went into the bedroom where the long glass is and I put it on my shoulder. It wouldn't stay on. So I put it on my coat, and it wouldn't stay on its shoulder either. So I tied the ribbon on to one of the buttons.

THE flowers didn't look right with their heads hanging down that way. I went back to where the dancing lesson was going on.

I said LOOKit me, Mary! Gypsy said where did you get them? I told her. She said who was the box for? I said for the handy man. He took it away.

She took her leg down from over her head where it was dancing, and she run on it to find the handy man. He said it was too late. The boxes were all burned up by now.

She said did you see a card in it? He said I don't spend my time looking in empty boxes for cards ma'm!

Well, anyway, the flowers didn't get hurt. Gypsy pinned them on her coat after she put her hat on. She said she'd wear them to dinner with Chick anyway. If he sent them he'd say something. If he didn't say something she'd know he didn't send them. And if he hadn't sent them or Bud hadn't sent them she didn't care who else did. So it wouldn't matter anyway.

I guess flowers do take the cross out of you even though you don't know who sent them. Gypsy wasn't cross. She just took me up on her knee and told me nice that next time I shouldn't touch any boxes at all and I wouldn't get in wrong with her.

Which I don't want to do, because she's going to take me to Coney Island, which is a place with nothing but ice cream cones, and that's why they call it Coney. But I don't know what is an Island.

———

A real good playmate—one worth more'n a stick of candy—is rare. And when you lose one—well, it just never is the same after. So Toni thinks, anyway, as you'll see next week.

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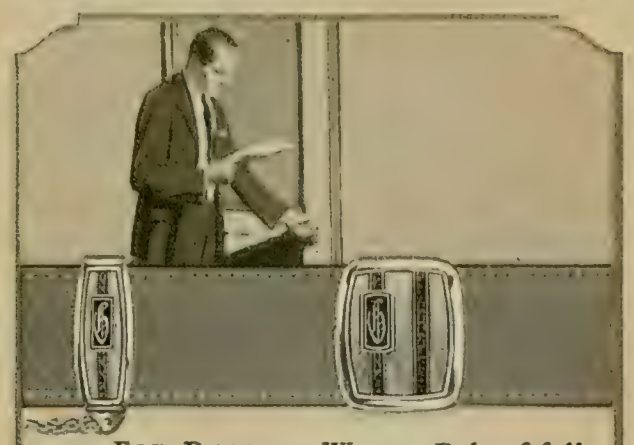

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U. S. Official photos

An advancing American infantry platoon lying in wait during the Marne offensive of 1918 until the tanks had battered holes in the enemy's first line of defense.

A machine gunner firing upon the Germans.

Ten Years Ago This Week

At the Marne Salient: We Turn the Tide

By FREDERICK PALMER

(Reading time: 22 minutes 31 seconds.)

SUMMER is the season for fighting and for thunderstorms. Soldiers may sleep on the ground without blankets or tents. The rains are warm, the sun dries soggy clothes, and hot meals are not so much missed.

In the early days of July, 1918, which was to see such mighty fighting, the thunderheads were gathering and storing their lightnings for the storm that broke on the 15th. They centered toward that Marne salient which Germany had won in its staggering third offensive. For more than a month that deep cut in the Allied line had thumbed a nose at us.

The German part was clear. It was to broaden the salient, which was shaped roughly like the letter U. Our part was also clear.

"A military insult," said Pershing of that U.

He would meet the next German drive in kind; answer attack with attack; break our lightnings against the German lightnings; crash in the sides of the U.

With what was he to do it? As by a magnet, American divisions were being drawn toward Château-Thierry, which was the base of the U, to make an American thunderhead.

None of these divisions had been through the ordeal of the First and Second to prepare them for the terrific struggle that was coming. Some had not even had trench experience. But as Pershing, glaring at the U on the map, said to Foch:

"They will fight!"

Proof of this came in an item from the British front early in July. There the Thirty-third, National Guard of Illinois, was getting a first taste of trench routine. When the Germans started something, our men joined their veteran neighbor Australians in a charge.

"Good fighters, the Americans," said the Australians, "but a bit rough." This from the nowise gentle Australians brought a grin from end to end of the battle line.

A million Americans in France now, counting all in the Service of Supply, and 300,000 American troops around the U. This in face of the Germans saying a year before no American would ever get through the submarine zone unless he could fly or swim. Every day we were better trained, with more power and spring.

With Paris out of present danger, after the repulse of the fourth drive, sly Master Foch, supreme Allied commander, found it to his purpose to play a waiting game. Let the Germans start the show. The longer they delayed, the more lightnings he would have to crash against their lightnings.

Ludendorff, master German tactician, was also gathering his thunderheads against time. The shadow of the finger of an arm stretched across the seas was becoming a fist larger and larger—with elbow crooked and biceps swelling.

Aside from the surprise of the number of Americans arriving, Ludendorff had another in the way that the First and Second had fought at Cantigny, Belleau Wood, and Vaux. But these were prize regular divisions; our other divisions would not be in their class, he hoped.

ALL the confidence of his previous victories must be capitalized in battle ardor. All man and weapon power must be in the next drive. For the German command also that U was a magnet, drawing all veterans under thirty from the western front.

Munition factories were combed for every able bodied man, and hospitals for every man

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[TEN YEARS AGO THIS WEEK
Continued from page sixty-nine]

who could stand on his feet. The conscripts of the 1920 class, boys under twenty, were to have their chance as fresh cannon fodder.

With that shadow of growing American power across the staff council table, Ludendorff knew in his heart that this was the supreme effort. It was to win or lose all Germany had fought for in this war and won in the wars of a century.

He had taken infinite pains for secrecy in previous drives. Might the fortune of surprise again be with him? But it was more difficult this time to find a weak spot than when the Allies had been unready. Foch was on the watch all along the U, where he knew the next blow must come.

Ludendorff gave up the direct thrust on Paris. He sought a decisive victory of army over army east of the U. Then Paris would fall as ripe fruit.

An attack on a broad front either side of Reims would pinch out Reims and sweep on to the possession of the great trunk line Paris-Metz railroad.

On the morning of July 15 Ludendorff loosed his thunderbolt. That set off the Allied thunderheads. Lightnings leaped to meet lightnings.

COMING toward the U, too—and very glad to be in for the major league stuff—was Major General C. T. Menoher's Forty-second or Rainbow Division, which had had long trench service in the Baccarat sector in Lorraine. It had been halted in battle scarred Champagne to face the left wing of the German drive.

In command of the French army at this vital point was one-armed General Gouraud, with the soul of a knight of old and bearing a blade cunning in fence. He looked over the Forty-second with a shrewd and knowing eye.

The Rainbow of the Forty-second stood for many of the stars and some of the stripes of the flag, the infantry regiments from Alabama, Iowa, New York, and Ohio, and its other units representing other States.

All the Forty-second's guns were put in line, its infantry in an intermediate position, to stick there no matter how many soldiers the Kaiser sent to pinch the premises. When the German bombardment broke on them, they got more shellfire in half an hour than in a week in the Baccarat sector; but this was the major league stuff they expected.

Magnificently, out of the breaking dawn the German infantry advanced in their well timed pacing, automatons of attack efficiency. Through the first line. Nothing there. Was the enemy retreating?

Not our artillery. It was cutting a hurricane swath, keeping pace with the moving target of the German advance. The schedule of timing this advance, so many yards a minute, was known to Gouraud through a German prisoner who was worth an army corps to the Allied side.

So Gouraud practiced the supple defensive. He evacuated his front trenches to give his guns free play to break the strength of the German infantry before it met his own.

And the German infantry did not forget that its business was to reach Epernay that evening. Survivors kept on, unable to shake off the moving barrage that had it in a clinch, on into point blank fire from some of our guns.

The Forty-second's infantry was in for the infantry tussle. Stung by the loss of a little ground in a woods against infiltrating machine guns, they recovered it in a charge.

There was no Epernay, or even Reims, for the Germans that night, but defeat for the left wing of the fifth German drive; and another American division had proved itself fit fellow in major league stuff for the First and Second.

The German right wing did better. Here Heinie had ground that he liked for his infiltrating tactics. Anyone who faced German attack wondered where the world got its idea that the Germans came on in mass formation. You might as well describe the tiger, lone hunter, sinuously creeping through the jungle, as attacking in packs.

Here were wooded hills to cover the alternatingly thrusting fingers of machine gun and infantry groups. In the diabolical weaving process one group would blaze the path for another.

Now space for that immortal business at Mézy. It deserves place in our military annals with the tactics of Cowpens and the grim defense of Bunker Hill in the Revolution, Jackson's stroke at Chancellorsville, and Little Round Top and the "bloody angle" at Gettysburg.

The 150th Field Artillery of the Forty-second Division passing through Château-Thierry to the front line.

Here the American had the chance to exert all his qualities at their best in the supple field action of war's romantic pitched battle days. The chance fell to the Seventh, Thirtieth, and Thirty-eighth regiments of Major General J. T. Dickman's Third Division on the extreme flank of the German right wing just east of Château-Thierry.

ON this front the Germans were not yet across the Marne River, sluggish, narrow, easy to cross. All was peace; no living thing in sight in the days before the battle.

But behind the bluffs which rose from the river bottom the Germans were marshaling tiers of artillery and their shock battalions, and building their boats. We knew this through our scouts, who prowled at night, and through the German scouts we had taken.

At midnight on the 15th, when all the German artillery began their chorus, the Germans had in this sector 336 guns against our total of 124. This included the artillery of the Third, which had never served with the division and arrived just as the bombardment began.

So many of the German guns were of big caliber and their fire was so heavy that the roar was heard in Paris, which was in suspense, waiting the issue of battle.

In a few minutes all our division wires were cut. Communications could not be renewed or troops moved. It was a blind business in the dark under that steady hurricane which was sprinkling all our area with gas. Our guns were answering with shells on the river and on the other bank.

Flashes illumined the set faces of our infantry and machine gunners in position, waiting through the hours. They strained their eyes for the first streaks of light. When dawn came they were looking at a smoke screen which the German guns had laid on our bank to cover their infantry's crossing.

But breezes made rifts in their curtain. It revealed the river alive with boats, twenty Germans to a boat, rowing swiftly across. The game was flushed. Now our machine guns and rifles had targets.

Bullets were sweeping the surface of the river. Shells lashed it. Boats were foundering, men clinging to the gunwales, blots floating downstream. All we got in crossing meant so many less to fight.

THEIR numbers were astounding. Our rifles could tally only those in sight. They rowed with the energy of men to a goal where they would cease to be helpless targets and give fire in return for the fire they were receiving.

We saw them leaping from their boats, others on their heels. Machine gunners were in the lead. *Rat-tat-tat* they sent bullets to answer our bullets. Gaining numbers on the bank, they pressed the issue.

A sprightly American contingent, gas masked and helmeted, about to join the assault north of the Marne.

Our barrage of shells burst at their backs and on them as heavily as theirs on us and at our backs. It was a battle ring with third rails for ropes.

Stick to the death, was the word to our rifles and machine guns—and that was what some of them had to do. Our Seventh Regiment had two companies annihilated. We had groups firing right, left, and rear against infiltrating groups. As long as there was something to shoot at and you could still hold a rifle in your hands, keep on shooting.

And in the Mézy bend was the crux of it all.

"Skill, yes, and courage," said a French officer in professional ecstasy, "but also the fighting gift—the fighting genius."

Braw Colonel U. G. McAlexander and the Thirty-eighth Regiment occupied the bend in the river toward the enemy side. Here he was to have that pitched battle, a battle all his own, in the midst of the big battle. He need expect no help from his neighbors or be bothered by his neighbors' advice.

He had looked into the enemy's mind. The Germans would concentrate heavily on both sides of the bend and pinch it out. Then, in country that suited their tactics, they would sweep on to the Le Roque plateau, the railroad at their back, the Montmirail highway under their fire.

McAlexander was not putting all his eggs in one basket. He refused the invitation to dig a deep trench across the bend. The German aviators would spot that for the German artillery, which would blast it into shambles over which the frontal German charge would pass.

For frontal defense he put a platoon in a thin line, bidden to stick and shoot straight, behind the railroad embankment which crossed the bend about seventy-five yards from the river.

HE did dig one trench, screened, on the flank of the valley of the little Surmelin River to care for the Germans who might flank the bend on that side. Otherwise, he was all for "this war of movement" stuff. It suited his temperament. As in pitched battle days, when the general saw all from a hill, he would wait for the action to develop.

Truly, the Germans were not sending a man and a boy for this job. A whole regiment, the Fifth Grenadiers, and part of another were leaping from the boats in front. The platoon along the railroad had a dense target at close range. But dead men could not keep on firing. Shell and machine gun fire were riddling the platoon. Here was the place for the reserves which McAlexander had left. Another platoon reached the railroad track just in time to save the remnants of the first from being overwhelmed.

With the barrage behind them there was just one way for the Germans to go and that was to get that railroad track whose fire was dropping them so fast. Survivors of their front ranks were reaching the railroad, those behind pressing up in a mad rush.

It was becoming bayonet and bomb over the rails. McAlexander had no more reserves to put in.

But remember that flanking trench covering the Surmelin valley. Now, in the savage crisis, entered a surprise characteristic of the instinct of team play, of the thing to do in that battle within a battle. The men in the trench whipped their flanking fire in the opposite direction and made for the Fifth Grenadiers. They had the frontal charge on the hip.

No soldier will endure that when he is fighting for his life against heavy blasts in front. Any fighter will accept the turn of fate when a fellow begins digging into his ribs with a knife while his sword hand is engaged.

The Germans threw up their hands. Six hundred, besides the dead and wounded on the field, yielded themselves as prisoners. This was no discredit to them, though they outnumbered the platoons; for they were trapped between cross fires. Not a German had got across the railroad track.

But the Americans had no time to cheer, only time to take breath, when McAlexander found that what he had done to the Germans from one side of the bend they were about to do to him from the other. Here they had made a good landing, taken the village of Fossoy, and were already building a bridge.

If McAlexander were to keep the bend he had to be quick about it before the enemy learned how weak he was despite what he had done to the Fifth Grenadiers. He gathered all survivors and lightly wounded in sight, and truck and ambulance drivers and quartermaster's clerks, not for defense—lest it be known how weak they were—but for a charge.

Their blood was up in winning mood; they would go to hell for their leader now. They won. How, they did not know, except that they kept on going and kept on shooting.

How good it was that they knew how to shoot—that our training in France had had in mind that, from the days of grandfather's flintlock, the rifle was the prime American weapon!

The Thirty-eighth Infantry, Third Division, en route to the front to help repulse the Germans.

Major Generals C. P. Summerall (at left), J. T. Dickman (center), and J. G. Harbord (at right).

BUT beyond the bend on his right wing Ludendorff had made gains.

Here he was to press his advantage in the three days of bitter fighting.

With him committed here, and his left wing battered in by Gouraud that fateful night, there occurred the hour of opportunity for Foch and Pershing. Now—to thrust as well as stall with our lightnings.

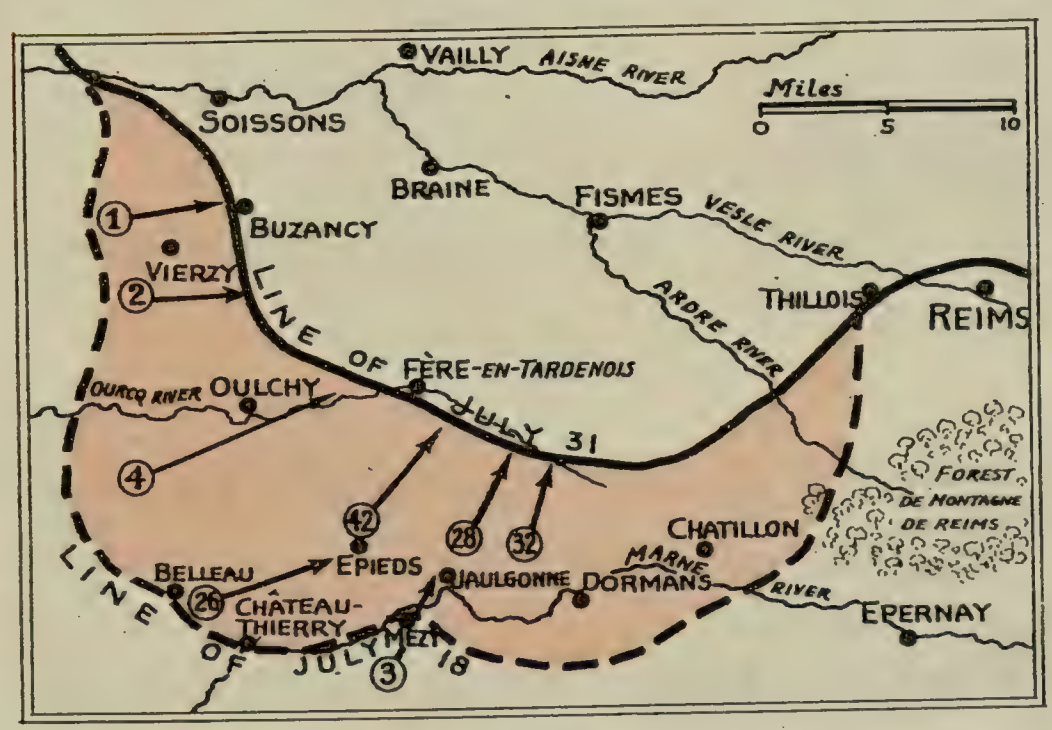
In avenging that "military insult," the place to thrust was at the top of the U on the western side, far away from the eastern side where Ludendorff was massed. Make the U a bottle neck; even hope to draw the puckering strings of a bag which would pocket the Germans in the U.

For that bold drive along the Soissons road on July 18, Foch had only one French division to spare. Small wonder he had played a waiting game—waiting on American power to materialize.

This French division was Moroccan. It included the famous Foreign Legion, veteran of so many battles that only a few charmed lives of its original force remained.

It was to be placed between our pioneer First with Major General C. P. Summerall in command, and the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



This map shows how the Americans straightened out the German U on the Marne from July 18 to 31, 1918. The colored area represents the actual gain made in that time. The numbers on the arrows indicate the positions of the American units and the directions from which each attacked.

Surprising

what this idea did for catsup

Wine of tomatoes gorgeously spiced!

NOTICE that delightfully different flavor of Snider's Catsup. The *mulling* does it.

How Snider, following its secret recipe, blends spices with tomatoes, is a story now forty-odd years old. But the effect on the appetite is always new—a surprising pick-up to the palate, an added zest to the most savory food.

All catsups do not taste alike. The person who relishes unusual blandness and mellowness specifies "Snider's", the mulled catsup. In the niceties of eating of course it is important to be selective.

People of good judgment prefer Snider's

Snider's

The *mulled* catsup

CHILI SAUCE ~ ~ ~ COCKTAIL SAUCE

FRESH-KEPT VEGETABLES & FRUITS IN GLASS & TIN

[TEN YEARS AGO THIS WEEK]
Continued from page seventy-one

Second, with Major General J. G. Harbord in command, as the spearhead. Behind the Summerall and Harbord chins was the protruding jaw of Mangin, as commander of the French army group, whose gospel was: "Always the attack!"

With sublime audacity, Mangin set a five mile objective for the first day. He even set Soissons itself as the ultimate goal. Did he think Ludendorff had not realized the danger? On this front Ludendorff had a fresh division, which, though heavily outnumbered, he was sure would be equal to any crisis.

Speed and surprise; forward as from a catapult—that was Mangin's command. He had our Hospital Corps left behind. We could attend to the wounded after the victory.

The First, being nearer the front than the Second when the summons came, was in line on the evening of the 17th. Answering assembly call, the Second jumped the busses and tore through the night, not knowing whither they were bound, except it was to no tea party.

Not until after midnight were the last battalions of the Second debussed on the traffic gorged Soissons road in inky darkness. To show a flash was treason. Men held hands to keep together.

Then off the road into deeper darkness with rain falling. Somewhere ahead they must be in line at 4:35 for the jump off. It was after 4.

Neighbor could not see neighbor or the French guides directing. They stumbled against tree trunks and into bushes that separated them. They must be there on time or they'd ball up the battle; leave a gap in the charge; cripple the game as if there were no one to cover first and second base and the pitcher couldn't find the plate.

They came up on the minute, their movement coinciding with that of the charge. It was like a runner hurrying to the field and crossing the tape, leaving the others at the starting gun.

UP to that time there had been a conspiracy of silence in the woods. Our guns had not spoken. No preliminary bombardment to warn the enemy. But a rolling barrage began at 4:35. Our guns could not cut it too close, lest "shorts" hit those for whom they were forming their shield of shells.

Out of the edge of the woods broke that first wave of men, and ahead of them trundled—strange grunting steel specters in the faint light—French tanks 300 strong. Ahead—broad, open fields, with villages and bushes to hide the German artillery and machine gunners. The Germans had only light trenches. They relied on the supple defense in the new war of movement.

"NOW we'll get it!" was the thought under our tin hats. And "it" was the German answer to the flushed target. The question was just how much of "it" there would be.

A group of Americans casually advancing behind a rolling barrage to face the enemy.

But no blasts from machine guns. Only an occasional *tat-tat*, developing slowly. Were the Germans drawing us on? No heavy shellfire to maul us before meeting the enemy infantry. Only an occasional battery slowly coming into action.

We had achieved the surprise. That German division, except for its outpost, had been caught asleep. We overran the front line readily in the first flush of our advance.

One of our brigades made three miles in the first two hours. But no such pace was to be kept up. The German reserves stiffened to their work.

Now it was "Through to the guns!" which were belaboring us; and forward our guns, leaving their tracks across the dewy fields, to keep their shield up with the advance of our infantry.

In the same action, for the first time, the First must keep up with rival Second and the Second with the First, and both with these hard-boiled devils of the Moroccan division.

The example of our ardor, when we were young in the war, inspired the French with ardor they had known when they were young in the war. Again they were driving back the enemy from Paris along that Soissons road as they had in the First Battle of the Marne.

More villages behind them. More groups of captured Germans crossing the fields, where captured machine guns were scattered, to join the rearward movement of prisoners on the roads. The sight of them called for a further shelling of the peas, and gave our wounded who joked them the reward of their labors.

The First and Second were doing what was expected of them in a workmanlike manner. Guns concentrating, columns deploying and coming to the clinch against points of heavy resistance. They knew

how, and courage fails if you do not know how.

We had our five miles for the most part by nightfall. But Vierzy was not yet taken. The Harbord chin would have it. At 6:45 every man in sight was summoned for the effort, and Vierzy was ours. Magnificent!

Two nights without sleep for the Second and one for the First and the French. At it the next day—the next mile harder than the last of yesterday's.

Military police of the First Division bringing in captured Germans during the Marne offensive.

Ludendorff was rushing in reserves and guns. He could not afford to have the U made a bag. But we kept at it with diminishing numbers against increasing and fresh opposition. The roofs of Soissons might be in sight, but between us and them were hills easy for the Germans to defend.

ON the night of the third day the Second and the French were taken out. The First must hold on another day. It was promised to go out on the fourth night.

"But—" said the French general. When there were no other reserves, it was necessary to wait on the hurrying Scotch division from the British front.

"I promised my men!" said Summerall.

A promise was a promise.

"But they will go on!" he added.

War's iron discipline. The First stuck to it like men fighting in their sleep.

At the end of that drive deaths of superiors had put captains, who had not been in uniform until April, '17, in charge of regiments.

"Who is in command of this company?" Summerall asked, as he passed along the line.

"I am," replied the private of yesterday.

Our two divisions had taken over 100 guns and 7,000 prisoners in about equal shares of captures and casualties. A great day, July 18. It marked the turn of the tide.

In Paris the boulevards were gay again. Hearts that had seemed to be standing still for four months, since the German drives began, were beating again. Eyes that had been glued in fear to the map, as the enemy cut slices and hunks out of the Allied front, saw the deepest gain of any Allied offensive since '17.

Not only Mary and Kitty—for the camouflage code names of our divisions belied their masculine identity—but also Jennie and Minnie and others were to add their blows to keep the initiative we had won.

Turning south along the U, the reel ran off succeeding pictures of action of our gathering clans. Look who's here in Belleau Wood, where they had taken over from the Second! The Twenty-sixth, New Englanders, Major General Clarence R. Edwards, out for their share of major league stuff after long service at Toul.

The pivot for the drive along the Soissons road, the Twenty-sixth, was now to do some driving of its own. If you go to Belleau Wood cemetery — where there are Twenty-sixth headstones as well as in the Fère-en-Tardenois—you will note the high hill beyond Belleau.

This the Twenty-sixth had to take before it could stretch itself; then on through woods and down into the ugly business at Epieds. Beyond, on higher ground, still more wicked woods in that Fère-en-Tardenois region against vicious counterattacks. Maybe the Germans had to go, but while they had veteran machine gunners they did not mean to go until they had their material away.

When they held up our infantry, the Twenty-sixth opened its ranks for the charge of its motorized machine battalion into position to beat down the opposition in a raucous duel. A little spectacular excitement in that, until the Twenty-sixth was fought to exhaustion when it had had 4,000 casualties.

AT Château-Thierry, trains were beginning to arrive in the battered railroad station.

That Third which had held the bridgehead when the Germans took the town, which had stood watch from the river bank and then held the bend on July 15, had now sent its infantry back across the bridge its engineers had built.

And up the river I saw emerging from the shell bursts in the village of Jaulgonne a wave of tin hats climbing up the steep slope. The Third was storming the bluffs behind which the Germans had built their boats for the crossing of the Fifteenth and from where their guns had hammered the Third in the bend.

The Third's town, river, and bluffs now, and more to come beyond the bluffs. Whether prohibitionist or not, the Third had the kick of success to defy fatigue.

Plugged in a street of Château-Thierry was a battalion of the Twenty-eighth National Guard of Pennsylvania, facing the heights beyond.

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

Dainty as a Rose

SAFEST BECAUSE

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One look at Jap Rose, the daintiest of all soaps—one peek through the lovely transparent cake commands your perfect trust and confidence. It contains no insoluble ingredients to mar its opalescent beauty or to clog your pores.

And then to try it—to enjoy the delightful tingle of its silken, pore-cleansing lather, at the washbowl or in your bath—to see the dust and excess oil rinse from your hair in a flash, leaving it soft and beautiful! Truly you will not forget your first happy experience with Jap Rose Soap. Don't wait. Get a cake today.

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Contestants may send in as many pictures as they wish each month. The judges will be a committee appointed by The Reyburn Manufacturing Company and their decision will be final.

$3,000 in prizes

Every month, until further notice, The Reyburn Manufacturing Company will offer to all dealers, wholesale or retail, anywhere, $250 in cash prizes (34 prizes) for pictures of the best-trimmed window displays.

Each month's contest begins on the first of the month and closes on the final day of the month.

It is suggested that some nationally-advertised products be used in window (this is not obligatory).

It is not necessary to have a picture taken of your display by a professional photographer. Merely take a snapshot with your own camera and send us one picture. When sending in your pictures to us be sure to write the name and address and city and state on the back of the picture.

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Gentlemen: Find enclosed money order, check or C. O. D. for $_____

½ gross Reyburn Art Crepe—12 most popular colors (sufficient for 12 average windows) **$7.20**

West of Mississippi . . $7.80

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[TEN YEARS AGO THIS WEEK]
Continued from page seventy-three

Word came, and the battalion marched forward to link up in the battle line with the other clans.

And the planes overhead against the clear July sky, seeing for the doughboys and protecting and cozening them and jousting with enemy planes, were Americans!

And meet another division — the Fourth, Major General G. H. Cameron, which was also very much in it. Business-like, never flinching, the Fourth would let the First, Second, and Third of the regular bands know that, although they had come later to France, this was a handicap which some people knew how to overcome.

Greeting for a band of "old-timers." Gouraud no longer needed the Forty-second. Bussing and "forty and eighting" it, the Rainbows had arrived at the U, taking over from the Twenty-sixth.

Over the top into No Man's Land with the Thirty-second Division.

They were in the edge of a woods under the sweep of machine gun fire across the open fields from the stone building of Red Cross Farm. More than one way to skin a cat. A suicide party crept up a ditch at the rear, rushed in at the back door, and pinched the machine gunners in the parlor, as it were. And anything you put over on a German machine gunner was a decided compliment to yourself.

The bluffs and the woods, including the stubborn Forêt de Fère of the Marne wall at the base of the U, in our drive up the U, were ours.

Downhill now, but downhill in a parade ground visibility of the thin lines on the open apron of the slope of the valley of the little Ourcq River—and German machine gunners on the opposite slopes. But the thing was to put it behind us with all speed.

In Muercy Farm the Forty-second had a harder and more costly nut to crack than in Red Cross Farm. But no use lying in front of its fire. Keep at it until you got it—and that took three days.

And woods? Do not ask the Twenty-eighth, or the Third, or the Thirty-second, if they think woods fighting is easy when you mention Grimpettes or Serges woods.

It was our battle, an American battle, our divisions fighting together as corps under Liggett and Bullard.

Pershing had set us in motion to avenge a military insult. He had said he would supply the men. Here they were, keeping his word.

Just one rule for each division in those closing days of July: Keep going until you are face down in fatigue in a primitive gouging wrestle with the veteran German infantry — good teachers, they — under the heights which were a paradise for machine gunners.

But at the summit of those irregular slopes was another valley, that of the Vesle. This the final goal. Gain that and the U was closed. The finish of the job was not to be until in early August. But now Ludendorff knew that we had other divisions formed in the mold of the pioneer First and Second.

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

(Answers will be found on page eighty-two)

1—What is called the Pine Tree State?

2—What country produces most of the world's supply of platinum?

3—What Greek legendary hero was invulnerable in all but one spot?

4—For what short opera is Pietro Mascagni chiefly noted?

5—What baseball player led his league in batting nine consecutive years?

6—In what romance do the following characters appear: *Little John, Maid Marian, Friar Tuck?*

7—What physical peculiarity is common to guinea pigs and Manx cats?

8—In French history, what is known as the Hundred Days?

9—What does Alma Mater mean?

10—How many Muses were there, according to classical mythology?

11—Where is Port of Spain?

12—For what crime was Charlotte Corday guillotined?

13—What is an ibis? An ibex?

14—In what games are these terms used: spare, hit and run, let, dormy?

15—What is a windgall?

16—What is common to the following names: maiden's blush, northern spy, twenty-ounce, Ben Davis?

17—What is the name for the number from which another number is subtracted?

18—What is pediatrics?

19—How many masts has a brig?

20—On what continent was the fabulous city or country of El Dorado supposed to have been located?

The NEW SILHOUETTE

By

MARY BRUSH WILLIAMS

ALLOW us to introduce to you the so-called fir tree silhouette! Not long ago the fashionable outline was rather like a weeping willow—droopy, and clingy, and in dead black.

Maybe the designers are turning to the forests for inspiration and we shall in time take on the outlines of other flora. Maybe we shall some day be in a position to say to our maid: "Bring me the dress that makes me the figure of a horse chestnut" or "of a dogwood tree."

This thought is suggested by the fact that already we have been availing ourselves of the decorative effects of dogwood blossoms—which, because of their flat surfaces, are more appropriate, some say, for dress borders and scarfs than for real trees. But this is the reflection of city dwellers, who do not see the woods in springtime.

Many artists seem to be frightfully down on nature, and the dogwood blossom is one of her efforts that they are trying to improve upon.

These flowers look almost conventional when seen in real life, and sometimes on wall paper and scarfs appear more spontaneous than the original models from which they are drawn. The dogwood tree is something so hopeless, from any designer's standpoint, however, that even the couturiers of Paris could do nothing with it.

Chanel made this dress in the fir tree silhouette of banana colored crêpe satin.

An evening dress that is made of layers of white chiffon, and has a striking side decoration of featherlike black chiffon.

The collar of this blue coat is lined with shaved pony.

(Left) An evening frock of beige taffeta, widened at the hipline with a tulle girdle ranging from cream to honey.

Still, we must admit that they accomplished a good deal with the fir tree as inspiration, if it resulted in this lovely and unusual silhouette. Chanel, who made it, gets her effects by artfully applying to the outline bands of the material, which in the dress shown here is of banana colored crêpe satin. The frock as shown in the drawing is worn with a tiny felt hat, stuck on one side with a rhinestone pin. With it the girl carries a gray fox scarf.

Patou started the movement shown in this dress some time ago, the original model being in chartreuse green. It would be good, also, in blue.

The important thing about it is the tight belt and the ruffle jutting out under it just halfway between the hips and the knee. This emphasizes the molded hip and cuts up the long line, making a fluffy and feminine silhouette. Efforts to attain this effect in one way or another are all the time being made by the important houses. Overlapping bands of the same material as the dress are the customary trimming of the day.

A woman just back from Paris with one of each of our evening dresses in her wardrobe tells the story of how an American man saw both models worn in a Parisian dance hall in one evening, and inquired which girl was making a spectacle of herself by appearing in something behind the times. It scarcely seemed possible that the two could be fashionable in the same season, so diametrically opposite are they in outline.

The beige model is more appropriate for private dances than for crowded public dance halls. It is made of taffeta going down the length of the figure in the form of a straight slip, and takes on the wide effect at the hips by a unique arrangement of the double girdle of tulle, which varies in color from cream to honey.

If this model is unsuitable for your figure, as well as for the places to which you wish to wear it, you may choose the evening dress of exactly the contrary outline—which, as the artist puts it in the letter from Paris, is in many layers of white chiffon, trimmed with featherlike streamers of black chiffon going up the back on one side. It is an effective dinner dress and is beautiful also in beige and marron or deep tan.

We have had wrap-around coats for about as long as any of us can remember, and for almost an equal length of time we have been told we were to have them no more. Ever since their first appearance, their instant extinction has been predicted, for some reason or other—and every year they reappear. Perhaps this is because they are uncommonly becoming to more types of overplump figure than any other known style. By adjusting them judiciously you can disguise from the general public your actual weight by some twenty pounds.

EVEN so, we are in a position to predict that the old peg-top adjustment of the wrap-around coat has gone the way of all things mortal. You know, of course, the outline we refer to in this unauthorized designation of it. We mean the one attained by wrapping the coat so tightly around the hips that the skirt slants inward in the outline of a cornucopia.

These wrap-around coats were usually held in place by the hands; but present day outer garments are more frequently belted in place at the natural waistline, with a blousing effect in the back of the bodice above a skirt that hangs straight. Sometimes, indeed, it even flares.

Newest of all is the outline displayed in the accompanying model, fresh from Paris, which keeps the old wrap-around lines, without a belt. Only, they do not wrap around, but are adjusted to hang straight by a horizontal arrangement of three buttons at the waistline.

This provision for a coat fastening in which the hands play no part is most un-Parisian in feeling, for the Frenchwoman usually has almost no use of the hands for their usual functions, because they are apt to be occupied with holding wraps and scarfs and outer trappings in place.

One version of this coat is in navy blue rep with the standing, more or less Queen Anne collar lined with beige colored shaved pony, which gives it a required stiffness without lending an effect of winteriness to the ensemble.

It may be made also in wool—beige, of course, being as always one of the best colors.

It is smart, indeed, in almost any color in silk or wool, with or without fur trimming, for winter, summer, or fall.

It Pays to Dramatize Your Dress

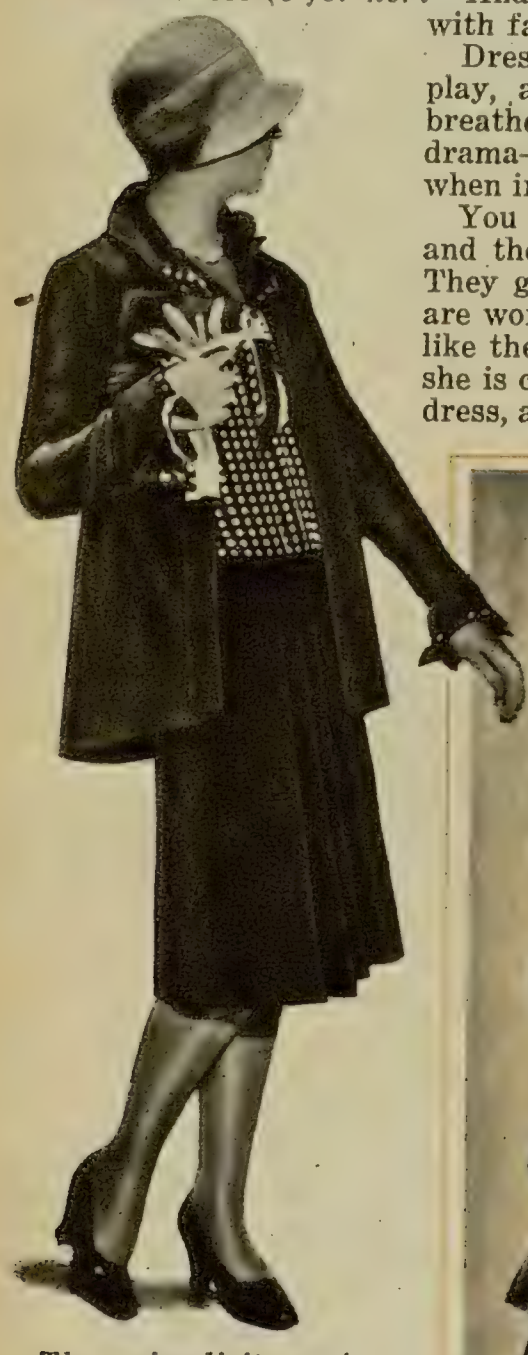
By BETTINA BEDWELL

Paris, June 25.

WHO is the best dressed woman in the world—the best dressed woman you know, on the screen, or behind or in front of the footlights? Have you ever studied her to learn what is the secret that makes her clothes so effective *for her?* And have you found out that to copy her is to flirt with failure?

Dress is a play that has to be dramatized. Like a play, any costume, however chic, is dead until you breathe the breath of life, which is personality—*i.e.*, drama—into it. And this is especially true right now, when individuality is the price of fashion.

You can't get away from it. You have a rôle to play, and the clothes you wear are the "lines" you speak. They get over—or they don't—according to how they are worn and how you play up to them. You must be like the wise actress, who never chooses a part unless she is competent to play it effectively. Never choose a dress, a coat, or an ensemble unless you can wear it just



The simplicity of this suit from Worth makes it charming for the slender, youthful woman.

as effectively as it is possible for that particular article of apparel to be worn.

Robes de style are very smart, but do not get one unless you can live up to it. Do not let anyone persuade you into putting on one of those bustle frocks unless you know you can get away with it.

The ultramodern, the skinline, the quaint, the arty, the decorative, the highly colored—all of these are elements of style to be taken on or given the cold shoulder, according to your ability to "do them proud."

If you are very young and very adaptable, you will no doubt be able to be all things to all clothes. That is the particular blessing of youth. It learns *à la* rapid transit. There are, naturally, some exceptions. Youth must avoid the vampirish, the stately, and the middle aged in dress.

The most difficult drama of dress is that for women who are neither young nor yet middle aged. This is because the barriers are so indefinite that you may very easily step over them without even being aware that you have done so.

The simplest solution is to consider your clothes as a rôle that you have to play, and to decide whether or not you can act it with complete

Extremely sophisticated and elegant is this black and white georgette frock from Worth.

Venus is in style, and the real Venus, with her size thirty-eight curves, can wear to perfection this corn colored satin evening dress from Drecoll.

A stately, romantic woman would give a flair to the Drecoll evening cape of gold moiré with its Medici collar and beige fox bands.

success. There is nothing more pitiful than the spectacle of a woman wearing clothes that are too much or too little for her particular personality. And there is nothing more charming than picturesque or dramatic clothes when they are worn with a flair.

I remember, the last time I crossed the Atlantic, the then Mrs. Vera Sinclair Gould was a fellow passenger. She wore only the *robe de style* when she appeared, which was always after sundown. The quaint, stilted costume fitted her as if it had been expressly created for her, whereas the regulation sports costume would not have distinguished her.

YOU alone can decide which of the new fashions will dramatize you. Take the ones on this page, for example. Of the first two models, by Worth, the suit may be worn by any woman who can play the part of youthful insouciance and freshness. The newest of colors, rust brown, in crêpe marocain makes the flaring jacket and the skirt, which is circular in front.

The blouse, tucked in at the waistline, is the very last word. It is made of an artificial velvet as cool as crêpe de Chine, polka dotted with white.

For the slender, refined, and somewhat sophisticated type is Worth's smartest of summer afternoon frocks. This is a straightline dress made of white georgette with bishop sleeves having petal cuffs. The skirt is overlaid with four ruffles of black georgette, each ruffle tucked and stiffened around the edges with black straw braid. This is the new pagoda silhouette.

Our upper right photograph shows one of the smartest of Parisian evening wraps. But who can do it justice? Greta Garbo could, and so could Catherine de' Medici, who wore its first ancestor. It is my opinion that the stately Drecoll mannequin who is photographed in it wears it supremely.

The plaited collar stands up all around the head and neck, and it is lined with beige fox, which continues in an increasingly large band around the circular hemline of the cape.

The same mannequin wears the Drecoll evening gown of corn colored stiff satin—a very ladylike vampire frock, this one. Very smart are the swathed princess blouse and girdle and the trailing panels of the skirt—that is, smart for a size thirty-eight.

So gay and care free when teeth are white BUT . . .

HOW difficult it is to believe that teeth, matching the sparkle of gay, youthful eyes and glistening as a strand of Oriental pearls, could ever shield trouble! Yet lurking behind white teeth is real danger—the disease of neglect (Pyorrhea).

Unaware of this fact, perhaps a bit careless, 4 persons out of 5 after forty, and thousands younger, let health and youth slip from them. They are unfortunate victims of Pyorrhea.

This grim foe of health ignores the teeth and attacks the delicate gum tissue. If allowed to pursue its course unmolested, it sweeps through the body leaving in its wake a trail of ills, many of them serious.

As a simple precautionary measure, have your dentist examine teeth and gums thoroughly at least once every six months, and start using Forhan's today.

Without the use of harsh, dangerous abrasives, this dentifrice cleans teeth white and helps to protect against acids which cause decay. But it is far more than an ordinary tooth paste.

The formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S., this dentifrice is compounded with Forhan's Pyorrhea Astringent used by dentists in the treatment of gum infections. If used regularly and in time, it helps to firm gums and keep them sound and youthfully alive. And dentists agree that Pyorrhea seldom attacks healthy gums.

Don't wait until gums break down and recede from teeth, for teeth to loosen. Take simple precautionary measures now to protect precious health. Morning and night, every day, brush teeth and gums with Forhan's. Teach your children this good habit. They will thank you in years to come. Get a tube of Forhan's from your druggist today—35c and 60c.

Formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S.
Forhan Company, New York

Certainly It's A Success!

The tremendous success of Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshant proves that more and more people are realizing the importance of the correct practice of oral hygiene. Every morning and every night they use this Antiseptic Refreshant as a mouth-wash. It is powerful, refreshing and safe. It protects mouth, nose and throat from infection and keeps breath sweet. Try it. 35c and 60c in bottles.

Make This 10 Day Test

Lazy, lethargic gums invite disease. And the only way to keep them firm, sound and healthy is to massage them daily just as a woman massages her face to keep it glowing with youth and free from the signs of age. Forhan's for the Gums is designed for gum massaging. Make this 10 day test. Morning and night, before brushing your teeth with Forhan's, exercise your gums, closely following the directions in the booklet that comes with each tube . . . See how much better they look and feel!

Your Teeth Are Only As Healthy As Your Gums

Forhan's *for the gums*

YOUR TEETH ARE ONLY AS HEALTHY AS YOUR GUMS

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THE flavor and digestibility of fried foods—particularly fried fish—depend on the fat that is used.

Mazola is a pure vegetable oil—pressed from the hearts of fully ripened corn kernels—and has a delicate, neutral flavor that blends immediately with the frying food.

Although Mazola is a *pure* fat, the foods fried in it are singularly free from grease.

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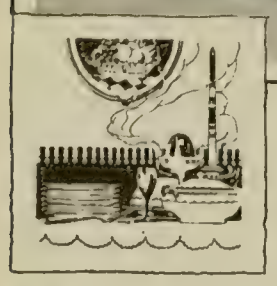
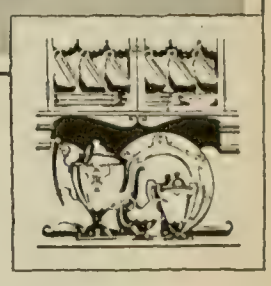
Tomatoes A Year-Round TONIC

By ETHEL SOMERS



Loosening tomato skin by rubbing with a blunt knife leaves a firmer product than if blanched in hot water.



When cutting corn from the cob cut the outer shell through the center of each row, and slice off the kernels.

ONE of Nature's most important health laws is to keep well by right eating. Strangely enough, one can overeat and still be undernourished. This is on account of a lack of certain vital food elements. Prolonged shortage of vitamins or minerals in the diet makes strong men sick.

Most vegetables provide some of the important minerals and vitamins A, B, C, D, and E. Science has proved, through feeding experiments, that tomatoes are the vegetable richest in appreciable quantities of both minerals and vitamins. Either fresh or canned, tomatoes are an excellent, though a cheap, health food.

Perhaps no food health habit can provide more health and pleasure than eating, with salt, ripe red tomatoes fresh from the vine.

Why not develop a repertoire of these tomato dishes while the season of abundant, cheap tomatoes is in full swing?

Oven Canned Tomatoes
(Left Whole)

SELECT fresh, firm, yet ripe tomatoes. Blanch from 1 to 3 minutes (depending on their ripeness) in boiling hot water. Plunge them quickly into ice water. Drain. Remove the skins and pack immediately into clean hot jars or sanitary cans that have been thoroughly cleansed by washing, rinsing, and boiling 5 to 10 minutes. Add ½ teaspoon salt to each pint of tomatoes; also ½ to 1 teaspoon sugar, if desired.

When the tomatoes have been packed as tightly as possible into the jars and seasoned, pour in enough boiling water to fill the jars within ½ inch of the top. Paddle out any air bubbles with a spatula. Put a scalded rubber in position and loosely seal the jars, leaving the clamp up on a glass top jar, or loosening screw tops one-quarter of a turn. Immediately place the filled jars on the lower rack of a 300° F. oven. The rack should be above the floor of the oven as for ordinary baking. The jars should be so arranged that they do not touch one another. In fact, 2 inches space between them is important.

Process, or sterilize, by allowing the packed jars to remain in the 300° F. oven for 30 minutes. Then reduce the temperature to 250° F. for another 30 minutes. Remove from the oven, seal at once, turn upside down, and test for leaks.

If more than four 1-quart jars or two rows of pint jars are placed in the oven at one time, increase the 250° F. processing period by 30 minutes.

Oven Canned Tomatoes
(Cut in Pieces)

PREPARE as for whole tomatoes, excepting that the tomatoes are quartered or sliced after the skins are removed. Pack the pieces to within 1 inch of the top of the jar. Proceed as for whole tomatoes and process 1 hour in a 300° F. oven.

Baked tomatoes provide an easily made, yet excellent and attractive, border to any platter dinner menu.

Baked Tomatoes

6 tomatoes, uniform size
½ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
1 tablespoon butter

WASH the tomatoes well and scoop out the tough stem end. Sprinkle the butter and seasoning in the cavity. Place in a moderately hot oven (375° F.) for 20 to 30 minutes, or until tender. Serve with a bit of parsley on top.

IT is easy to take advantage of the health giving qualities of the tomato because of the many ways in which it can be served. In LIBERTY'S cookbook, Salads, Sandwiches, and Summer Drinks, for instance, tomatoes are included in twelve of the vegetable salad combinations listed in a two-page table. Many more recipes for dishes in which tomatoes are used are in this cookbook. And Miss Somers includes others in the other two cookbooks she has prepared for LIBERTY. Send for them. Each cookbook costs only 10¢; all three for 25¢. Use the coupon, please.

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Broiled Tomatoes

2 tomatoes
1½ teaspoons butter
⅛ teaspoon salt
A few grains pepper

WASH the tomatoes and cut in half crosswise, but do not peel. Place them with the cut surface up in the upper oven for about 15 minutes while the meat is broiling, or until the tomatoes are soft but not broken. Or place under the broiler flame for a few minutes only. Dot each slice with butter and sprinkle with salt and pepper. Serve piping hot.

Broiled tomatoes may be varied by adding two strips of bacon placed crisscross. Bake 15 minutes at 375° F., then brown 1 minute under the broiler flame. Serve on toast circles.

Creole Tomatoes

2 tablespoons butter or olive oil
1 sweet green pepper or pimento
1 teaspoon finely chopped onion
¾ teaspoon salt
6 tomatoes
1½ cups hot green corn, freshly boiled
1 tablespoon cream or butter

MELT the butter or oil. Add the finely minced pepper or pimento and onion. Cook until savory, but not browned, over a low flame (about 5 minutes). Cut the tomatoes in quarters and add these to the savory mixture with the salt. Add the cooked corn cut from the cob, the butter or cream, and serve hot.

Tomatoes with Mushrooms

4 tablespoons butter
3 medium green peppers, shredded
2 medium onions, sliced
2 pounds tomatoes, quartered
¾ to 1 pound mushrooms, skinned and sliced, *or* 1 medium can of canned mushrooms
1 teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper

SAUTÉ the butter, onions, and green peppers for 10 minutes or until savory over a medium fire. Stir, to produce an even and light browning. Add the skinned, sliced mushrooms and the peeled, quartered tomatoes and seasonings. Sauté 15 minutes more and serve hot on toast points or circles. Garnish with parsley.

Escalloped Tomatoes

2 pounds tomatoes peeled and sliced ¼ inch thick
4 green peppers, shredded
½ teaspoon salt
¼ pound cheese cubes
⅓ cup bread crumbs
¼ pound bacon, cubed and cooked crisp
2 cups milk

ALTERNATE layers of the tomato and the seasonings, including both the crisped bacon and the cheese cubes. Pour in the milk, if used. Cover the top with bread crumbs and dot with bacon or butter fat. Place in a hot oven (400° F.) until brown, about 30 minutes. Serve hot from the casserole.

Stuffed Tomato Salad in Variety

PEELED, hollowed, chilled tomatoes may be filled with Waldorf salad, a plain celery and nut salad mixture, chicken or veal salad, beet salad, sweetbread salad, egg salad, cucumber salad, or any aspic of suitable flavor.

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Love Letters of an

Rough Stuff Among the Stars

Words and Pictures by

BERT GREEN

(Reading time: 9 mins. 10 secs.)

Hollywood, Cal.

DEAR MARG,

You wood have heard from me before, but I had my Horascope red here in Hollywood!!! Of all the funny rackits, that gag has everything else slayed. The woman told me my fortune. No kiddin. And bullieve me she hit me on the button.

First she dug out an old piece of burlap with a bunch of chinee writin on it and laid it on the table. She said it was the sign of the Sodiact or Dizzyact or somethin.

She asked me when I was born, and I told her on the 28th of January. Then she said I was born in an Aquarium. Can you beat that? She said that Aquarium people have affinity with Pieces.

Now dont get me wrong! If she wants to get fresh that aint my fault. I gess she means that Id go to pieces if I started somethin.

She asked me if I drank. But you know me, I didnt squark. Then she says I got to take care of my blood and ankles.

That bottle that Carl Dane gave me the other night had me walkin backwards. My ankles were all knees. The damn thing was filled with Scorpions, as the woman would say.

She said I was born under a certain Cuspidor and not to have any doings with wimin on the 7th, 9th, 14th, 23rd, and 24th of July, because I would be taken PLENTY. I certainly drew a bum break for July! So if you dont hear from me on those dates youll know whats up.

Listen to this. This is how *I* stand—this is what she told me. She said I was born with the Sun in the sign Aquarium. People born while the Son is in the Aquarium, Jan. 21 to Feb. 18, are of a pleasant and sympathetic nature; are good hearted and generous. Thats me. Deal in theories (whatever that is) and have strong likes and dislikes.

They are cheerful, slow to anger (yeh, until someone sticks one on my nose), and are very independant. Dya get that? Very independant. She says I dont like to be ordered or driven about. Remember that Marg, she clocked me the first shot outer the box.

She says I would make a good meal ticket to wimen with Leo, Capricorn, Pieces, and attracted to Gemini and Libra. Thats a lot of baloney to me.

Oh yes, another thing. She said Aquarium people are best adapted for travellers. Gee, Ive been livin in my hat ever since I met you. She said I should live away from cities on high ground. I dont get that dope, unless its because I get my feet wet. You know them chillblanes I get drive me nuts.

She says when Venus goes into the Aquarium I gotta look out. It gets in the nutral sign Virgo, mixed up with the ruling sign Mars, and then into the Cuspidor of Aries, and that starts trouble. If you can make head or tale outer that youre a better man than I am, Rotton Gin. But thats what she told me.

Everybody asks where Gloria Swanson lives. Im going to stick a statue of myself on the lawn pointin, Over There!!!

Its simple. Heres the way I dope it out.

Venus makes a forward pass to Aquarium. Aquarium bunts to Virgo. Virgo kicks to Mars. Mars knocks a two bagger to Cuspidor. Cuspidor trumps to Scorpio. Scorpio makes a machee shot to Leo. Leo yells FORE and plays Taurus close to the cushion. Taurus rolls a seven and Cancer goes to Pieces.

Theres nothin to it, and if you dont believe me Fore outer Five have IT.

You see Marg, all of them foney names is the sign of the Zodiac. Them are stars. Each one is the month you were supposed to be born under. They tell your hole history.

Fur instance if the Moon is in your opposition sign Leo on the 4th or 5th of July that means its time to change your socks.

All those big bankers on the stock exchange go for that stuff. They wouldnt even part their hair in the morning if Venus wasnt in the proper place.

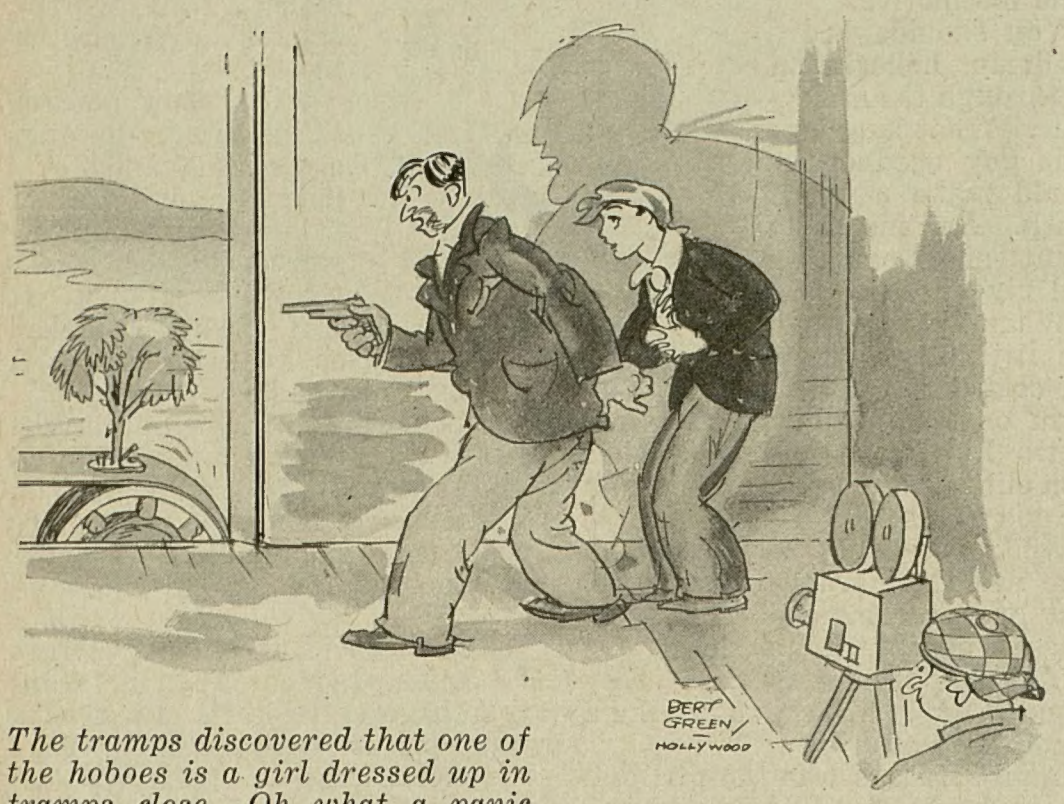
NOW you dont have to go and think I was goofy because I had my horoscope red because theres lots of truth in that stuff. That jane would make you marry a tatooed woman and sit up and look at the pitchers. She was weard. She told my future and told me everything about my past. Yeh, and hit it to a dot.

She new all the planets in the Zodiac, but I know all the stars in Hollywood. She told me about that guy Throckmorton takin me for all that dough to star me in the movies. She told me that when I went out to Hollywood I would find the studio was a FISH MARKET! !

And not only that. She told me all about YOU. She clocked everythin you had on. What you looked like, and just what kind of a frail you are. She told me PLENTY. She told me your old man was a BUM and that all he thought of was giggle soup and French Post cards. She was nobodys imbercile.

She told me about your old ladys feet and what a donkey she was livin with a sap like him. She was perfect. She told me just what days to take the liquor outer the warehouse. She told me just when was the best time to get the revenoo agents plastered so I could get the stuff off the dock. She gave me

Interior Decorator



The tramps discovered that one of the hoboes is a girl dressed up in tramps close. Oh what a panic when they found it out!

the initials of the biggest lushers in Hollywood, and when I could expect to get their order on large quantities of Leopard sweat.

She knew the position of every rum laden ship on the ocean. Pluck that out of your eyebrows.

And you shoulda seen what she looked like when she came in the room. On the level I thought she had a comedy part in a movie set. She was a Wow. Her hat looked like a cross between a banana layer cake and a Japanese water bag. It was a darby. She had a face like the Ten Commandments. She had more clothes on than an Esqumoe with a tough cold.

She had about as much checks appeal as an oyster on a bar room floor. But she had plenty under the skull.

This place Hollywood, Marg, is full of wonderful things. Holy Moses, its fuller charm. What frails. What scenery. What flowers. By golly they grow anything here. If you threw a handful of nails outer the window youd have a steel plant in the morning. They can grow hair on a leather trunk, what more can you ask.

Three strawberries pack a Mack truck. A healthy grapefruit fills the garage. And the beautiful frails they grow. Theyre keen. A walk down Hollywood Boolevard makes you ringin wet. Fifty million Frenchmen cant be wet. Between them and the climate the heart, liver and lungs get an awful play.

And can they glorify the nose paint? WOW. They make a quart of gin look like a bottle of near beer on the Barbery Coast. They take gin like Sadie Thompson took Will Hayes. And I dont mean PERHAPS!

Do you know how they mix cocktails out here? Do you suppose for a minit that they put it in a shaker. Not on your life. They pour a buckit of gin in the washing machine, add a bucket of water and turn the switch. The ice machine does the rest. And another thing, they put the oranges and lemons through the close ringer. Smile that off.

I was out to Beverly Hills with Walter Lantz the cartoonist the other afternoon to see Will Rogers. Oh, what a terrible hut he has. One of them nice little places with forty rooms. Its the house what jokes bought. He lives right opposite Gloria Swanson. Will was workin in the garden in a pair of overalls. He says to me, he says, —everybody what comes up this street asks me where Gloria Swanson lives. They take me for the gardner. Im so sick and tired pointin out the place that Im goin to stick a statue of myself on the lawn pointin, Over There!!!

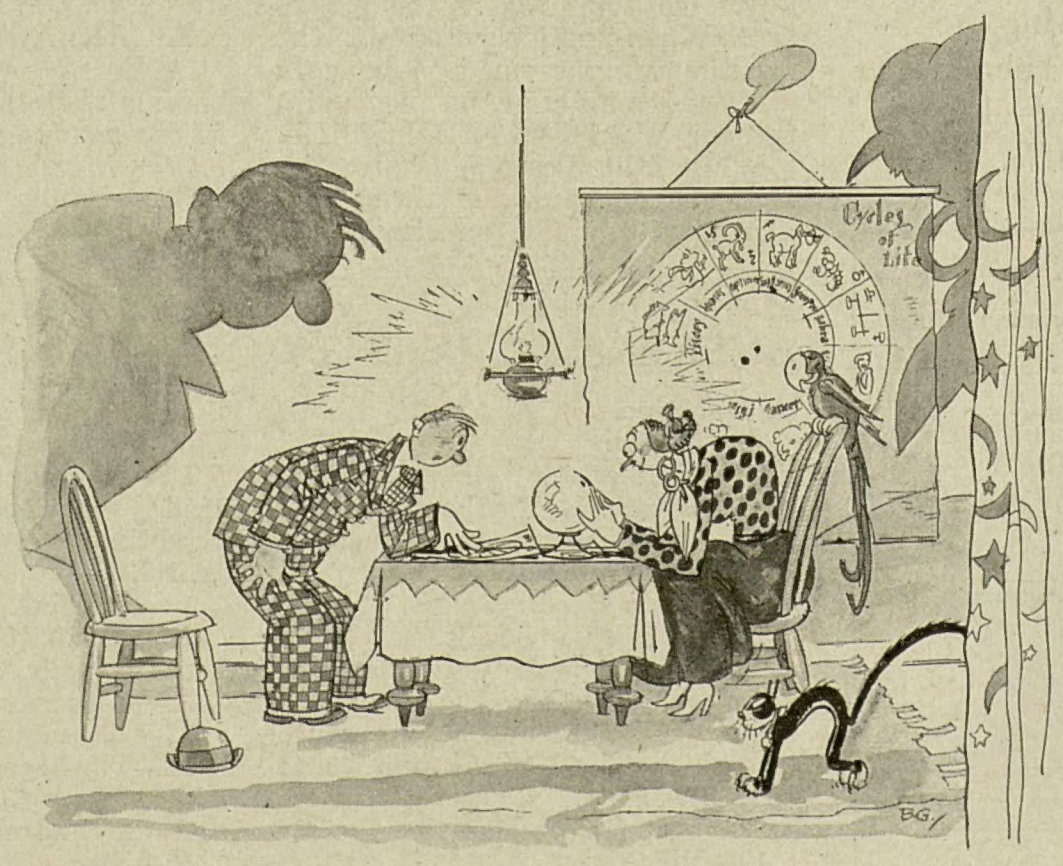
LISTEN, Love Lips, I GOT A JOB IN THE MOVIES. Yep, in the creepin pastels. I was over to the Lasky lot to deliver a coupla cases of laughing soup to Bill Wellman, thats the guy what directed Wings, and he says to me he says, How would you like to go in pictures?

Well, I coulda kissed him in Marshall Fields window. So he says show up in the morning!

I got down on the lot with the milkman. After waitin around a bit who comes in but a bunch of bums. Right away I thought I was on the wrong lot. I thought I was goin to crash the stars spot. Then Bill Wellman comes up and gives me some old clothes and tells Charlie Barton the assistant director to get that bum in them rags and get him out on the set. Can you imagine that. Well, come to find out Marg, I had to play a bums part in The Beggars of Life. It aint much of a part but oh Boy what a kick I got out of it. I certainly was in good company. There was Wallace Beery, Louise Brooks, oh what a pip, Richard Arlin, Mike Donlin, the ball player, Kewpie Morgan, Johnny Morris and a bunch of others. We were ALL BUMS.

The scene is on the railroad in a box car. And did we have fun. Beery is supposed to be the judge in the Kangaroo court. Hes holdin the bench on an empty beer keg in the box car. Its the Court of Dishonor where all methods of legal procedure are reversed, whatever that stands for.

Just when all the hoboes are standin around the bench one of the bums tickles another bum in the pants and he hauls off and punches one of the other tramps on the kisser. You see it tickled him so much that he couldnt help it. So, right away the other mug swings on some-



She said I was born in an Aquarium.

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

L. I. Henrick says:
"It is easy to make money anywhere with Process Products

and the business winning co-operation that Process gives to Process salesmen."

Mr. Henrick is making a notable record in successful salesmanship in Los Angeles, as is proved by the amounts earned by him in single days during different seasons.

A November Day $96.00
A February Day $45.00
An April Day $58.00

We want ambitious men and women who are looking for an opportunity to make this kind of money, as representatives in every town to take orders for our nationally known lines of individually Monogramed Business and Personal Christmas Greeting Cards, Commercial and Social Stationery, Announcements, etc. We pay liberal commission in cash every day, also liberal monthly bonus to producers. Apply at once, writing me personally.

Manager Dept. J
THE PROCESS ENGRAVING CO., INC.
Troy at 21st Street Chicago, Illinois

Easy writing means easy thinking. Try a Dixon "Ti-con-der-oga" pencil!

5¢ each
60¢ a dozen

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Three for a quarter in Canada

JOSEPH DIXON CRUCIBLE CO.
Pencil Dept. 10-J, Jersey City, N. J.

STOPS

TRAIN SICKNESS

Mothersill's prevents exhaustion, nausea, dizziness and faintness of Train Travel. Journey by Sea, Train, Auto, Car or Air in Health and Comfort. 33

75c. & $1.50 at Drug Stores or direct
The Mothersill Remedy Co., Ltd.
New York Montreal
Paris London

MOTHERSILL'S SEASICK REMEDY

25 Years In Use

Keep Your Skin Young

Remove all blemishes and discolorations by regularly using pure Mercolized Wax. Get an ounce, and use as directed. Fine, almost invisible particles of aged skin peel off until pimples, liver spots, freckles and large pores have disappeared. Skin is beautifully clear, soft and velvety, and face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out the hidden beauty. **To quickly remove wrinkles and other age lines,** use this face lotion: 1 ounce powdered saxolite and 1 half-pint witch hazel. At Drug and Department Stores Everywhere.

MONEY FOR YOU

Men or women can earn $15 to $25 weekly in spare time at home making display cards. Light, pleasant work. No canvassing. We instruct you and supply you with work. Write to-day for full particulars.
The MENHENITT COMPANY Limited
214 Dominion Bldg..Toronto, Can.

FREE YOURSELF FROM THE MENACE OF THE HANGING SWORD!

ABOVE the heads of thousands of men, as a keen-edge sword that hangs by a tiny thread, lurks the Menace of Unemployment.

It throws a shadow over the work and pleasures of Today. It makes men fearful of Tomorrow, for they know not what the coming dawn will bring.

Resolve now to free yourself forever from this grim, foreboding Menace of Unemployment. Decide today that you are going to get the training that you must have if you are ever going to get—*and keep*—a real job at a real salary.

Right at home, in the odds and ends of spare time that now go to waste, you can prepare yourself for the position you want in the work you like best. The International Correspondence Schools will train you just as they are training thousands of other men—no matter where you live or what your circumstances.

At least find out how, by marking and mailing the coupon that has helped so many other men. There's no cost or obligation—it takes only a moment—but it may be the means of changing your entire life.

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS, Box 8471-J, Scranton, Penna.
"The Universal University"

Without cost or obligation, please send me a copy of your booklet, "Who Wins and Why," and full particulars about the subject *before* which I have marked X in the list below:

BUSINESS TRAINING COURSES

☐ Business Management ☐ Bookkeeping ☐ Advertising
☐ Industrial Management ☐ Secretarial Work ☐ Stenography and Typing
☐ Personnel Management ☐ Spanish ☐ French ☐ English ☐ Civil Service
☐ Traffic Management ☐ Salesmanship ☐ Railway Mail Clerk
☐ Accounting and C.P.A. Coaching ☐ Business Correspondence ☐ Common School Subjects
☐ Show Card and Sign Lettering ☐ High School Subjects
☐ Cost Accounting ☐ Illustrating ☐ Cartooning

TECHNICAL AND INDUSTRIAL COURSES

☐ Electrical Engineering ☐ Surveying and Mapping ☐ Plumbing and Heating
☐ Electric Lighting ☐ Mining ☐ Structural Engineer
☐ Mechanical Engineer ☐ Steam Engineering ☐ Chemistry ☐ Pharmacy
☐ Mechanical Draftsman ☐ Architect ☐ Automobile Work
☐ Machine Shop Practice ☐ Architects' Blueprints ☐ Airplane Engines
☐ Railroad Positions ☐ Contractor and Builder ☐ Agriculture
☐ Gas Engine Operating ☐ Architectural Draftsman ☐ Navigation
☐ Civil Engineer ☐ Concrete Builder ☐ Mathematics ☐ Radio

Name.....
Street Address.....
City..... State.....
Occupation.....

If you reside in Canada, send this coupon to the International Correspondence Schools Canadian, Limited, Montreal, Canada

[CONT'D FROM PAGE EIGHTY-ONE]

body else and he in turn plastered some other fathead and the fight was on. Finally the hole bunch goes down. You couldnta told us from a cross word puzzle the way we was notted up. Everybody had a black eye. For 7.50 per day I got one that studd out like a headlight on an Erie locomotive.

You shoulda heard Wellman hollerin at us through the mikey-fone. What language that guy used on us would make a sailor blush. And me havin spent six years on full rigged ships too.

When we all got up the littliest guy was out cold on the floor. We was all layin on him, and just as we're gettin him back to life another bum climbs in through the hole on the end of the car.

Well, everything was goin along jake when the tramps discovered that one of the hoboes is a *girl* dressed up in tramps close. Oh WHAT A PANIC when they found it out! They was all like a bunch of vultures.

Louise Brooks was the girl and on the level I woulda fought fer her myself. Now dont get me wrong Marg. Right away Wallace Beery appoints himself the ward of the gal. AND ANOTHER FIGHT WAS ON.

Just in the middle of it Richard Arlin pulls out a big gat and runs with the frail to the end of the car tryin to protect her life. Finally he starts shootin and a coupla bums includin myself get shoved outer the door while the train is goin fifty miles per hour.

Dont you believe it Marg. The box car was built inside of the studio. They didn't have any wheels on it. Its all the bunk. Do yer know what they had?

It was built on a bunch of springs. Right outside the car door they had a belt runnin around with a flock of sage brush fastened on it. It was turnin around on a couple of pulleys. And behind that they had a great big curtain revolvin with telegraph poles flyin buy. Oh what fakers them guys are. When you looked outside the car the thing seemed to be goin ninty miles an hour, but no kiddin the car WAS STANDIN STILL.

While Bill Wellman is directin, he looks out and the thing aint goin fast enough so he hollers through the fonegraph horn,—I WANT PLENTY OF WIND AND DUST.

So the electricial engineers bring up a funny lookin gadget on a pair of bicycle tires and after they get the lungs repaired on it they start the thing squirtin. It looked like a fireless cooker. Its a aeroplane proppellar inside of a mouse trap whirlin around buy a electric motor.

After they get the thing goin, another egg gets up and starts pourin a pail full of fullers earth in the works and out comes the wind and dust. It was peachy. It looked so real I thought I was on a railroad.

When we was thrown outer the movin train do you suppose we fell in the road? Not on your life. We fell on a bunch of mattresses what they had planted. I never had such a soft fall in my life.

LISTEN, Kid, when that picture gets up to Mootch Chunk I want you to go and see it. Im sendin you a picture with me in it. Take the hole family. Take the old man, he looks like Wallace Beery, he'll get a kick outter it. And if you dont have a good laugh at a good picture Im goofy.

Maybe when the tecknichians and the cutting room get through with it, it will look like Uncle Toms Cabin, but that makes no difference. Go see it. They cant wreck it. Its a scream.

And listen. Jim Tully the million dollar hoboe is the guy what rote it. Hes here with me now. Both of us are a bit plastered. He sends love and kisses. He says he knows where the sweetest bottle of Johnny Walker is what walked out of Scotland Yard, so I gotta go.

Remember me to your mother and her corns.

Wishing you the same,
MIKE SHEA.

P.S. Listen, Raymond Hatton just sprung a joke on me but I dont get it. If you clock it write me back. Here it is,—

What has four wheels and flies??????????

A GARBAGE WAGON.

Now that this bimbo has a job in the movies we suppose he'll put on the high hat. Well, if he does we'll see how it rests around his ears in a coupla weeks.

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 74

1—Maine.
2—Russia.
3—Achilles.
4—Cavalleria Rusticana.
5—Ty Cobb of the American League (1907-1915).
6—Robin Hood.
7—They have no tails.
8—The interval of time between Napoleon's entry into Paris after his escape from Elba and his departure after his abdication (March 20 to June 28, 1815).
9—Fostering mother.
10—Nine.
11—Trinidad, British West Indies.
12—For the assassination of Jean Paul Marat in 1793.
13—A wading bird of the heron kind, venerated by the ancient Egyptians. A wild goat of the Old World.
14—Tenpins, baseball, tennis, golf.
15—A soft tumor or swelling on a horse, usually on the fetlock joint.
16—All are varieties of apples.
17—The minuend.
18—The branch of medical science which treats of the hygiene and diseases of children.
19—Two.
20—South America.

Reproduction of an oil painting by Clarence Cole. One of the many original bathroom designs illustrated in the book "Standard" Plumbing Fixtures for the Home

The great change has come in Plumbing Fixtures

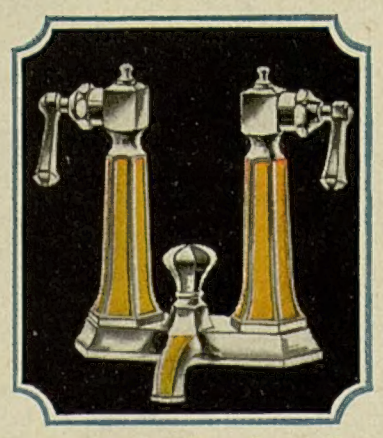
That change has to do neither with material nor usefulness. It has to do with design. Therein lay the promise of finer plumbing fixtures and finer bathrooms.

For years plumbing fixtures have been more practical than beautiful. Styles were standardized. Individuality was priceless because unobtainable.

Then "Standard" designers visioned a way to greater distinction in plumbing fixtures. That way was not to turn from today's ideal materials to the marble slab with cemented-in bowl, rococo and reminiscent of the brownstone fronts of the Eighties. It was to create finer forms, and then to improve manufacturing processes that these forms might be modeled and fired in genuine vitreous china.

So they originated designs, not forgetting that simplicity is an art from which beauty springs—even in vitreous china plumbing fixtures. Plumbing fixtures, yes, but you will very likely think of them as fine bathroom furniture when you have seen them at a "Standard" Showroom or illustrations of them in the book "Standard" Plumbing Fixtures for the Home. Your copy will be sent on request.

Prices of "Standard" Plumbing Fixtures in the bathroom illustrated above, with fittings of hexagonal design in smooth Chromard finish, not including cost of installation: 5½ foot Woodmere Bath of Acid-Resisting Enamel with combination bath and shower fittings, $290; Templeton Lavatory, $540; Purimo Water Closet, $120. Portal Dental Lavatory (not illustrated above but described in the book) $60. These fixtures are available at additional cost in black and several beautiful color shades. Fittings are also available in gold plate or Chromard, with hand-hammered panels of Chromard, antique or green gold. Prices on request.



Fittings for the "Templeton" lavatory are as original in design as the lavatory itself. Fine silverware is not wrought with greater care.

Standard Sanitary Mfg. Co.
PITTSBURGH

"Standard" PLUMBING FIXTURES

THE FIRST TREATY

On April 1, 1621, Governor John Carver and the chieftain Massasoit concluded the historic peace treaty between the Puritans and the Indians which proved to be the salvation of the little colony. To the shrill music of the fifes and the roll of drums, Carver extended his hand and Massasoit placed his own in it. Each then drank from the great silver loving cup and thus pledged mutual aid and friendship.

(A copy of this picture will be sent free upon request to Dept. E, The Cudahy Packing Co., Chicago.)

Cudahy's

Puritan Ham

"First in the Land - The Taste Tells"

One Hundred Days are required for the selection and preparation of Cudahy's Puritan Ham. The choice young meats selected for the Puritan brand are ripened by the natural diffusion of their own juices to which have been added the savory curing condiments. They are thus *RIPENED NATURALLY* which assures their tenderness and mild, delicious, yet appetizing flavor. A gentle hickory wood smoke further enhances their flavor and covers the surface with a protecting seal. Puritan Ham is easily prepared (not necessary to parboil), is rich in nutrition and is the ideal dish for every season. Gratify your preference for the best by asking for Cudahy's Puritan Ham. Your dealer will supply you.

It is economy to buy a Puritan whole ham

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